The Saturday Evening
POST
September 19, 1959 – 15¢

OCT 5 '59

Does it Help to Swap Visits With the Russians?

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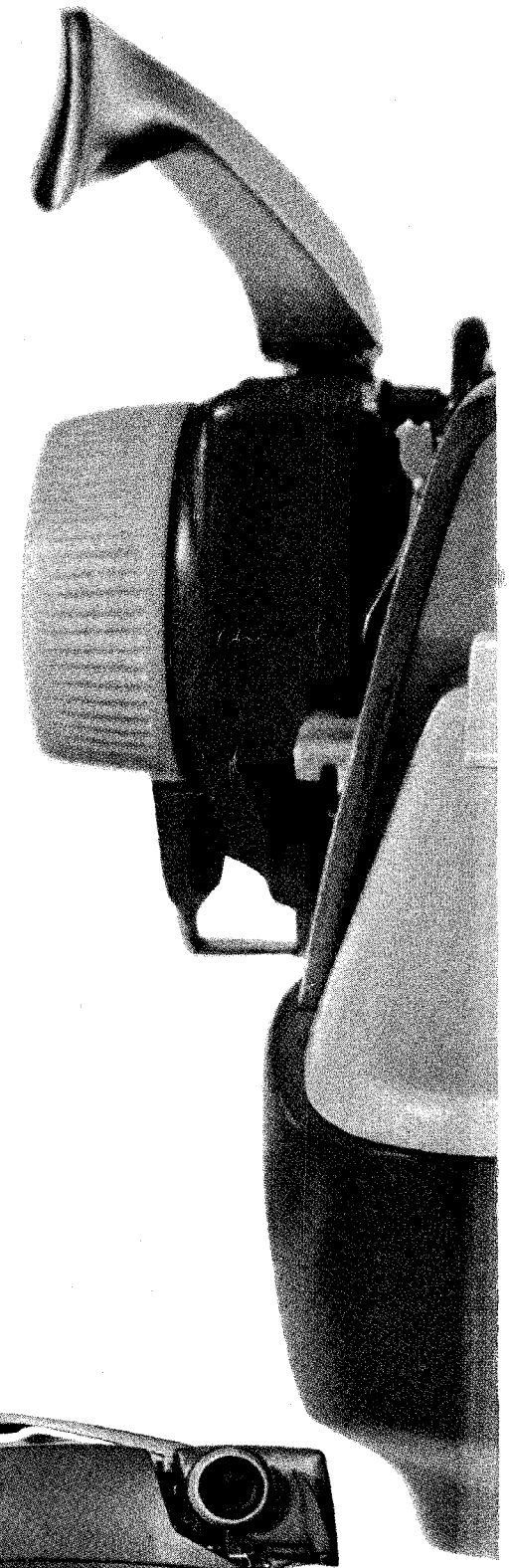

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New in Speed! Lighter in weight, more responsive to the touch, the new Smith-Corona Portable is the world's fastest manual portable. Yet it's strong and solid . . . a sturdy machine that offers you a lifetime of devoted service.

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Test the touch of *tomorrow*—the new Smith-Corona Portable...at your dealer's *today!* Most Smith-Coronas are only $5 down, 24 months to pay. Complete with handsome new luggage-style carrying case.

FREE GIFT OFFER — *Get the new Smith-Corona Portable now and receive free from Smith-Corona a $23.95 course on records that teaches touch typing at home the correct way . . . the easy way . . . in just 10 days!*

THE SMART NEW

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spirit !

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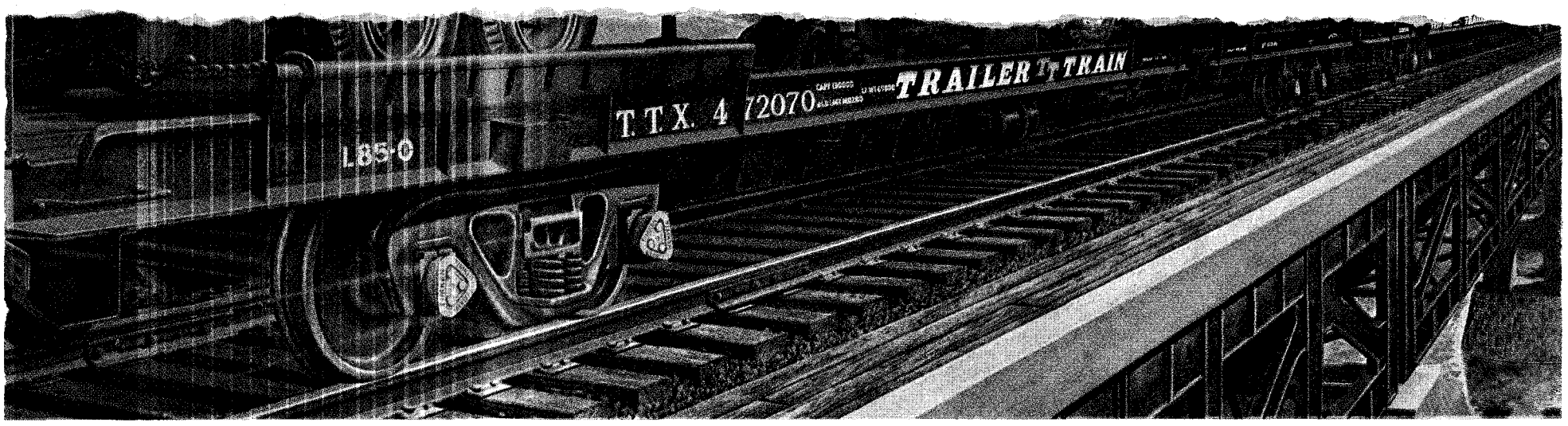

...because highway trailers and railroad cars got together

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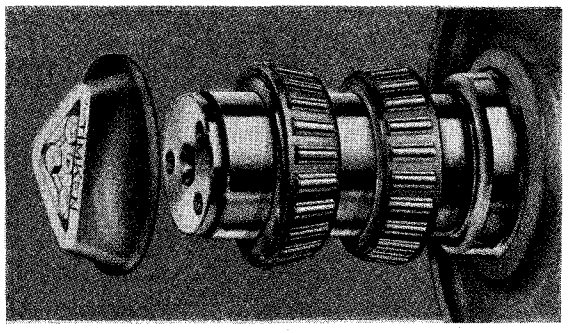
You're looking at a great new solution to America's transportation problem . . . teamwork! Trailer operators and railroads are using these specially designed flat cars to take highway trailers over the rails to cut hours, even days off long-haul schedules. For example, New York to St. Louis—1000 miles—in just 26 hours. Result: everybody benefits because shippers get faster service, trailer operators and railroads make a profit, and you get your goods on time. That's Better-ness!

How can Trailer-Train owners deliver goods so fast—twice as fast as the average freight train? First, they pioneered interchangeable piggy-back cars. And they standardized on the latest equipment advances. Foremost among these—they went 100% "Roller Freight". With roller bearings instead of friction bearings on the car axles, there are no speed limitations imposed by bearings.

Over half of all bearings on Trailer-Train's 2000 cars are on Timken® *tapered* roller bearings. They'll roll up to 168,000 miles a year with no fear of hot boxes, No. 1 cause of freight train delays. That's because Timken bearings roll the load instead of sliding it. And bearing inspection time in terminals is cut 90%. Timken freight car bearings will go 4 years without adding lubricant.

Nearly all makes of trucks and trailers, too, roll on Timken tapered roller bearings. They're built to take all the pounding, lurching loads—up, down and sideways.

More and more railroads are going "Roller Freight". Already over 42,000 Timken bearing-equipped freight cars are in service or on order—over 2/3 of them in general interchange service. Look for Timken bearings on all the machines that are bringing you Better-ness. First in bearings for 60 years. The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio. Cable: "TIMROSCO".



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

On the ample spaces of *The Post's* first "gatefold" cover, artist Alajálov depicts Miss Outside and Mrs. Inside in wistful reverie. Their daydreams—well, one is an evening dream—are located in the grass-grows-greener-elsewhere category. Miss Outside yearns for a tall, dark, handsome and otherwise perfect man (is there such a specimen?); and Mrs. I., while her slightly imperfect oaf watches large lasses rassle and Junior uncorks a tantrum, envisions herself a secretary arranging flowers. They'll feel better tomorrow, for reality is usually sunnier than in dour moments it seems to be. Meanwhile, couldn't both ladies take a lesson in tidiness from the girls of their dreams?

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The Inquiring Photographer

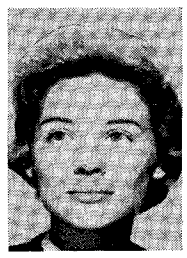
THE QUESTION

Everyone wants "The Best of Everything"—but everyone differs as to what it is. What's your idea of "The Best of Everything" ?

WHERE ASKED

20th Century-Fox studios, Hollywood, during the filming of Jerry Wald's production of "The Best Of Everything," directed by Jean Negulesco in CinemaScope and Color by De Luxe.

THE ANSWERS



Caroline, just graduated from Radcliffe, played by **Hope Lange:** "I can't answer that till I've *tried* everything. I may not wind up with the best, but I'll sure as Satan have the most!"

Mike, Executive, played by **Stephen Boyd:** "Escape. In a bottle, or maybe in a girl, provided you don't get too involved. There's always the danger of committing yourself in that weak moment."

Gregg, young actress, played by **Suzy Parker:** "Last year I'd have said to be a part of the theatre. But now it's to be part of the producer — that he'd as soon stop breathing as let me go!"

Dexter, man-about town, played by **Robert Evans:** "Girls! Is there anything else?"

David Savage, producer, played by **Louis Jourdan:** "Creating for the theatre. I'd use anything, anybody, to stimulate my creative juices. I'll give them everything in return, short of myself."

Amanda Farrow, editor, played by **Joan Crawford:** "Success in business — the feeling of power that comes with it. It makes up for the bit I have to play at night to keep what I've got in the daytime."

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'TAVERN' TIME...

time to enjoy America's best Premium Bourbon—every drop a glorious 7 years mellow. And what a happy choice awaits you! There's TAVERN 86 Proof—genial, popular leader in the great new trend to lighter, milder Bourbon enjoyment. It's drawn from the same Premium stocks as the aristocratic 100 Proof Bottled-in-Bond TAVERN—delight of Kentucky Straight Bourbon fanciers for three-score years. Glenmore Distilleries Co., "Where Perfection of Product is Tradition," Louisville, Ky. ©1959

Letters

Hungry and Furious

Dear Sirs:

Samuel T. Williamson's article, CLAMS CAN BE WONDERFUL [Aug. 15], has me hungry and furious at the same time. His sentence about the Gulf of Maine [being "the spiritual home of the soft-shell clam"] is ridiculous! . . . .

There are no soft-shell clams in the world like Shrewsbury River steamers which are dug just around the corner from Red Bank, N.J., in the Shrewsbury River mud. Proof being that most "Rhode Island Steamers" are shipped from our locality.

MRS. ERIC LUSTER
New Shrewsbury, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I was shocked, grieved and astounded to read this: "A clear clam broth strained through cheesecloth and served in a cup *with a blob of whipped cream on top* is a nice way to begin a hearty dinner. . . ."

Tell me it ain't so. There are many things, such as juvenile delinquency, to make us ponder these days, but the thought of whipped cream on clam broth is enough to unsettle a man for the rest of his days.

JAMES MCD. CRAVEN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Williamson's "receets" are the same ones my family used and I wouldn't change a word. However, the necks of steam clams, unless they are very large, are very edible.

EDWIN W. BOOTH
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Any chef who omits pork from clam chowder "in deference to Orthodox Jews" ruins a good chowder in vain. No Orthodox Jew who knows his rules of kashruth will eat clam chowder. Clams aren't kosher!

ADELINE C. SEIFERT
Franklin Park, N.J.

● *"I goofed," Williamson admits.—ED.*

That Old Devil Moon

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed very much the story by Frank Harvey, THE DEATH DUST, in your Aug. 8 issue. But the dust he so vividly describes will not form a "blinding fog" when disturbed, but will settle quickly.

The atmosphere is all that supports dust, and the moon has no atmosphere. However, it does have gravity (about one-sixth earth's) quite sufficient to settle any dust "hanging" above the surface.

C. C. HULSEY JR.
Rockmart, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

I have to admit I'm wrong about the dust hanging in the (oops, I almost said "air") in the nothingness. I guess it would fall like a stone to the moon—just as, I now recall, a feather fell in a vacuum tube in my college-days experiments.

FRANK HARVEY
Hackettstown, N.J.

Pleasurable Mystery

Dear Sirs:

THE NORTH SALEM MYSTERY [by Evan Hill, Aug. 8] not only does great credit to those who are operating this historic and pleasurable site, but is a recognition for the attractions of New Hampshire which all of our people deeply appreciate.

WESLEY POWELL, *Governor*
Concord, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

Mystery Hill . . . must be a refreshing change from the reptile farms, crystal caves and other roadside cultural institutions. But let's not drag the ancient Greeks into it.

Someone should tell Mr. Hill and his "tourist guide" that the oracle of Apollo at Delphi did *not* deliver its responses through a "speaking tube" like the thing so called at Mystery Hill. They were spoken by a priestess in a frenzy induced by chewing bay leaves, drinking water from a holy spring, or (a tradition discredited by archaeological study) breathing fumes from a cleft in the earth.

This was all done in the presence of the questioners, the priestess' ravings being

interpreted in more or less ambiguous verses by attendant priests. All open and aboveboard; no speaking-tube hocus-pocus.

BENJAMIN T. RICHARDS
Chappaqua, N.Y.

● *Reader Richards' account of the ritual is accepted by some historians—but not by Mystery Hill manager Richard Elston, an amateur archaeologist and an unyielding New Englander.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Evan Hill invited guesses as to the origin of the structures described, so here is mine. The chambers suggest the kivas of the Southwest. . . . The speaking tube was known to the Indians of the Southwest and the "sacrificial altar" is like an uncarved version of the Maya and Aztec altars.

NANCY VOJNICH
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

This article is most interesting and exciting. I am working on the pre-Norse discovery of America myself, and recently arrived by a quite different route at the theory Mr. Glynn is now working on [re similarities between artifacts at North Salem, Crete, Malta and Mycenae]; only it seemed too fantastic to be true. . . .

Was it the Irish? I think they did get there before the Norse. But that is not the whole story—not by a long way!

GEOFFREY ASHE
Maidstone, England

Dear Sirs:

I was struck by the possibility that had the archaeologists dug in a bit deeper

(Continued on Page 8)

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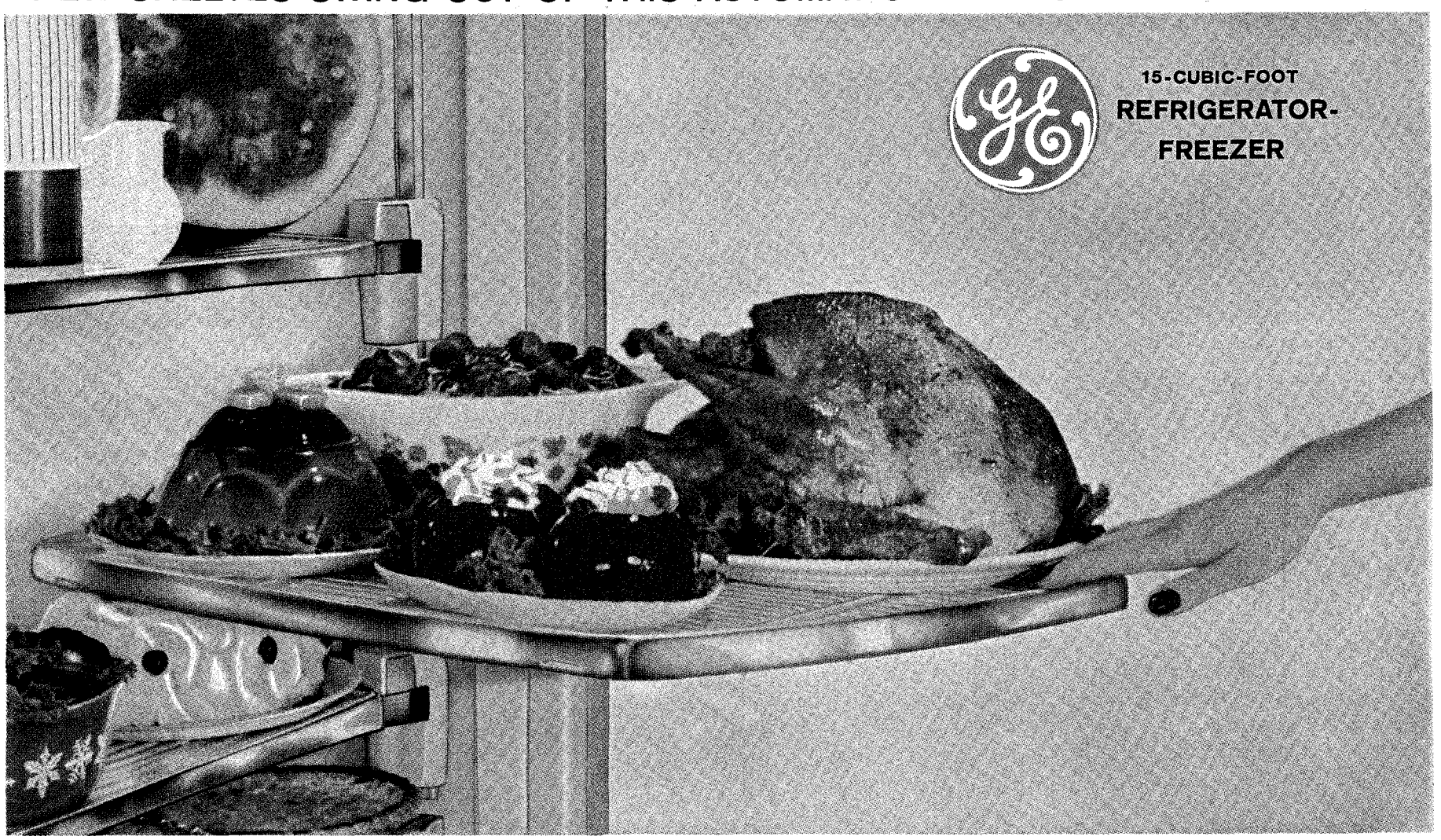
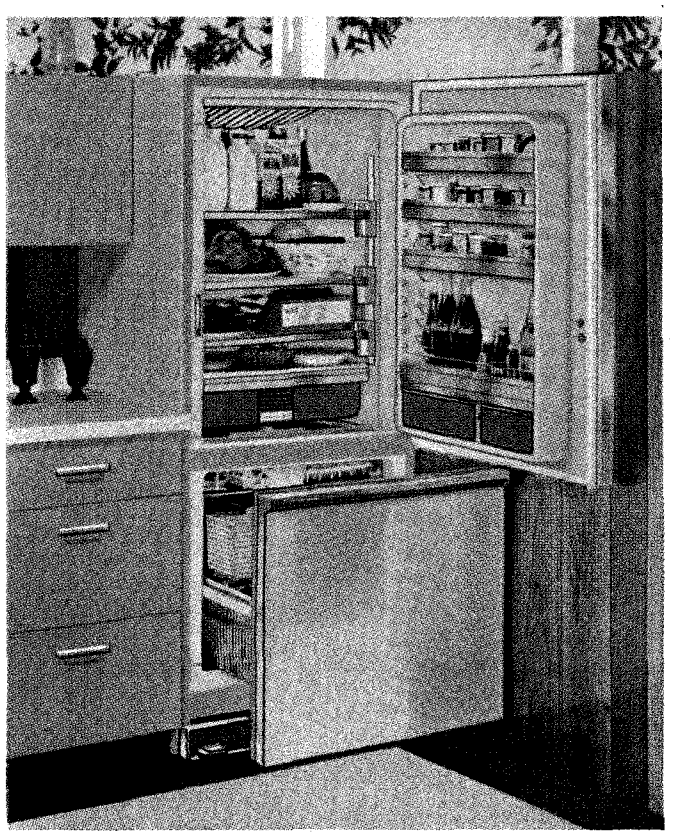
NEW SHELVES SWING OUT OF THIS AUTOMATIC DEFROST REFRIGERATOR!



New Swing-Out Shelves...



Newest Straight-Line G-E Refrigerator also has Automatic Defrosting in the refrigerator, big Roll-Out Freezer, no coils on back, Swing-Out Vegetable Bins, Mix-or-Match colors. In 15- and 13-cu.-ft. sizes, and in 12-cu.-ft. model with freezer at top.

bring all your food in full view—within easy reach—in the new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer!

THESE new General Electric Shelves swing all the way out of the new Automatic Defrost Refrigerator—smoothly and easily.

Every item of food is in front of you, within reach of your hand. No fumbling to get at things. And you never have to worry about "forgotten" foods at the back of any shelf.

For extra space between shelves, you can adjust the shelves—up or down. You can even take the shelves out completely to clean the inside of the refrigerator or the shelves.

Why not try G-E Swing-Out Shelves yourself and see how really convenient they are.

You'll find them in the new Straight-Line General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers at your General Electric dealer's.

Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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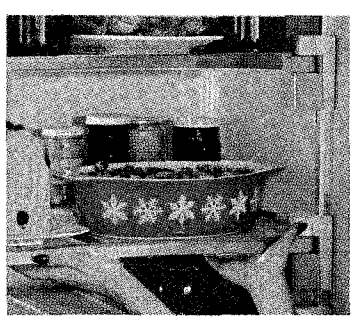
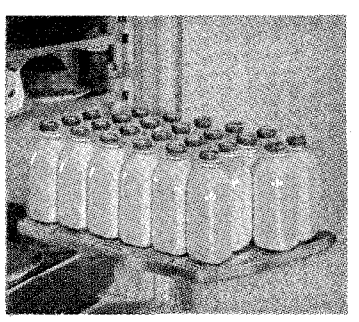
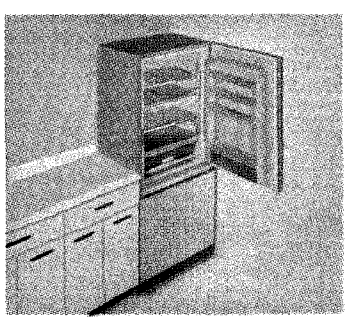


Adjustable—up or down! Press button, slide shelf up or down. You can arrange loading so that bottles, for example, are on bottom shelf where you can reach them easily.



Shelves are so sturdy! Can easily hold this shelf-load of bottles. They're tested to support over 150 pounds—more than you'll ever need to put on a shelf.



Fits flush into corner with no wasted space at sides for door clearance. No coils on back . . . and no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets.

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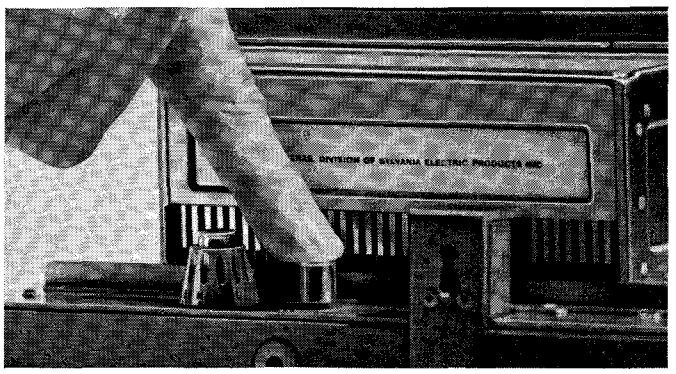
Touch



and Go sit in the audience!

The Argus Electromatic will then proceed to show your slides — automatically — better than you could do it yourself. Fast or slow, depending on how you've set the timer dial . . . and with sparkling 500-watt brilliance.

When your favorite slide comes along, a tap on the "hold" button will make it linger on the screen. Another tap and the show continues.

Focusing? Do it once, then forget it. Each slide is razor sharp when it appears . . . *still* razor sharp when it goes off.

And there's a plug-in remote control, a 36-slide magazine and a beautiful scuff-proof carrying case . . . all kinds of things to make you want to own an Electromatic in the worst way. Good thing you're only a $10.00 down payment away from it. Full price: $99.95, at any Argus dealer's.

Argus Electromatic

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DIVISION OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

Letters (Continued from Page 6)

they might have found where your present editorial writers came from.

FRED G. HUNTINGTON
Billings, Mont.

Departed Rascal

Dear Sirs:

July 27, 1959, at the Hospital of St. Raphael in New Haven, Connecticut, there died at 4 P.M. a . . . man later identified as Frederick Emerson Peters. . . .

This much-wanted, nationally known forger, who caused your contributor Philip Wylie so many headaches [THE RASCALS WHO IMPERSONATE ME, Mar. 21] died himself from a tremendous headache caused by a cerebral hemorrhage.

As I signed Peters' death certificate I could not help but think Philip Wylie might like to know that he will have no more headaches from this source.

ROBERT M. TAYLOR, M.D.
East Haven, Conn.

● *The late Frederick Peters also impersonated Harley P. Cook, associate editor of* The Post, *who retired recently after forty-four years. —ED.*

Please, No Chemise (Cont'd)

Dear Sirs:

One of your Aug. 8 letters [from Mrs. David Wasson of Johnstown, Pa.] described Oriental females in these words: "But please let's keep the chemise in the Orient, where it belongs, on those little flat-chested women."

Being a Chinese I felt very much insulted.

VIVIAN LING
Silver Spring, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Wasson hasn't traveled much, but doesn't she even read the newspapers? Or

hadn't she noticed that the recent Miss Universe [Akiko Kojima, above, of Japan] is 37–23–37?

C. C. WU
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I am disturbed to think I have offended those good people in the Orient. I've never seen an Oriental woman except in the movies, but Tobé, in the article about her in *The Post*, said western women are "bigger in the bust and hips" [than the Chinese] and I took her word for it. If I have created any ill feeling among Orientals, I wish my letter had never been published.

MRS. DAVID WASSON
Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I fully agree with Mrs. David Wasson of Johnstown, Pa. Let's keep the chemise in the Orient where it belongs.

MRS. FRANCES M. LAZER
Johnstown, Pa.

Rescuing the Seashores

Dear Sirs:

May we respectfully suggest that your July 18 editorial [NATIONAL PARKS SHOULDN'T BE SET UP BY DECREE] overlooked the department's main reason for proposing legislation to preserve certain vanishing shore-line areas. We seek to separate from all other considerations the basic principle: That it is in the national interest to rescue portions of shore areas for this and future generations.

Unfortunately, the Congress has never enunciated that principle. Prior attempts to establish specific shore areas all failed. Meanwhile, unspoiled shore-line areas are fast disappearing.

Our proposal would authorize Federal preservation of three shore areas possessing national significance. Our approach is not new. While you mentioned former Attorney General Biddle's expressed dismay over granting selection powers to the Secretary of the Interior, what he apparently forgets is that there is ample precedent for such authority. In the 1906 Antiquities Act, Congress authorized the President to establish national monuments and 76 of our 181 National Park System areas were created by Executive Order. Congress similarly authorized the Secretary of the Interior, in 1935, to designate historic sites, and eleven have been so established.

There is no intent on our part to circumvent the Congress. Congress holds the purse strings. Time-tested procedures of its Appropriations Committees afford ample protection of Congress' constitutional and traditional right to say how and for what the taxpayers' money should be spent.

We have repeatedly promised that public hearings would be held in communities affected and that the state governments would be consulted. Furthermore, we would not object to an amendment to our bill giving Congress time to hold hearings, debate and by joint resolution approve or reject our selection.

FRED A. SEATON
Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D. C.

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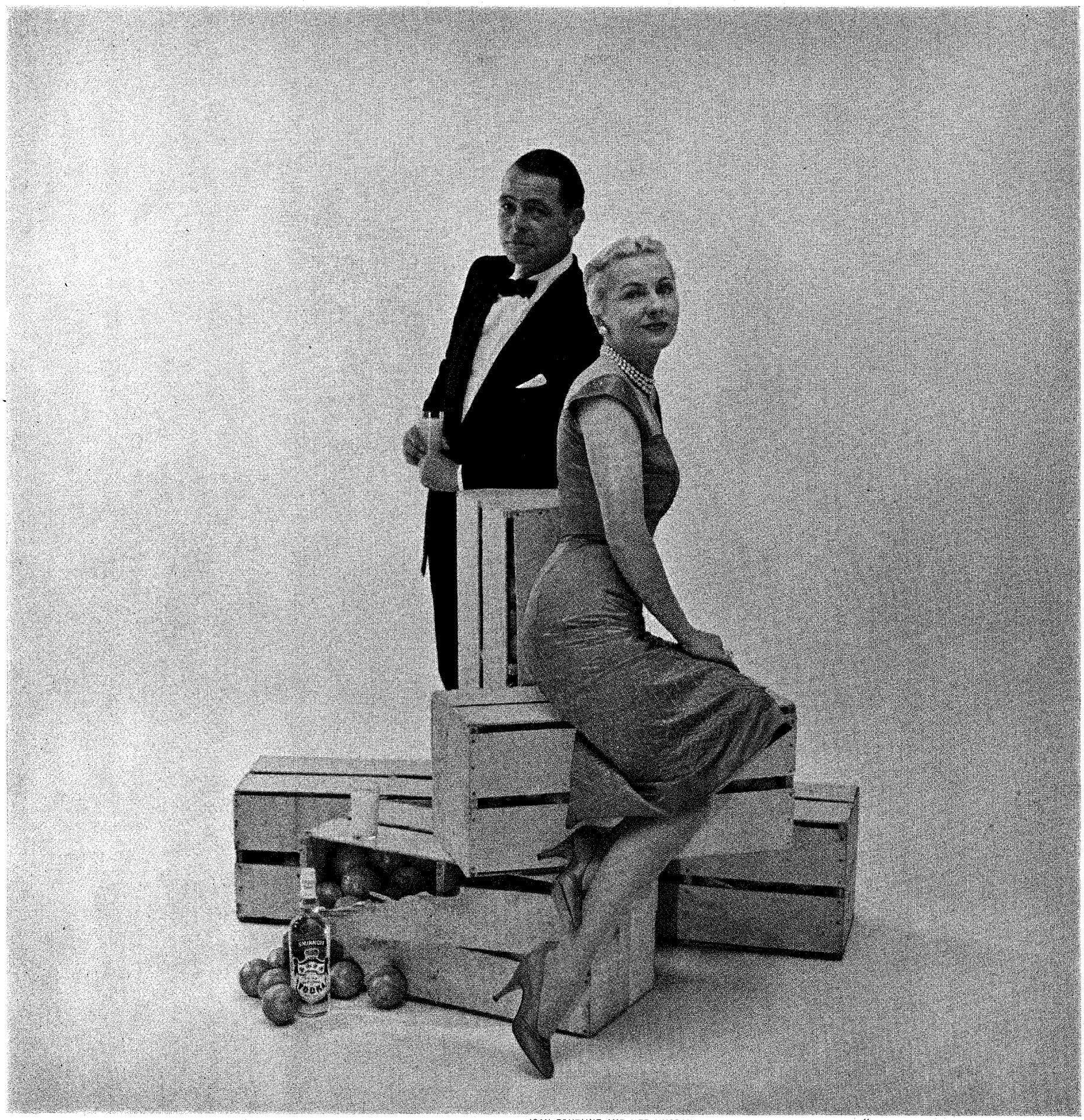

JOAN FONTAINE AND HER HUSBAND, COLLIER YOUNG, PRODUCER OF "ALCOA PRESENTS" ON ABC-TV

WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T DRINK ORANGE JUICE AFTER BREAKFAST?

There's nothing more delicious than orange juice at breakfast. But—at any *other* time of day or night—a Screwdriver tastes even better! Just add a jigger of Smirnoff to your orange juice . . . and stir with ice. Smooth Smirnoff loses itself in the drink, and *glorifies* the orange flavor. Let nobody tell you all vodkas are the same. Only flawless Smirnoff gives vodka drinks such gusto. And it leaves no whisper of liquor on your lips.

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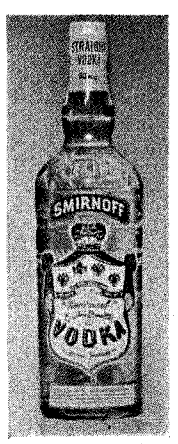

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KING-SIZE BEAUTYREST. 5" longer than regular double-bed mattress and almost two feet wider. Normal firm or extra-firm, $149.75. Two

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tching single-bed size boxsprings, only $149.75.

New... Beautyrest Supersize with a year's supply of free sheets

Special offer for 30 days only! Now you can get that big bed you've always dreamed about. And with it you can get a year's free supply of percale sheets at leading stores from coast to coast featuring this offer.

Single-bed sleepers can now really stretch out on a Beautyrest® Supersize without kicking out the sheet. Double-bed sleepers will discover a whole new wonderful way to sleep. The "sleep togetherness" you want—and the extra width you need for private, undisturbed rest.

Beautyrest has always been the only mattress that gives single-bed comfort in a double bed.

Its coils are separate, independent—not joined together as in other mattresses. So the heaviest husband can't disturb his wife's rest when he turns in his sleep. Never a jounce. No rolling together.

So why wait! Get your dream mattress and boxspring —and a year's free supply of sheets to match!

See the Dual-Comfort Beautyrest, too! Here's the ideal Supersize for those with different comfort requirements . . . normal firm on her side, extra-firm on his. $20 extra.

Don't wait. See all these Beautyrest Supersize mattresses at your favorite store now. Pick the one that suits you best and sleep happily ever after.

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YEAR'S SUPPLY
OF STEVENS
UTICA-MOHAWK
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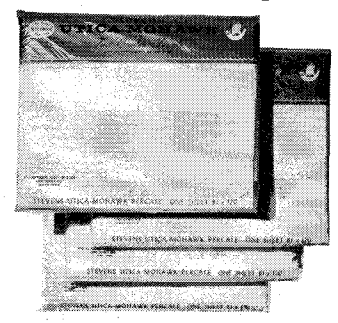

Four fine-combed percale sheets are yours free with each of the three Supersize Beautyrest mattress-box-spring sets. Worth up to $31.80.

LONG BOY BEAUTYREST.
5" longer than a regular-size Beautyrest. Twin or double-bed widths, normal or extra-firm, $89.50. Matching box-spring foundation...only $89.50.

QUEEN-SIZE BEAUTYREST.
5" longer and 6" wider than a standard double-bed mattress. Choose normal or extra-firm, $99.75. Matching boxspring foundation . . . only $99.75.

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Editorials

There is No "Right" to Work on a Top-Secret Job

Within the last few months high officials in the Government, including J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI and Attorney General William Rogers, have attempted to direct public attention to the increase in Soviet espionage activity in our industrial plants and laboratories. Mr. A. Tyler Port, director of the Office of Security Policy in the Department of Defense, testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee that "United States industry is a prime target of the Communist movement in the United States."

Until last June the security agencies had the authority to exclude from access to top-secret information or classified material persons with a record of subversion, unreliability or unsavory associations. However, there were no means of keeping such people out of the plant altogether. As Mr. Port put it, "So long as that particular gadget that he (the suspect) is working on is not itself classified, and a security clearance is not necessary to work on it, we have no authority to exclude him from that work even though it may eventually become part of a highly classified piece of material."

That was the situation until June twenty-ninth, when the Supreme Court handed down its decision in the Greene case. The Greene case involved an engineer who had been denied security clearance for work on classified material on the basis of information indicating past association with Communists. The court dodged the issue as to whether Greene had been denied his constitutional rights, but ordered his reinstatement on the ground that authority to bar him from such employment had not been specifically assigned either by act of Congress or by the President in an executive order. The court added, however, that even if these conditions should later be met, it might find that workers similarly excluded from classified work must be reinstated unless they had had an opportunity to confront those who provided the information against them.

The immediate impact of this decision has been frustrating to those responsible for protecting our industrial secrets. To clear a suspect would quite possibly give another Soviet agent access to our secrets. To turn him down might lead to a new decision by the Court directing that the suspect be permitted to confront his accusers. In the meantime the possibility arises that every Communist or security risk who has been denied clearance in the past may demand that his case be reopened.

Most of us instinctively put ourselves in the place of an accused man and wonder how we could defend ourselves against baseless charges if we did not know who made them. Denial of such a right is repugnant to everyone. This is one reason for the success of the Communist effort to break down our defenses against Red espionage. Also, to paraphrase Justice Clark, we have parlayed employment, even in a classified defense plant, into a "constitutional right." Chief Justice Warren in his opinion in the Greene case devoted the main body of his reasoning to the effect upon the individual, in this case an engineer, of being denied security clearance. The Chief Justice cites as a principle that "where governmental action seriously injures an individual . . . the evidence used to prove the Government's case must be disclosed to the individual so that he has opportunity to show that it is untrue."

This is an appealing line of argument until you are confronted with the fact that the victims of our security system are seldom bemused innocents, but on the contrary skilled agents of a regime which knows no right of confrontation. In a contest among spies, why should the odds favor the enemy?

Nevertheless the responsibility of security agents for the protection of our defense plants from Communist espionage carries with it an equal responsibility for the protection of the individual from unjust accusation. Security officers should be capable of telling the difference between a neo-Rosenberg and a man who thinks there are injustices in our society which cry for correction. Actually it is doubtful that under present procedures accusations based on mere gossip, spite or readership of *The Nation* would get very far. After all, out of perhaps 250,000 investigations of industrial employees last year, only 312 got as far as the reviewing stage. Of these the majority were cleared.

The net of all this is that there is no "right" of an individual to a particular type of job regardless of the possible effect of his employment in it on the national security. As to confrontation, which security officers, and Justice Clark, believe would produce "a rout of our internal security," income-tax offenders who are turned in by anonymous "informers" get no support from liberal judges. Even if it is currently the view that a tax offender deserves a lower pit in hell than a saboteur, there ought at least to be some consistency in the matter.

Asia Is Taught That Soviet Industry Did in Forty Years What Took Us a Century

By ANTHONY AKKARA

A mistaken idea about when the American standard of living was achieved is convincing people in Asia and Africa that the virtues of free enterprise and the evils of Communism are greatly exaggerated. The damaging notion is that it took America a hundred years to achieve prosperity, while the Russian "miracle" required only forty years.

A professor may casually tell his class: "Look at Russia, a poorer country than ours less than fifty years ago. Now she has challenged the most technologically advanced nation on earth. I am not a Communist, but I think there must be something in Communism, something we may learn with profit."

Such tributes to the supposed efficiency of Communism are made every day in Asia and Africa by men of position and influence. But are they deserved?

First, we must remember that Russian prosperity is mainly in military power, not in the material standard of living. Russia is still backward by contrast with America. And what Russia has achieved is by tyranny and terror, strangling the ideals that man cherishes.

Second, 100 years is an arbitrary period to assign to the development of the current American standard of living. The date could be pushed back to the Mayflower or the arrival of Christopher Columbus. The relevant starting point is the date when the industrial revolution came to America.

In 1950 the National Bureau of Economic Research said, "Every citizen of the United States who today is twenty-five or older has taken part, knowingly or unknowingly, in one of the greatest social revolutions in history." In America around the year 1900, unskilled labor received nine dollars a week. One class averaged only $4.37. Women's wages were as low as three dollars. The whole country had just 13,824 automobiles, and in the Emporia Street Fair the most exciting exhibit was an auto, brought from Chicago by rail.

Cities like Los Angeles, Houston and Dallas were the size of present-day small towns. The tallest building had twenty-nine stories, *The Saturday Evening Post* sold 182,000 copies, trade-union membership totaled 868,000. Between 1908 and 1947 we reached substantially our present economic plateau. That is less than the forty years which Russian partisans claim were needed to achieve the miracle of Communism in Russia.

It is up to our leaders of political and economic thought who have contact with Asian and African economists, politicians, editors, professors and planners to set the record straight. Unless this is done, it is certain that whatever America has to say about free enterprise and against Communism may go unheeded.

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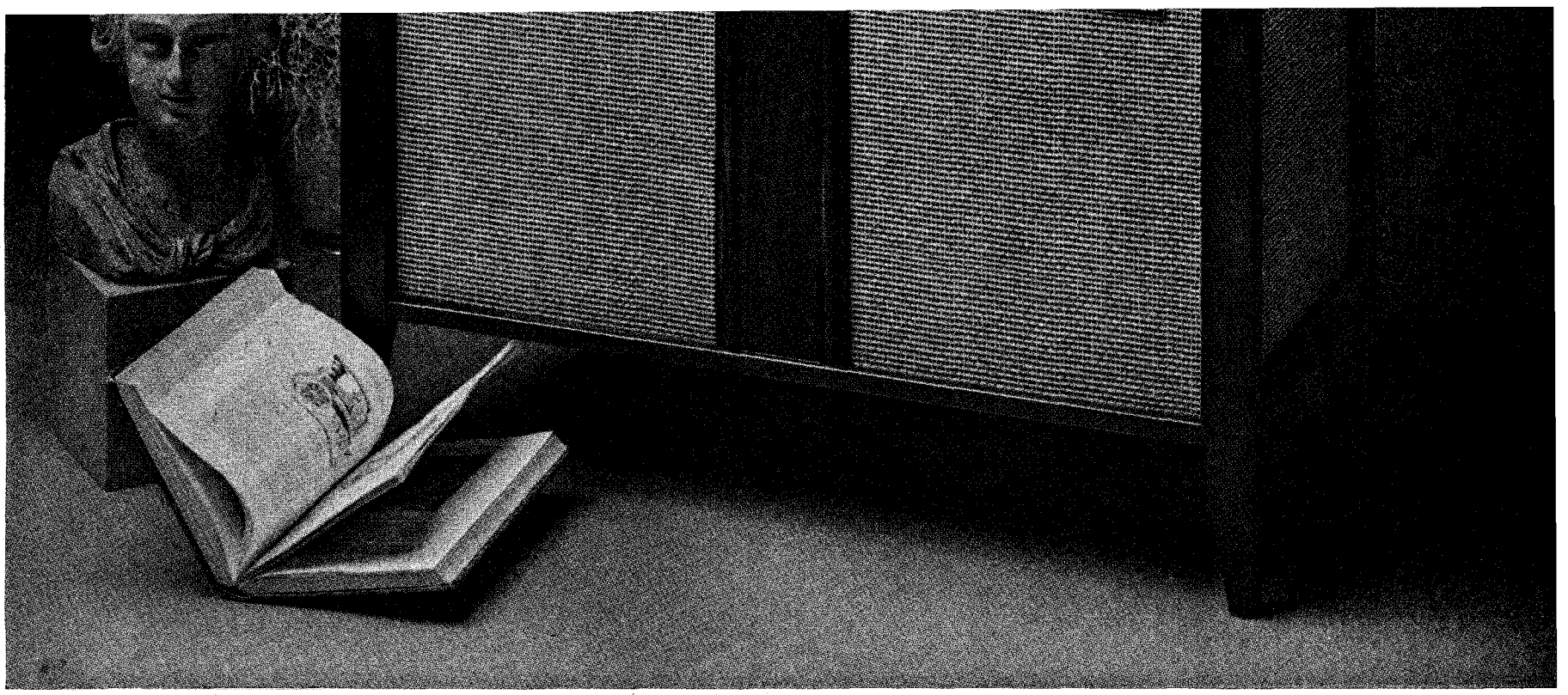

FROM CBS ELECTRONICS COMES THE NEW SOUND OF PLEASURE...

Another fabulous "first" from Columbia!
First with the LP record . . .
First with the famous "360" high-fidelity phonograph . . .
First with guaranteed stereo-fidelity records . . .
Now CBS, the acknowledged leader in sound reproduction, is first again with high-fidelity **Stereo 1** . . . the thrilling new experience in listening.

Stereo 1 moves home entertainment a full decade ahead. Plays all your records with amazing realism; makes them all sound richer — stereo or monaural. This exclusive new stereo projection is achieved with a perfect balance of multiple speakers. Inter-locking circles of sound sweep through the room in every direction, surrounding you with the magic of a "live" performance.

Above, 6-speaker Stereo 1 phonograph with AM/FM radio...Model C-1158. Fully self-contained stereo with six perfectly balanced speakers built into one magnificent cabinet (no remote speakers needed). The same cabinet houses a Columbia AM/FM tuner that plays through the 6-speaker system for the finest sound in radio. Phonograph has automatic changer; Columbia CD cartridge, diamond stylus; plays all records, all speeds. Walnut, mahogany or cherry with new webbed effect, record storage space, rattan grille. A complete home entertainment center for as little as $299.95.

Hear music as you've never heard it before on **Stereo 1** . . . only by Columbia. Your local dealer has it in a beautiful new collection of cabinets designed for today's fashionable living. See them, hear them . . . today!

Stereo 1 Console prices begin at $129.95; **Stereo 1** Portables at $39.95

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Stereo 1 by COLUMBIA®

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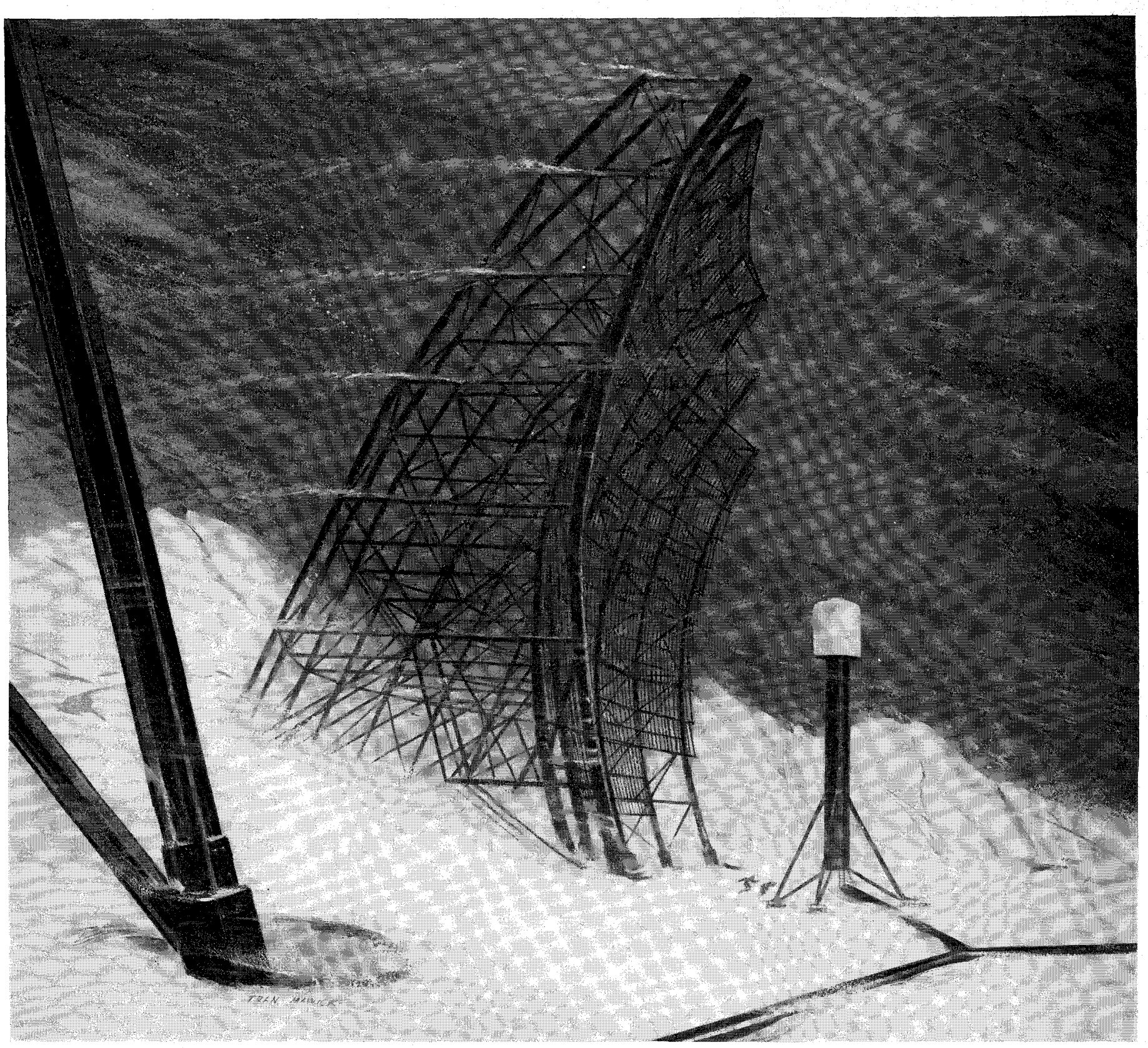

RADAR REFLECTORS* for USAF's Ballistic Missile Early Warning System can detect missiles as far as 2000 miles away. They are 400 ft. long by 165 ft. high. To withstand the sub-zero cold of Arctic regions vital parts of these structures are built of Nickel alloy steel.

In arctic cold, Nickel steels help radar "sentries" watch the skies

Up in the heart of the earth's refrigerator, up where the winter nights are two months long, men watch the skies with radar in bone-chilling cold.

It's a killer, that cold—minus 65 degrees—but our men can take it. Metals? That's another story. Sub-zero temperatures at minus 65°F can make ordinary structural steel brittle . . . sudden stress may snap it like glass.

But make alloy steel with Nickel, and cold loses its menace. For example, 2¼% Nickel alloy steel makes radar structures *tough*—able to lean into the teeth of an arctic gale and come out of it without damage.

Yet, the arctic is mild compared to some sub-zero jobs on this earth. It's minus 150°F in oil refining processes. Here a 3½% Nickel steel stays tough and strong.

And it's even colder inside tanks that contain liquid methane, oxygen and nitrogen—down to minus 320°F. An alloy steel containing 9% Nickel handles this deep freeze with ease.

Still colder are liquid hydrogen and helium, used extensively throughout the atomic energy and missile programs. These liquids are nearly as cold as absolute zero (minus 459°F). Here a Nickel Stainless Steel meets the requirements.

Nickel alloy steels can certainly be of service to you, too, whatever your field. If it isn't cold, it may be heat, or corrosion, or stress that's your problem. With new production facilities assuring abundant supplies of Nickel now and in years to come, this is the time to investigate the possibilities of alloys made with Nickel. We'd be glad to help you.

*Developed by G.E. and R.C.A.

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makes metals perform better longer

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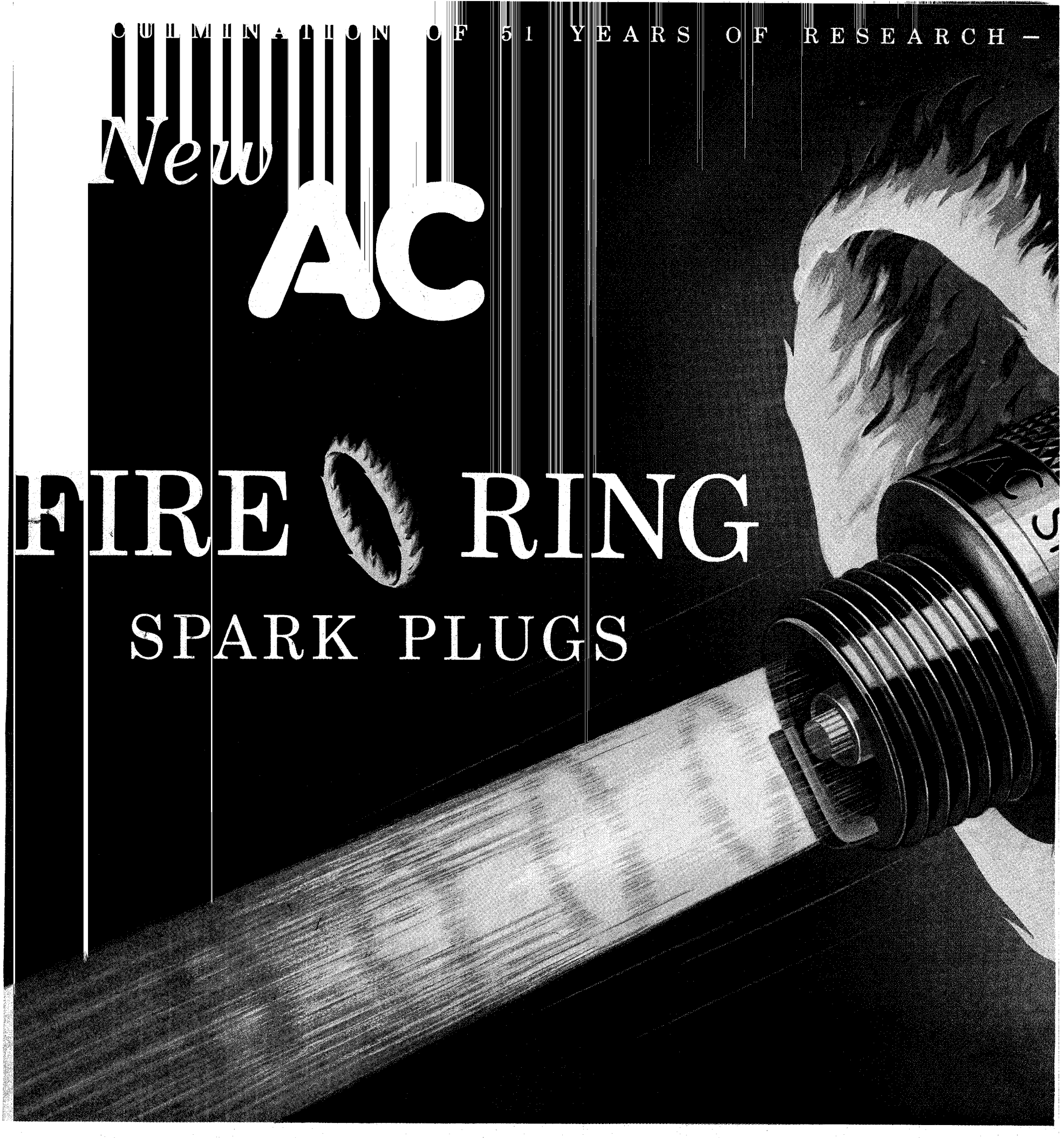
CULMINATION OF 51 YEARS OF RESEARCH —

New AC FIRE-RING SPARK PLUGS



In the past half century AC has pioneered one great Spark Plug advancement after another. The new AC FIRE-RING SPARK PLUG is the culmination of all the advancements which have made AC the world's most imitated spark plug!

Ignition engineers say a spark plug is performing properly when it provides a hot spark that assures the best use of fuel. AC Ignition engineers agree. That's why they have put the stamp of approval on new AC FIRE-RING Spark Plugs.

If you could see inside a combustion chamber when an AC FIRE-RING Spark Plug fires, you would see an instantaneous clean, full burning of the fuel-air mixture. It looks like an explosion. But it really isn't—it's a spreading ring of fire. If you could see it in slow motion you would see that the AC FIRE-RING Spark Plug,

TUNE IN THE ART CARNEY SHOW, NBC-TV, OCTOBER 2

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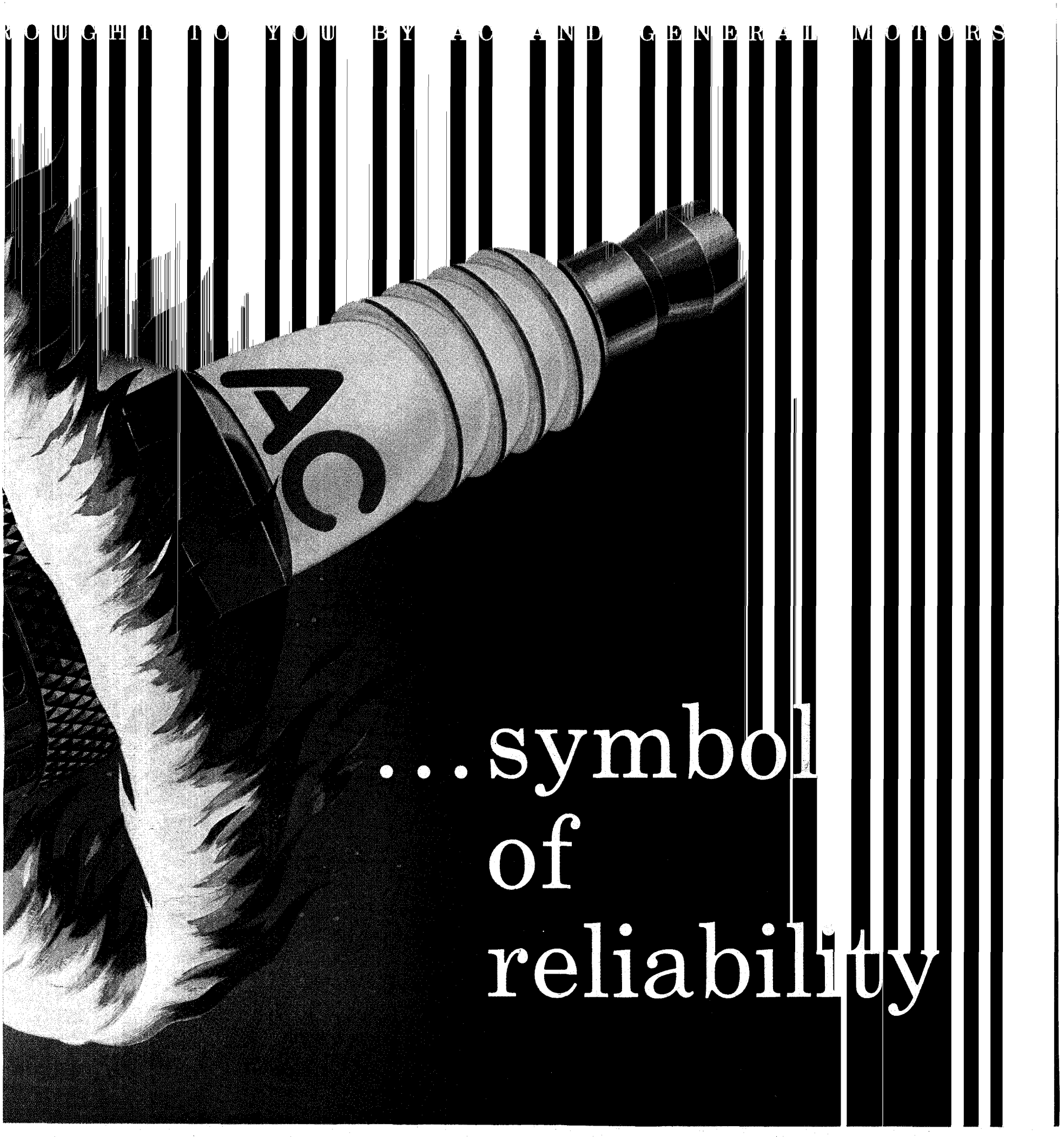
ROUGHT TO YOU BY AC AND GENERAL MOTORS



...symbol of reliability

roperly placed in the chamber, *lights* the *fire* and the lame spreads out rapidly to *ring* the combustion chamber. Engineers call this a "flame front," but AC thinks FIRE-RING is more descriptive. This hot fire-ring heats the ompressed gas, presses the piston down. You get full, rm power from each cylinder.

AC engineers have designed an AC FIRE-RING Spark Plug to team up with the special combustion chamber shape and compression ratio characteristics of your car's engine—no matter what the make or year.

Be sure you ask for new AC FIRE-RING Spark Plugs when you replace—as you should every 10,000 miles. It's the modern way of firing engines cleanly, quietly, powerfully. Remember—you get the finest first from AC!

AC SPARK PLUG ✿ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Open the door to convenience

Now . . . you may have your milk *delivered* in convenient, disposable Pure-Pak cartons. Dairymen everywhere are proudly bringing this new, improved service to their customers. It's the only milk carton with a sealed-in spout that pours like a pitcher. Used only once . . . only by you . . . Pure-Pak is then discarded like other modern food packages. Mothers appreciate the safety of this shatterproof container. You'll enjoy its convenience in so many ways. Just ask your milkman for this modern, health-protecting milk package! You'll never go back to old-fashioned bottle delivery again.

You enjoy the advantages of milk in Pure-Pak at the store; now you can also get this modern service at your door!

Now Pure-Pak is available wherever milk is sold . . . try it!

YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

PURE-PAK DIVISION, EX-CELL-O CORPORATION

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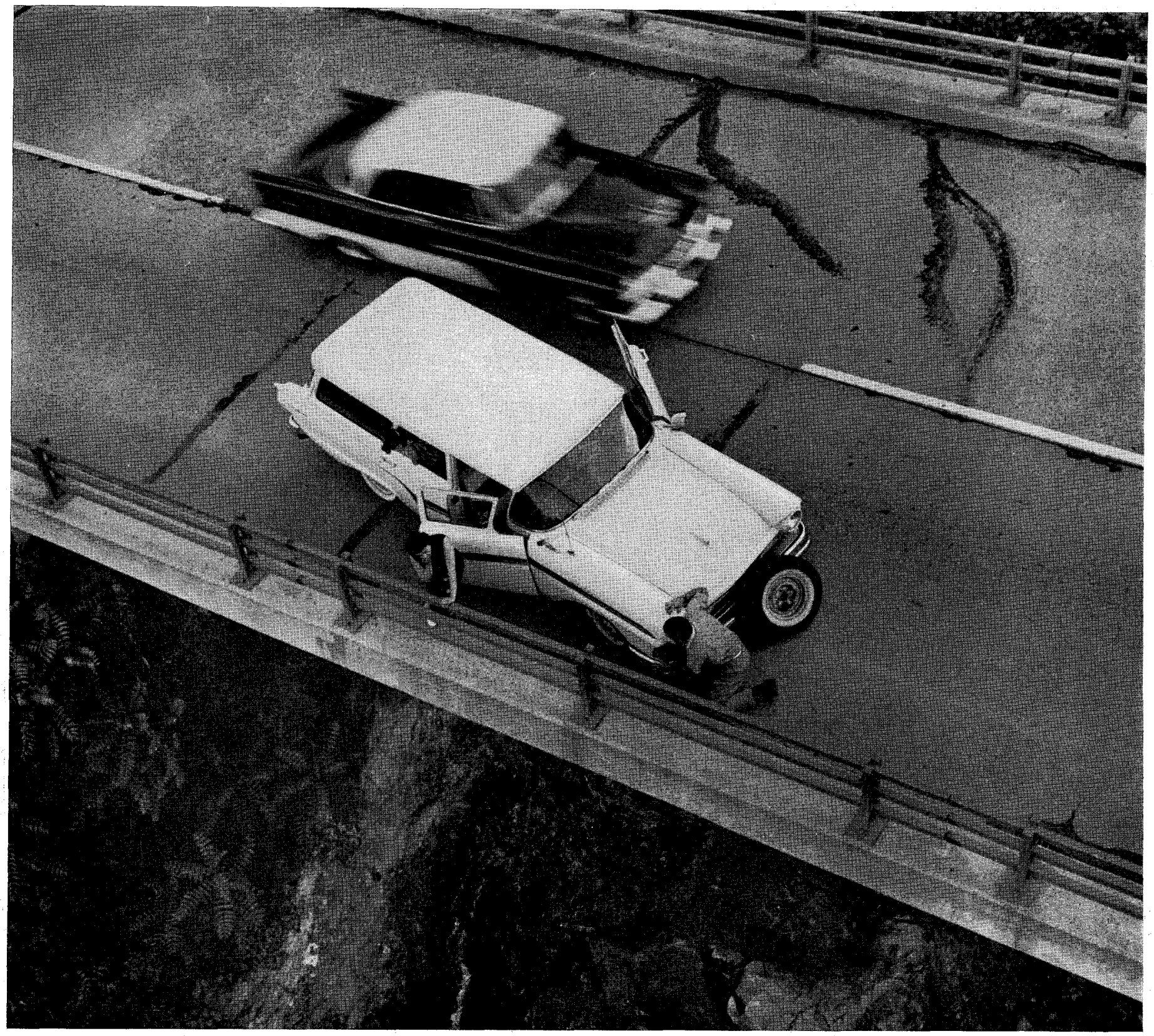

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Nylon has lasting strength to guard against blowout. Nylon protects against the four kinds of unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure: (1) heat, (2) bruising from bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. Why risk a dangerous blowout? Have your tires checked regularly. And whenever you buy new tires, be sure they're made with nylon cord.

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL.

DUPONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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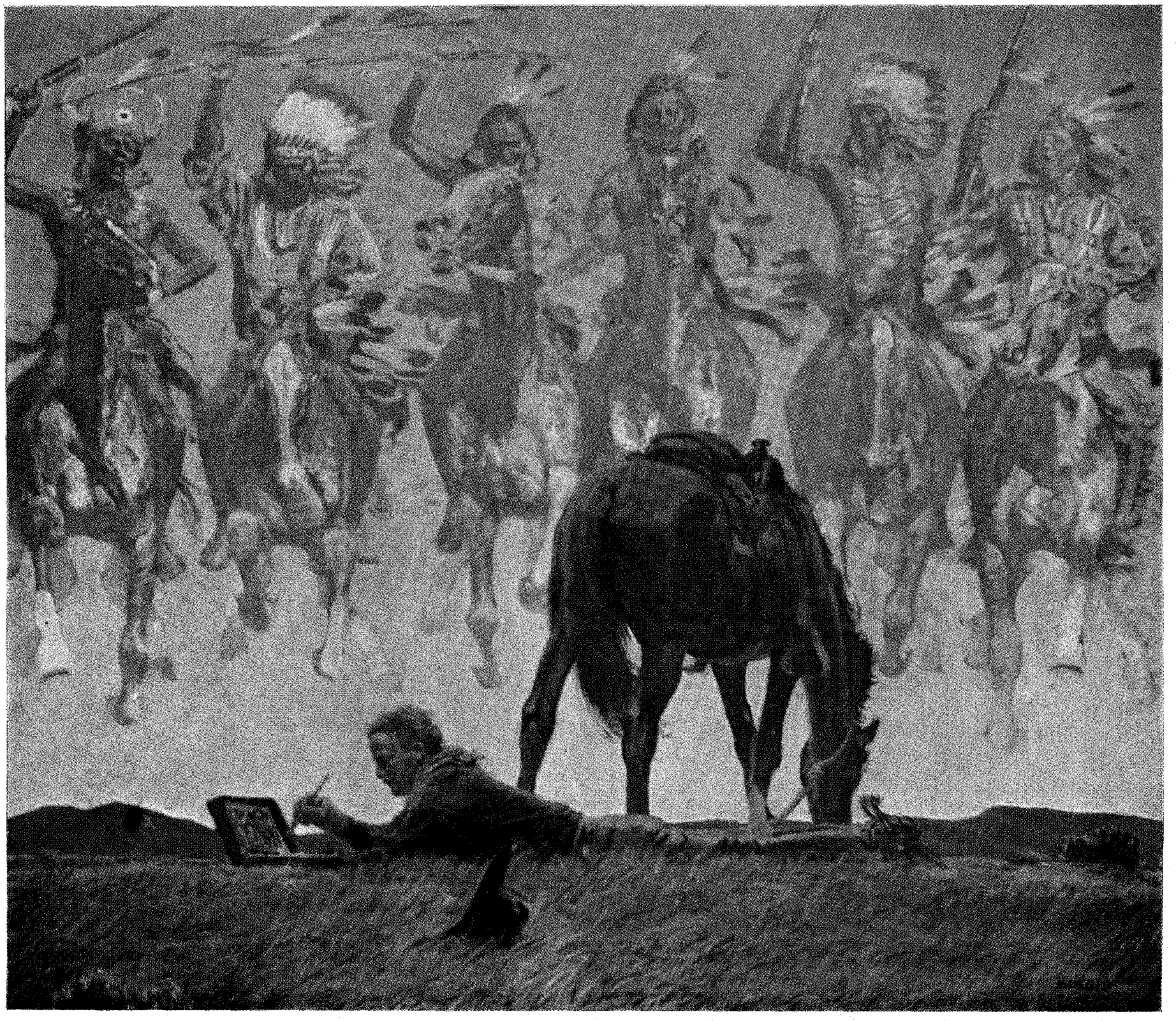

He gave us the wild Old West for keeps...

THERE ARE plenty of people who'll tell you the Old West is deader than a wooden Indian. But they're forgetting about a red-faced rock of a man named Frederic Remington.

Fred showed up in the West one day looking for fame and fortune. And wherever he looked, the West spread riches before his eyes. Her untamed land. Her rowdy people. Her dust and gunsmoke and sweat. Fred liked what he saw.

Then he happened to look over his shoulder. Thunderation! There was the railroad coming after him. And there were men in mail-order clothes, putting up fences, so they wouldn't need cowboys any more. Looked like pretty soon there wouldn't be any West.

Fred figured he'd better do something quick. So he started right there. Cowpokes, rustlers, pioneers, badmen . . . anybody Fred could get near enough to, without getting scalped or shot full of lead, he'd paint a picture of.

He'd spread a pack of Comanches across a canvas, so mean-looking and so real you'd want to turn and run for it. Then he'd take a horse and transfer him to paper, still bucking and kicking fit to kill.

Fred didn't miss an inch. Through states that hadn't even been named yet he went, getting it all down, before it was too late.

The pictures hang in museums now. But the story they tell about a wide-open, rip-roaring, man's kind of place belongs to all of us. That's the way Fred wanted it.

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Ask your John Hancock Agent about our new Signature Series—the most advanced life insurance contracts for every need.

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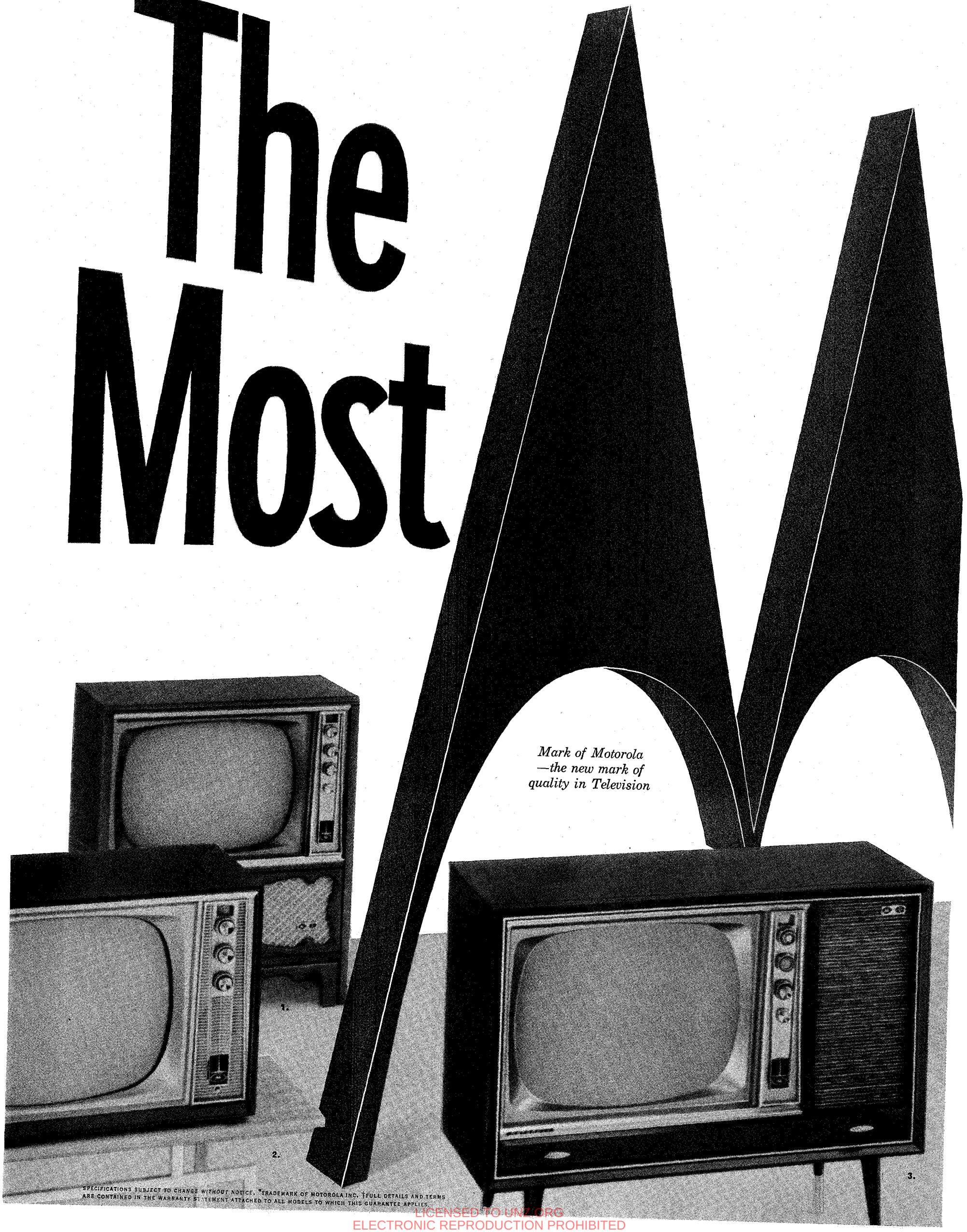

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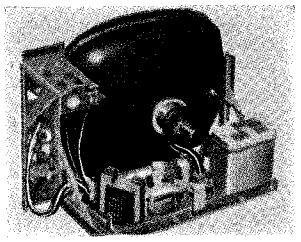
New Motorola FOR 1960

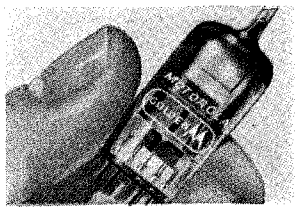


The most reliable TV ever

Only Motorola® TV has the Golden Guarantee† ... FULL YEAR GUARANTEE ON ALL TUBES AND PARTS *PLUS* 5 YEARS ON THE GOLDEN TUBE SENTRY* UNIT.

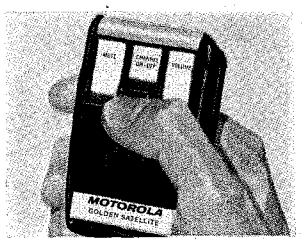
Only Motorola TV has premium-rated Golden "M"* Tubes and Parts that give outstanding longer life . . . 100% longer, on the average, than any other ever put into TV.

Only Motorola TV has the Golden Tube Sentry System that ends warm-up power surge, main cause of TV failure . . . triples TV life expectancy . . . is engineered to eliminate 3 out of 4 service calls.



The most powerful TV ever

Only Motorola TV has the Golden "M"* Frame Grid Tube . . . the most important new development for better performance and reliability. Compared with ordinary tubes this one actually has 100% more power to amplify the signal after it is received in your TV set. Yet it reduces by as much as 50% signal interference that causes "snow" and "milky" pictures, and distorted sound. Motorola, the most powerful TV ever, brings you better performance, a brighter, clearer picture wherever you live.



The most convenient TV ever

Only Motorola TV with the new long-distance Custom-Matic Tuner (featuring the *first* Frequency Controlled Oscillator Tube) eliminates the need for fine-tuning every time you change channels. One simple adjustment lets *you* fine-tune stations permanently! Motorola Custom-Matic Tuner has gold-plated channel contacts . . . for most reliability! Motorola Golden Satellite* IV wireless remote control turns TV on or off, changes channels (and they come in fine-tuned), adjusts volume to 4 levels, and mutes sound. See and try it—for the most convenient TV ever.

Drexel®

The most beautiful TV ever

Only Motorola offers TV in cabinets styled by Drexel to complement its famous furniture collections. This exciting new concept introduces TV in authentic contemporary, traditional, transitional and French Provincial designs. Created of magnificent wood veneers, with warm hand-rubbed finishes. Here is TV so beautiful, it will flatter *any* decor. Many other original Motorola styles to choose from, with newest finishes and grille fabrics, the most tasteful appointments.

MOTOROLA® TV

1. Early American Console, Model 21K127. **2.** Contemporary-Styled Table TV, Model 21T67. **3.** Lo-Boy with Remote Control, Model A21K140. **4.** Portable TV, Model 17P6 (17″ over-all diagonal meas., 155 sq. in. picture viewing area). 1-year guarantee on all tubes and parts. **5.** Drexel *Dutchess County*, Model 21K131. **6.** Drexel *Profile*, Model 21K135. (All console and table models with 21″ over-all diagonal meas., 263 sq. in. picture viewing area.)

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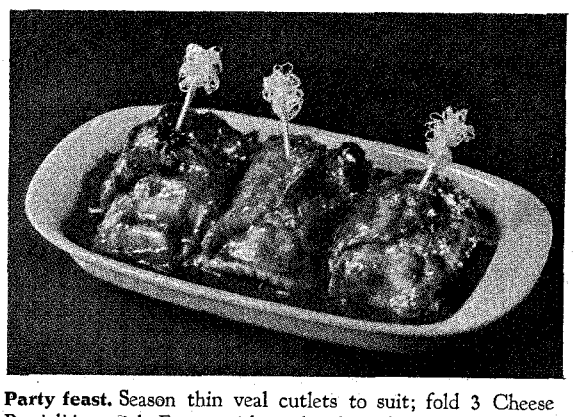
Famous Lake Como with the Alps in the distance.

Italy is minutes away with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee on your shelf. A few pennies—a few minutes—and Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli is ready for anything from kids' lunch to quick supper. Tender macaroni pies, plump with tasty beef, in a rich meat-tomato sauce make meal-planning easy—fun, too. (Try Cheese Ravioli, too.) Each only about 15¢ a serving.

Dish with a delightful Italian accent. In a casserole, alternate layers of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Beef Ravioli and ricotta or cottage cheese. Bake until piping-hot. Serve with a proud flourish!



Party feast. Season thin veal cutlets to suit; fold 3 Cheese Ravioli into each. Fasten with toothpicks. Bake in casserole with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce about 1 hour at 350°.

Everywhere in U. S. and Canada.

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Ravioli

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A pediatrician's waiting room in New Delhi. Indian mothers are confronted with exhortations toward "family planning" when they visit doctors' offices.

Land of Too Many People

India's population is growing so alarmingly fast that the nation itself may burst asunder. Now Nehru has turned to a government-sponsored, nationwide birth-control program. A report from the scene. By MILTON and MARGARET SILVERMAN

Dr. Sudhir N. Sanyal, left, developer of the "Sanyal pill," with author Milton Silverman in Calcutta.

New Delhi.

One day last spring a Hindu farmer and his twenty-two-year-old wife came to the health center in a tiny village near here. "We have been married but seven years," the farmer told a health-center doctor. "Already we have five children, and we cannot feed them. A sixth will come soon. Our friends in this village say you have a medicine to keep us from getting any more children. Can you show us this wonderful thing?"

At almost the same time, in southern India, a group of railroad workers arrived at the municipal clinic of the city of Madras. "We have heard you can make a small surgical operation on a man so his wife will not have more babies," said their spokesman. "We have also heard that you will not charge for this treatment, that you will even pay us a few rupees. We have come for this operation."

And in the crowded city of Bombay, near one of the worst slum districts, scores of women came to a clinic to receive prenatal education, get milk for their babies or have their children (Continued on Page 53)

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Things They Wish They Hadn't Said

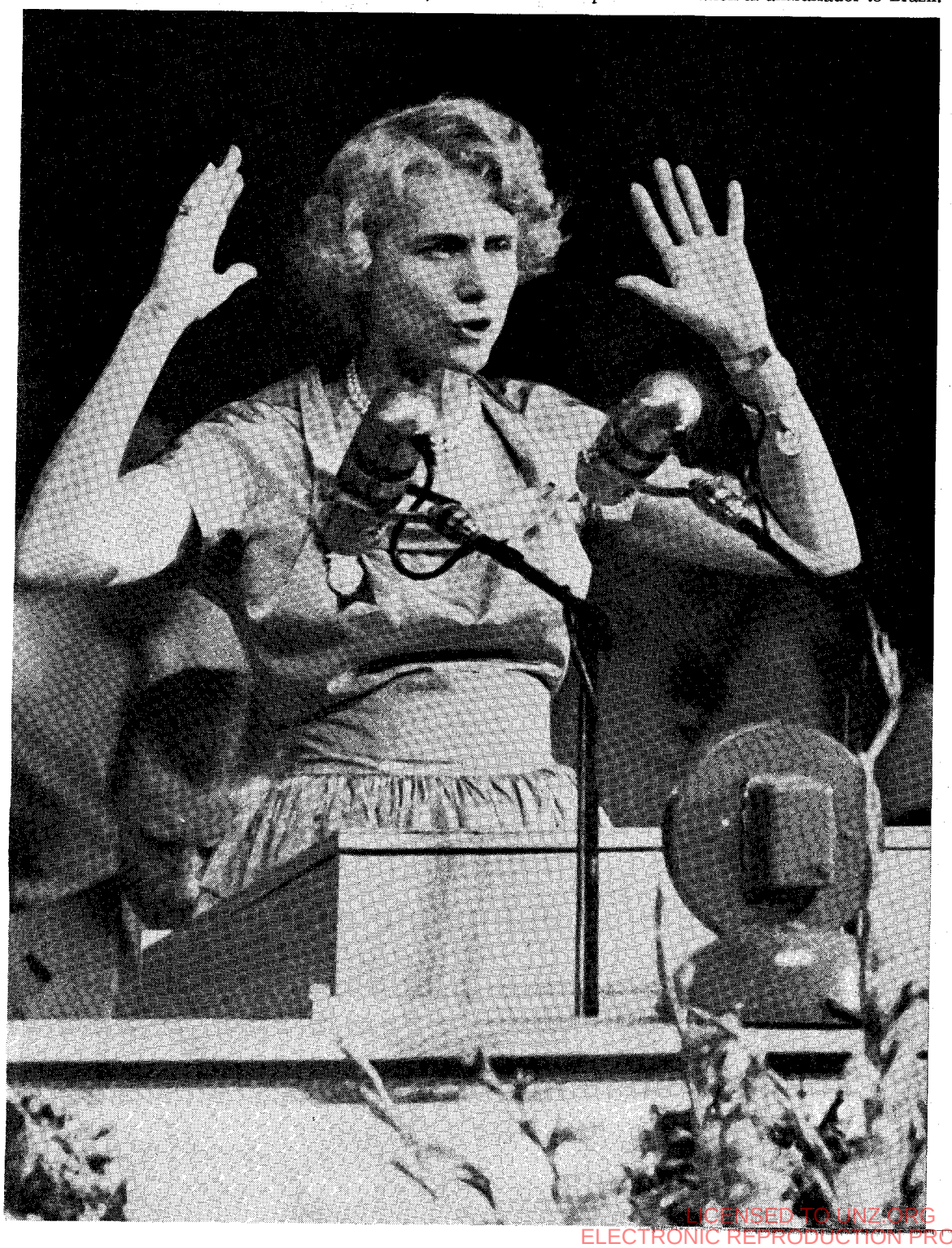
A *Post* editor spotlights some highly publicized slips of the lip—and admits to a classic one of his own.

By BEVERLY SMITH Jr., *Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post*

Do you ever wake up in the night, ponder uneasily for a moment and then break into a chilly sweat at the memory of some imbecile remark uttered the day before? If so, send no money. Merely tear out this article and paste it on the wall beside your bed under the reading lamp. It may bring balm if I remind you of some of the great *gaffes* of the past, the historic blunders heard round the world. There is comfort in the knowledge that president or potentate, general or judge, doctor or dictator—sometimes opens his mouth only to put his foot into it.

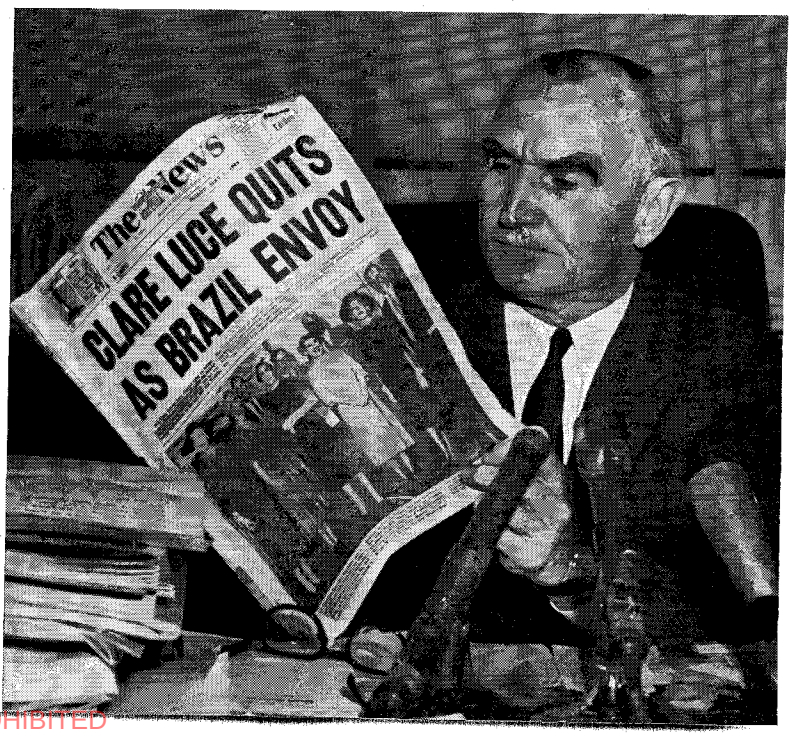
I wrote the above lines in 1931 as the lead paragraph in an article for Vanity Fair, a once sprightly magazine which gave up the ghost in the mid-'30's. With the passing years I forgot about the article, the magazine and its editors. Then, last April, strange doings in the United States Senate stirred an echo in my mind. Later, when I had a chance to study the record, I came upon a rare chain—a sort of epidemic—of *gaffes* and goofs, bobbles and bloopers. They were interconnected, stretching from October, 1940, to May, 1959. They involved presidents, diplomats, senators and journalists. By curious coincidence they also involved, as a lively participant, the very person who suggested that I write the 1931 article on the perils of foot-in-mouth lapses.

Below: Clare Boothe Luce. Her flamboyant words during the Republican Campaign of 1944—that F.D.R. was "the only American President who ever lied us into a war"—returned to haunt her earlier this year when she was up for confirmation as ambassador to Brazil.



Senate Republican leader Everett Dirksen tripped over his own words when he referred indirectly to Clare Boothe Luce by asking, "Why thresh old straw, or beat an old bag of bones?"

Senator Wayne Morse (D-Ore.) won the day against Clare, but lost much sympathy because of his unrelenting zeal in pressing the attack.



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Symptoms of the epidemic first came to my attention on Tuesday, April twenty-eighth last. Scheduled that day was a vote on the nomination of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce to be ambassador to Brazil. Despite the bitter attacks on Mrs. Luce by Wayne Morse and a few other senators, who argued that her indiscreet political remarks in the past proved her unfitted for a diplomatic post, it was believed that her confirmation would go through easily.

Senator Dirksen of Illinois led the debate in favor of Mrs. Luce. His oratory is usually smooth and mellifluous. Therefore, his listeners were all the more startled to hear him, deploring the attacks on Mrs. Luce, exclaim, "Why thresh old straw, or beat an old bag of bones?"

Laughter rocked the Senate chamber and the galleries. Dirksen, disconcerted, tried to explain that "old bag of bones" was not meant in any way to refer to the lovely Mrs. Luce, but rather to her verbal indiscretions dug up by Morse from the past. The explanation was blurred by new outbursts of mirth.

At any rate, Dirksen's slip did not hurt her chances of confirmation. If anything, it helped. A woman as talented, versatile, witty and wealthy as Mrs. Luce inspires some natural human envy. The bag-of-bones remark tended to soften envy into sympathy.

After Dirksen subsided, Morse returned to the attack. The day before, he had made a three-hour speech blasting Mrs. Luce. He had called her a political hack and a hatchet man. He declared that some of her past campaign comments (which she herself now admitted were "intemperate") were "subversive . . . sinister . . . evil . . . dishonest . . . hysterical." Harsh words about a lady? One might think so, except for Morse's proclaiming in the same speech, "I yield to no other senator in my devotion to chivalry." While not precisely a blooper, this would have rattled swords at King Arthur's round table. Nor did it seem entirely gallant for Senator Morse to telephone Mrs. Luce's physician to ask whether she had recently been under psychiatric care. The answer was "no."

Morse, a former professor and dean of law, has been described by critics as an argufier who would be more formidable if he were not interminable. His reiterated charges seemed to make little impression. When the vote came, most senators were still in the indulgent good humor produced by Dirksen's silver-tongued sideslip. Mrs. Luce's appointment as ambassador to Brazil was confirmed by a top-heavy majority of 79 to 11.

The Senate moved on to more prosaic business. But not for long. Soon there were rumors that in New York Mrs. Luce, told of the big vote in her favor, had chosen in her moment of triumph to have a woman's last word—a crack at Senator Morse. Shortly afterward Morse rose "to a point of personal privilege." From a news release in his hand he read Mrs. Luce's statement:

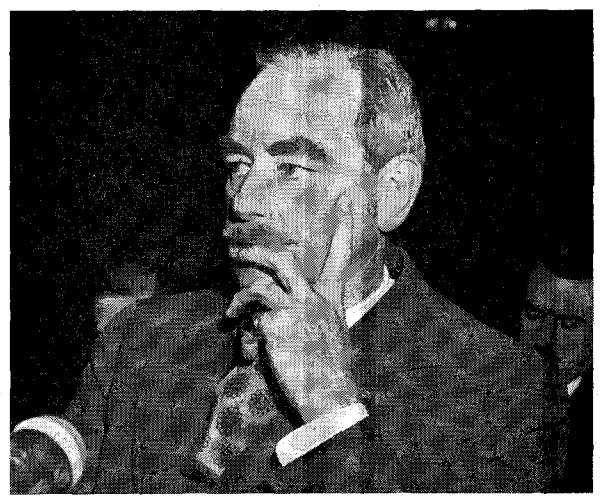
> I am grateful for the overwhelming vote of confirmation in the Senate. We must now wait until the dirt settles. My difficulties, of course, go some years back and began when Senator Wayne Morse was kicked in the head by a horse.

There was some laughter at this—also many frowns. Morse managed a smile as he claimed that he could "take it as well as dish it out." But his smile seemed strained as he called Mrs. Luce "this slanderer" and asserted that her statement proved "her complete lack of tact and diplomacy." He concluded with a pious promise that "I will pray each night for God's guidance to this lady, so that she will be more stable in her ambassadorial duties . . . than she was when she issued this press release."

This time Morse drew applause. Evidently Mrs. Luce's sharp words had shifted part of the sympathy from the lady to the senator. After all, Morse is a veteran "member of the club," and fellow senators recalled how narrowly he had escaped death when the horse kicked him in 1951. Also, some Democrats interpreted the phrase "let the dirt settle" as an untimely jibe at an earlier Democratic policy toward China called "letting the dust settle"—a policy which Mrs. Luce had often assailed in the past. It seemed her statement might raise more dirt, or dust, than it settled.

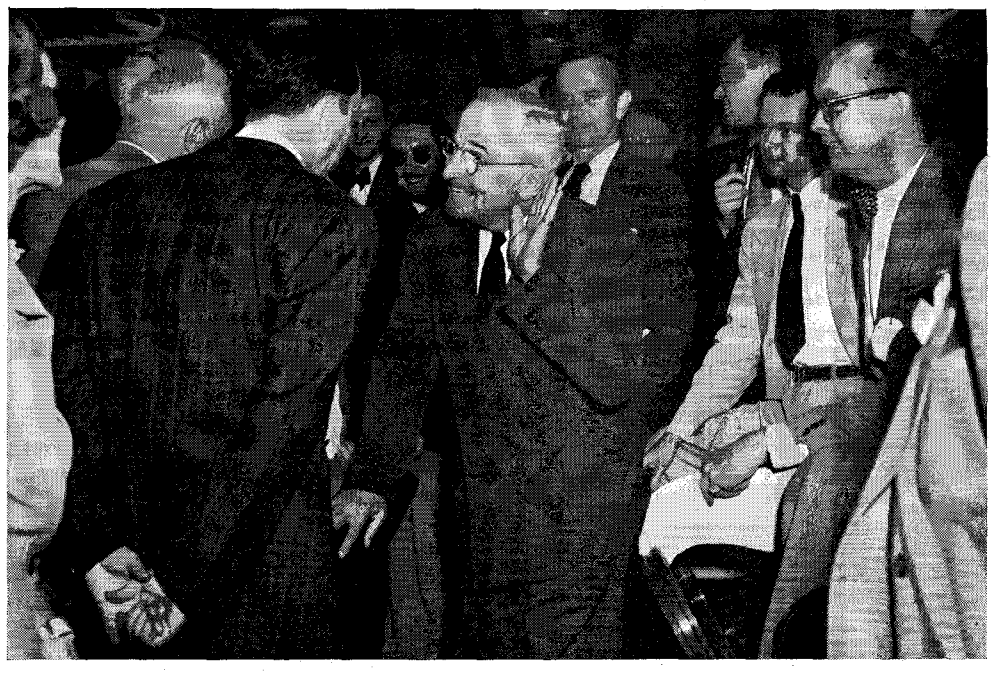
Sensing a storm, Senator Dirksen tried to calm things down. He complimented "my friend, the great senator from Oregon" on his "durable sense (Continued on Page 139)

Former Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson (on Edgar Bergen's knee) is the modern record holder in the *lapsus linguae* category.



When Dean Acheson said, "I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss," it seemed to casual headline readers that he was aligning himself with a convicted perjurer.

Wendell Willkie dismissed serious charges against F.D.R. as mere "campaign oratory." This admission tarnished Willkie's reputation.



Harry Truman ranks high among foot-in-mouth virtuosos. His "red herring" reference to Communist espionage is a classic example. But Harry never seems to be bothered by his boners.

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Charley managed to get the ring back on the correct finger.

Moment of Indiscretion

By ROBERT STANDISH

What would her fiancé's parents think of a certain incident in her past?

In the otherwise pleasant village of Totterdell-on-Thames, occupying a beautiful site on a bend in the river, stands a vast red-brick Victorian mansion of such impressive ugliness that those who mention it tend to do so in whispers. It is called The Grange. The superstitious look the other way.

From 1910, when the merchant prince who built this architectural horror went to his reward, until 1940 when, it will be remembered, Hitler created a housing shortage, The Grange stood empty. People with enough money to maintain such a house possessed enough to acquire something more pleasing to the eye. During the war years the house was given over to refugees from the East End of London, and in 1945 what was left of it was converted into apartments. The dim basement region was occupied by a janitor-*cum*-handyman, who shoveled coke into an enormous furnace which, in theory, heated the building. The top-floor apartment was occupied by Admiral and Mrs. Flemming, a section of flat roof reminding the former of his own quarter-deck. Here, too, he kept an imposing array of instruments, from a study of which he was always fully informed regarding the barometric pressure, temperature, speed and direction of wind, together with the probable behavior of anticyclones, or depressions, lurking between the Gulf of Finland and Cape Hatteras. Indeed, one of the hazards of life at The Grange was to be on the receiving end of a daily torrent of unsolicited meteorological information.

On the floor below Admiral and Mrs. Flemming lived Colonel and Mrs. Blennerhassett who, with a name like that, surely need no description here. A coolness existed between the Blennerhassetts and the Carlings, who lived underneath them. Carling—a retired collector of customs from West Africa and a light sleeper—took the view that Colonel Blennerhassett should either go to the expense of carpeting his quarters properly or give up wearing marching boots in the evenings. Mrs. Carling had aristocratic connections, her half sister having once won a breach-of-promise case against an impecunious Scottish nobleman, who thereupon emigrated to Patagonia where, thirty-odd years later, he still lives in magnificent solitude.

Below the Carlings, in the garden-level apartment, lived Maj. Gen. Sir Jeremy Chubb-Dalrymple-Chubb, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Chubb-Dalrymple-Chubb, whose triple-barreled name beside the bottom bell push gives The Grange a certain cachet. These two would have enjoyed an even greater popularity than they did already if it had not been for their unfortunate inability to modulate their voices. The general's had been trained to make itself heard at four hundred yards' range over and above the jingle of accouterments and the crash-bang of a field-artillery battery on the march; while his wife's had in the past been clearly audible to large gatherings of Girl Guides who weren't even listening. Their intimate and private conversations, expressed in decibels, were approximately equivalent to that of an Irish debating society.

When we first meet these two, it is high summer in the Thames Valley. There has been a steady downpour of rain for the past seventy-two hours. The outlook for the next twenty-four hours, according to Admiral Flemming and relayed from the roof, is not encouraging. A low-pressure area is sweeping in from the Atlantic. Only the ducks rejoice.

General Chubb-Dalrymple-Chubb, clad in voluminous oilskins and carrying a fishing rod with the usual accessories, strides across the garden toward the river. "Chubby," bellows his spouse through the open window of her boudoir, "where are you going in this rain?"

(Continued on Page 108)

Illustrated by Kurt Ard

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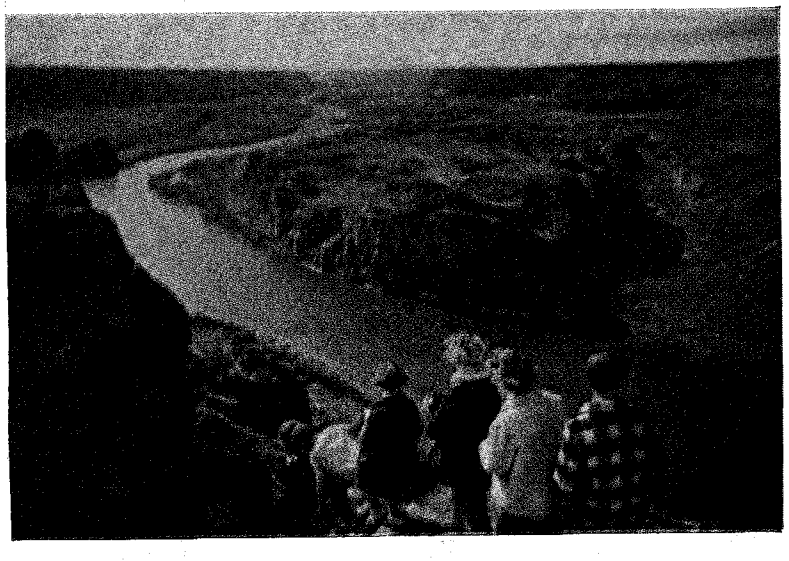
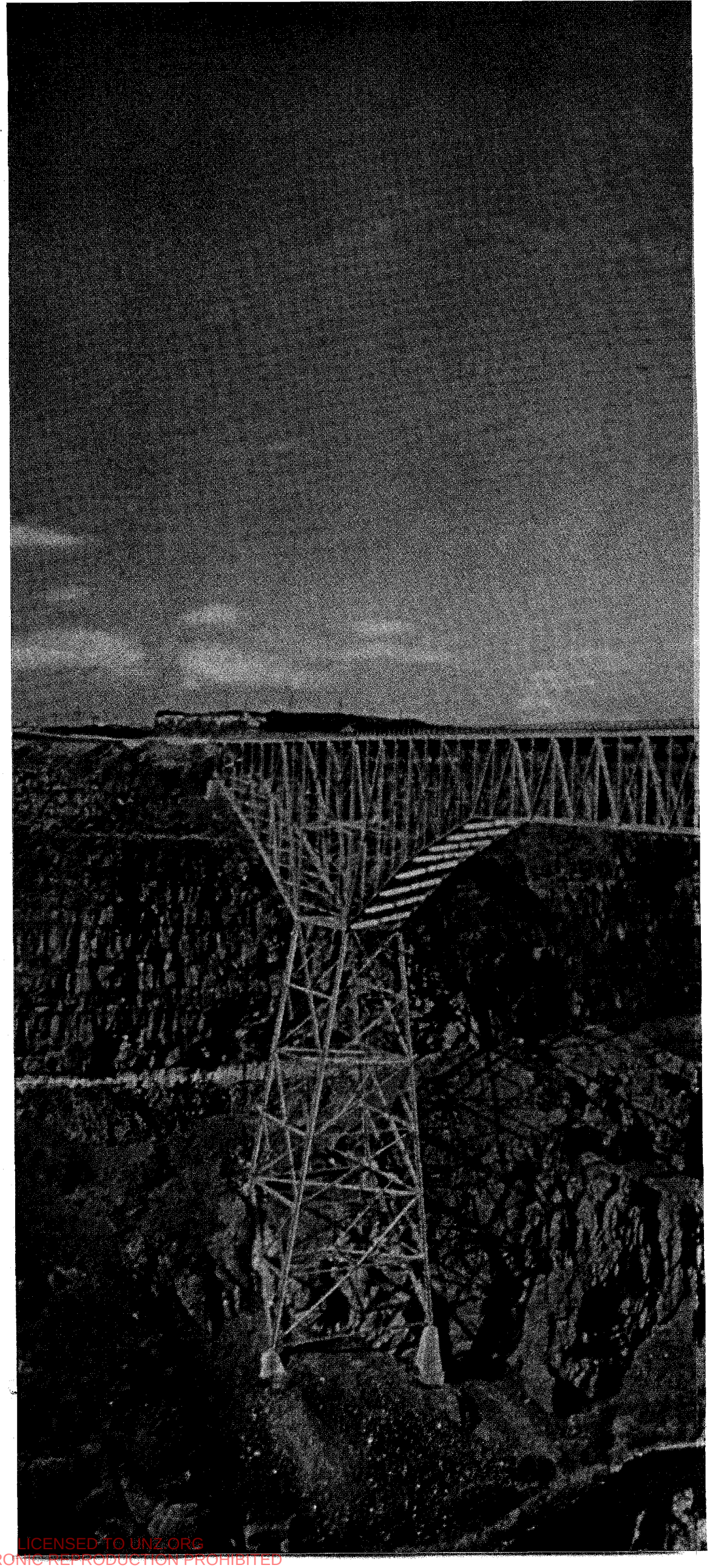
The Face of AMERICA

Home From School

Like the rest of the kids who live along this school-bus route out of Twin Falls, Idaho, the six school-age Hollon children pile off at their stop and head happily for home. Unlike the rest, the Hollons step over the edge of a 500-foot precipice and, by ladders and cable rails, descend to the nearly inaccessible floor of this gorge of the Snake River, because that is where home is. John Hollon fell in love with this spectacular canyon years ago and bought seventy acres of its rich alluvial soil from the Federal Government. There he raises fruit and vegetables, which he ships downriver to market. There he and his wife, Hazel, made their home and brought up eleven children. Hazel made it up and out of the canyon to the Twin Falls Hospital for each delivery—on the most recent occasion, in 1955, with only two hours to spare. In their little private empire the Hollons live a happier life than most conventional householders. Privacy more than compensates for the absence of many conveniences, including electricity. The children have one another for company and a colorful wilderness in which to fish, hunt and explore. As for television, who needs it when you live in an enchanted canyon?

❁ Photographs by Joern Gerdts





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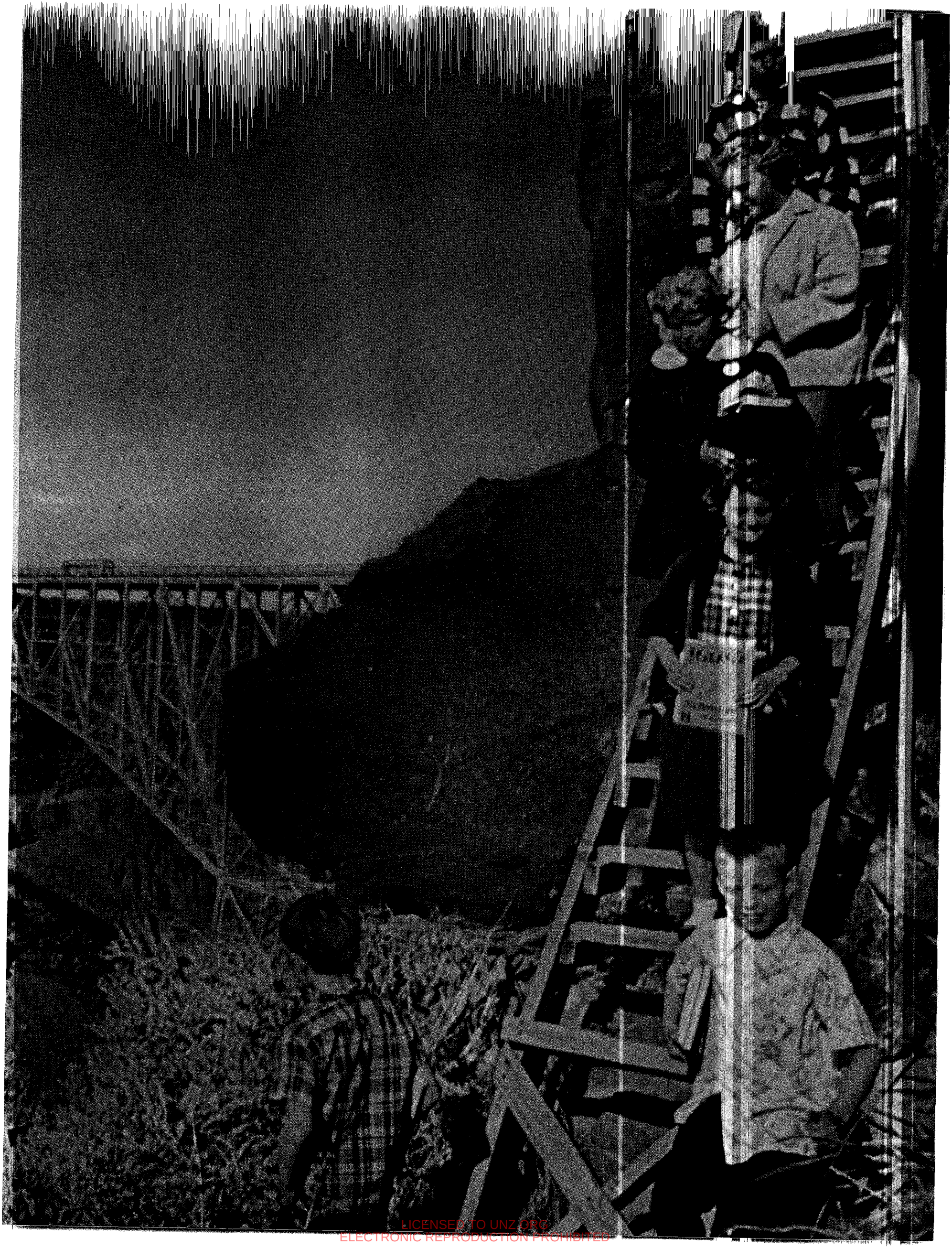

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It was some time before Henry realized that he was kissing her.

This is what happened to the man who fell for the

Hard-to-Get Girl

By ROBERT F. YOUNG

Much had Henry Cooper traveled in the realms of girls, and many goodly dolls and dishes seen. But when love passed him by for the fifth consecutive time and thumbed his cupid nose at him, he resolutely turned his back on the elusive paradise toward which he had yearned and striven so futilely and dedicated himself to a life of confirmed celibacy.

He arrived at this momentous decision on his twenty-second birthday and he was still abiding by it when, several months later, he applied for work in the town of Ridgeville and accepted a job in the local brass foundry, running the hot-metal hoist for Furnace John Piwko.

Henry was a little disconcerted by Furnace John. There was something rather awesome about him. He was in his late fifties, and he had a heat-withered complexion, a big blunt nose, burly shoulders and grapnellike hands. "This up," he said in a deep, rumbling voice, after the foundry superintendent had left them together. "This down." He emphasized the first statement with a yank on one of the hoist cables and the second with a yank on the other cable. Then, the fundamentals of the operation explained to his—if not Henry's—satisfaction, he rested his elbows on a packing box that functioned as a desk, lighted a cigarette with a kitchen match and added a lungful of bluish smoke to the already bluish atmosphere.

Henry took in his surroundings a little uneasily. He had never been in a nonferrous foundry before. In fact, he had never been in any kind of foundry before. Not far from where he was standing, eight roaring pit furnaces emitted bright yellow flames through round apertures in their lids. Beyond them, eight merry-go-round racks stood in two staggered rows. A monorail extended in a straight line from one end of the big barnlike building to the other, passing over the furnaces and over the aisle between the merry-go-rounds. Suspended from the monorail was the hot-metal hoist, the basic *modus operandi* of which Furnace John had just finished explaining to him.

Presently the furnaceman came over to the desk and told them that Number Three was ready. Furnace John donned apron, gloves and leggings and motioned for Henry to do the same. Then they proceeded to pull and pour the heat.

The temperature inside the foundry was in the nineties; the (Continued on Page 59)

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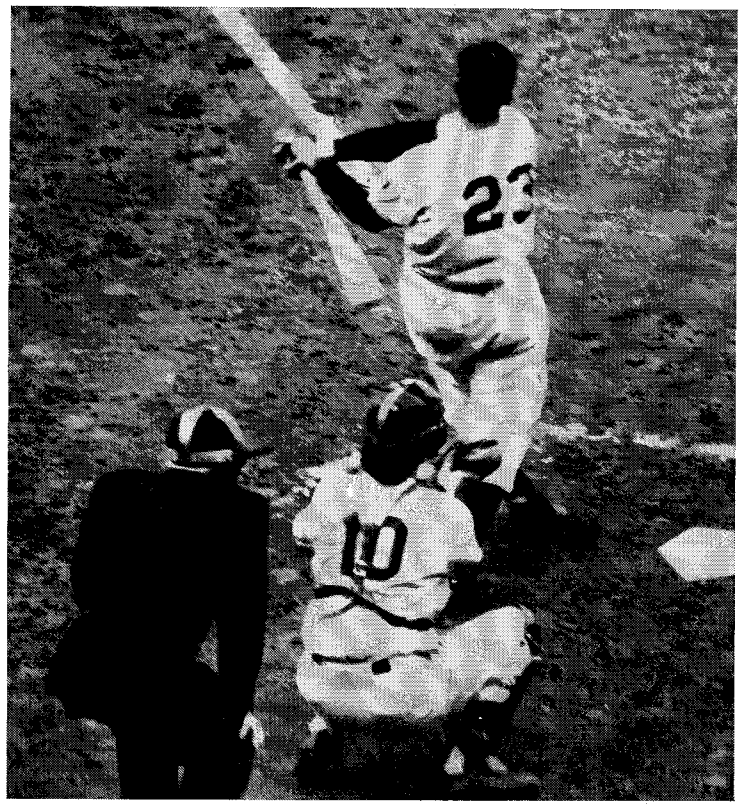

Above: Bobby Thomson belting the three-run homer that won the National League pennant for the Giants in their 1951 play-off with the Dodgers.

Leo Durocher, who managed the Giants in 1951, and his fiery second baseman, Eddie Stanky, engaged in this frenetic dance of joy after Thomson's heroic clout. The Giants had won 37 of their last 44 games.

Baseball's Best Show

By STANLEY FRANK

Not even the World Series itself can compare with those nerve-racking end-of-the-season battles, says the author, who recalls some of the epic pennant races.

The World Series is baseball's fanciest display piece, but for competitive brilliance and intensity, the best shows generally are seen in the final stages of a tight pennant race. The mounting feverishness as teams battle down to the wire usually brings a flurry of outstanding performances by contenders and tailenders alike. There may be storybook stuff to come in the last days of the present campaign.

Jackie Robinson, who went through a number of hard pennant fights with the Dodgers, recently gave his explanation of why ballplayers who have never been outstanding sometimes outdo themselves in the homestretch. "The money at stake is what lifts men above their normal levels," Robinson said. "The prestige of getting into the World Series is an incentive to less than ten per cent of the veteran players. Money is what keeps them bearing down during the race. The difference between finishing first or second in your league is much greater than the difference between winning or losing the Series."

Last year a full World Series share was worth $8759 per man to the New York Yankees and $5896 to the Milwaukee Braves. Shares for the runner-up Chicago White Sox and Pittsburgh Pirates came to a trifle more than $1500.

"Actually, the Series is a letdown after you win the pennant," Robinson went on. "There's a natural tendency to relax. The Series whips up a lot of noise for a week, but the fans remember the close races longer. I was in the World Series six times with the Dodgers against the Yankees. People seem to have forgotten that we were licked five times, but they still needle me about the one pennant we blew eight years ago."

He scowled at his hands and clenched them. "I'll let you in on (Continued on Page 119)

Above: Hank Greenberg after he clinched the American League title for Detroit on the last day of the 1945 season with a ninth-inning grand-slammer against the St. Louis Browns.

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Why was he risking his life to rescue a man who deserved to drown?

The Rogue and The River

By OLAF RUHEN

They told me I was asking for trouble, traveling with horses around the top of Australia through the months of the wet monsoon; and when across the racing river I saw the house cut off by the floods, and the woman appearing briefly on the veranda, I had an uneasy feeling I had found it. I couldn't see anything very well, for the rain was driving in such heavy gray sheets that the house, the woman and the tree-bordered river had the substance of shadows on a screen; though in a direct line I was only a couple of hundred yards away. I couldn't even hear anything from the house; the roaring of the river and the drumming of the rain seemed to extinguish other sounds, so that even the tinkle of my own harness was muted.

I've never seen any other rain like that. It fell as a deadening weight of water, drenching with the first drops; it had continued remorselessly for five days. The only thing it couldn't quench was the heat—the steady, enveloping heat. My slicker coat was no good to me. I sweated till I was as wet inside as out, and

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As Thornby struggled along the branch, the boy hit him across the temple as hard as he could.

after a couple of hours I took it off. After five days everything I had was wet through and through. The sugar in the packs was wet and the flour caked against the bag. A fountain poured from my hatbrim when I turned my head; my boots stayed filled with the runlets rippling down my legs. The drinking water was all muddy, the horses restless in the night camps. I had only eight of them—my own; and they were seasoned to traveling, for I had just finished a big contract driving cattle to the north.

All day I had followed down the river. Somewhere ahead, a day or two, the telegraph line crossed it; and when I struck the junction I would leave the water and follow the line south until I came to the dry country where I belonged. And I told myself I'd never again hire out to drive cattle to Cape York. The grazing was green and lush and the country was thick with game; but my desert-bred horses were happiest on the bare dry plains; the March flies and the buffalo flies bothered them, and for myself I'd give away all the magnificent empty country, all the good grazing and the tall timber and the plentiful meat for the feeling of the dry soft sand under my boots.

The river had been rising since I had first followed it, and the house was an island in a sea; a troubled island by the look of it; there were no stock near the buildings, and I could see no men. There was still an acre or two of the high ground between the house and the bank, and that was threatened. The chances were there was no communication at all, and the woman was alone. Short of going across the river there was no way I could find out; she had not seen me, and I'd be hard to see among the trees that towered above the bank where I rode.

So I made my decision. I was in as good a place to camp as any, and I cut forked logs to prop a rail against two growing trees, offloaded the pack horses and racked the saddles, including my personal saddle, on the rail, stowed the rest of the gear beneath and covered all with one of the tarpaulins. I hobbled the horses and belled the old black mare which usually led the others, and put the bridle on an old gelding I called Chocolate—I didn't quite know why I chose him, though I was glad later that I had. He wasn't the best horse, but at least he was fresh, for I hadn't used him in a month.

I rode him bareback down to the edge of the bank and picked my way upstream again. I was on the high bank, so the camp was safer by far than the house on the other side. About a quarter of a mile upstream I found a good place to cross.

There was a diagonal of water stretching downstream in which no snags or sunken trees lifted their heads, and I calculated that, at the rate the river was racing and the rate I knew we could swim, I'd cross in something under the quarter mile.

As soon as old Chocolate's withers were under I slipped off his near side and, holding the bridle loose and the mane tight in my right hand, swam alongside. It seemed to take an age to get (Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

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"We love that boy," said Russian Premier Khrushchev (right) of American pianist Van Cliburn (left). They are shown in Moscow where the young Texan created a sensation by winning the 1958 Tchaikovsky piano competition.

Vice President Nixon opening the American Exhibition in Moscow last July. Minutes later he tangled with Premier Khrushchev (second from left) in the now-famous "kitchen debate."

Does it Help to Swap Visits With the Russians?

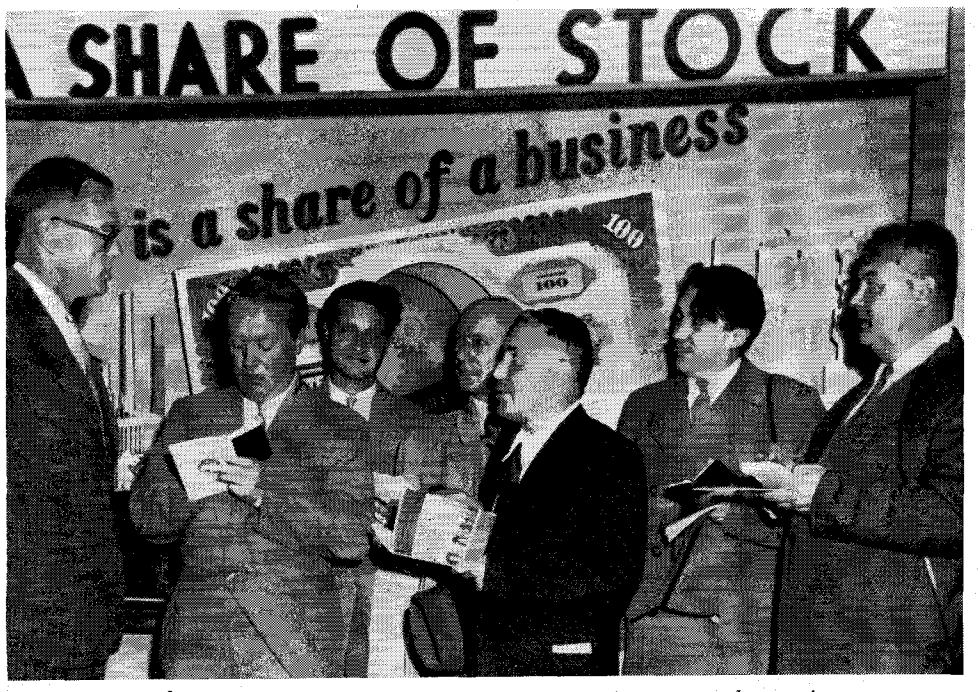
When Americans and Russians meet on one another's home grounds, cold-war tensions sometimes seem to dissolve. Will Khrushchev's historic visit to us bring even stronger hope for peace?

By EDWARD WEINTAL and PETER LISAGOR

As the Soviet's No. 1 traveling salesman, Nikita S. Khrushchev, this week starts what is bound to be a voluble tour of the United States, we—the authors of this article—are keeping in mind a certain old codger we saw just a few weeks ago in Moscow's Sokolniki Park.

We were in Russia as members of the press party covering Vice President Richard Nixon's journey behind the Iron Curtain. That remarkable trip now is well-recorded history, of course, particularly the impromptu Khrushchev-Nixon "kitchen debate" which started in front of the TV cameras at the American Exhibition. But what impressed us even more than such verbal fireworks between two political figures were the Russian people themselves and their insatiable curiosity about all things American.

During our several visits to the exhibition we saw earnest Russian men and women



October, 1955: Touring Soviet journalists got a lesson in capitalism from Keith Funston (left), president of the New York Stock Exchange. They listened politely, but were skeptical.

Russia's celebrated Moiseyev dance troupe (above) played to sellout American audiences for eleven weeks last year. Later its director, Igor Moiseyev, was censured by the Soviet government for praising the U.S.

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Right: Khrushchev—his bearish charm turned on full force—when he last came on this side of the Iron Curtain, to visit England in 1956. The Soviet premier has long been eager to visit the United States.

poring over American books on art, engineering or electronics, standing there studying for hours, completely oblivious to the crowds around them. We saw serious Russian faces mirroring wonderment—and also disbelief—at demonstrations of kitchen gadgets that are commonplace in United States homes. And we couldn't help feeling vastly amused and somewhat reassured by one old gentleman who did his obvious duty to the Communist Party by sampling a free cola drink, loudly proclaimed that it was "unhealthy"—and then kept sneaking back for more samples until he had filled a large vacuum bottle he had hidden, so he thought, under his coat.

Now that Russians and Americans are swapping visits on a fairly large scale, it would be helpful if some of our Communist guests were as transparent as the cola-collecting old codger. For the key question is not what the visitors say—if anything—for publication, but rather what they really believe and feel about the United States and its way of life, once they have seen it firsthand. Unfortunately nobody can predict with any great accuracy just how a Soviet tourist, whether it be Premier Khrushchev or a lesser example of Communist society, will react to what he or she sees here. The State Department has been increasingly aware of this puzzle ever since the first exchange groups began arriving from Russia following the signing in January, 1958, of the cultural-exchange agreement between the two countries.

For example, early one morning last January the telephone rang in the Boston hotel room of Francis B. Stevens, a former State Department official serving as a guide and interpreter for a Soviet hockey team on a tour of the United States.

At the start of the tour the Soviet coach of the team, Anatoli V. Tarasov, had learned that Stevens' father's name was William. Thereafter the coach addressed the guide, in the Russian manner, as "Franz Vasilyevitch"—Francis, son of William. Now Tarasov's troubled voice came over the wire. "Franz Vasilyevitch," he urged. "Please go to the restaurant. There is trouble with the marmalade."

Stevens hurried to the coffee shop where, sure enough, he found the deputy team manager, Victor G. Ushakov, digging into a bowl of marmalade with a spoon. "There are iron filings," Ushakov said darkly in Russian. "Someone is trying to perforate the stomachs of the Soviet players. This is a most serious matter and we wish to investigate."

Stevens conveyed Ushakov's suspicions to the coffee-shop manager, who examined the marmalade and quickly diagnosed the "iron filings" as a twisted sliver of tin caused by a faulty can opener. Ushakov stormed into the kitchen to see for himself. He returned in a few minutes still suspecting some sort of plot. Even so, the stolid, heavy-set Russian goalie, Eugene Erkin, said, "Please let me have the marmalade. I will take the risk." Erkin ate the marmalade straight, not bothering to put it on his toast. Later in (Continued on Page 116)

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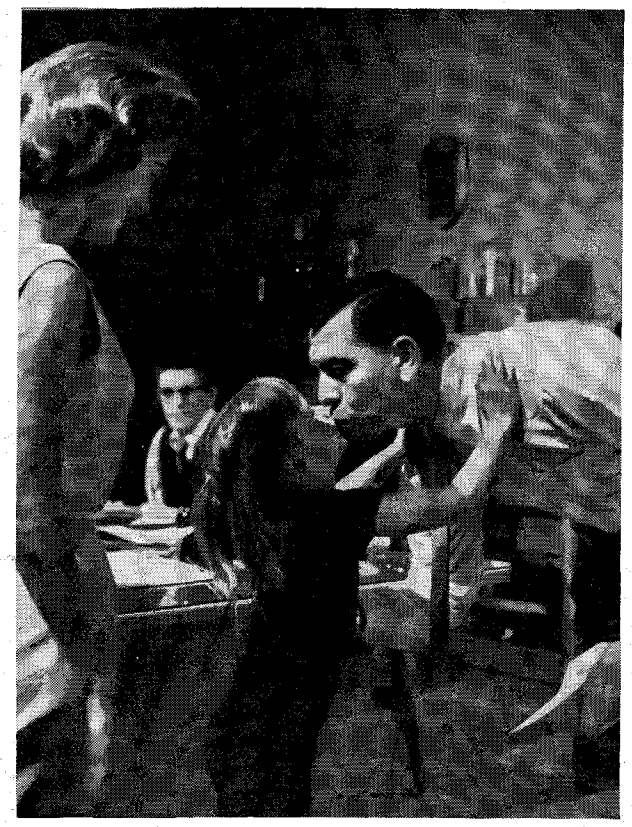
THE FACTS ABOUT ME

CONCLUSION

By JACK WEBB as told to Dean Jennings

The star of *Dragnet* describes the violent impact of the show on his private life and tells what he thinks is the trouble with television.



Six-year-old Lisa Webb visits her father on the set. She is Jack's daughter by his marriage to actress Julie London. At left is his present wife, Jackie.

There was a parent-teacher meeting one evening at the Washington High School in Los Angeles, and the auditorium was jammed. It was the annual fathers' night, and on the agenda were such touchy and controversial subjects as juvenile delinquency, crime comic books and the increasing number of television programs saturated with guns, murder and blood.

The program chairman walked on stage to open the meeting. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said with a sheepish grin, "I want to apologize for setting this meeting on Thursday night. I didn't realize so many of you would have to miss *Dragnet*."

In the past ten years *Dragnet* has won hundreds of awards, including Emmys from the TV academy for three straight years, but to have a crime show get this offhand tribute from a P.T.A. group was to me the most treasured prize of all.

It was particularly rewarding because *Dragnet*, which the experts say was the most successful television series of all time, seemed doomed from the beginning.

I have a very clear memory of the day I took my little radio-program idea to the Columbia Broadcasting people in Hollywood. When I got through pitching the show and letting them read a couple of scripts, they gave me the cold-shower routine.

"It'll never work," one executive said. "You don't even see the crime committed. And you can't tell true stories because you'll get sued every week."

"But I'm changing the names and switching things around," I said.

"Sorry," he said.

I hustled over to the National Broadcasting Company. There had just been a mass exodus there—they lost Jack Benny and many other big names to CBS—and they had a lot of open time. Program Director Homer Canfield liked the idea. After three auditions, weeks of rewriting the script, molding the characters and organizing an orchestra for the background music, we went on the air June 3, 1949.

NBC gave us a four-week cancellation deal. There was no

(Continued on Page 144)

Webb (at right, below) directing Nancy Valentine and John Hudson in the pilot film of *The Black Cat*, a new TV series Webb hopes to put on the air this winter.

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The subway train thundered into the station.

And suddenly a body toppled toward the tracks.

WHEELS OF DEATH

By JOSEPH HARRINGTON

Over the second cup of breakfast coffee, Ginny said, "How are you feeling, Dave?"

"Fine," he lied. "Just wonderful. Why?"

"Just wondering. No more of that feeling?"

"Oh, no. Not a bit. Let's see"—he made a pretense of counting on his fingers—"this is September and that happened more than three months ago. End of May, remember? No, I don't even think about it any more."

"That's good." She said it as though she believed him, for which he was grateful. She picked up the empty cups and saucers, placed them on the two plates and carried the whole assortment to the sink. "It's going to be a lovely day."

"Sure is." One thing about this apartment on Saint Eden's Lane, aside from its convenience to the yards, was that the kitchen got the full morning sun. He liked to watch it stream in through the red-sprigged curtains and paint golden highlights here and there on Ginny's fluffy head.

Watching her while she rinsed the dishes, he told himself he hadn't really lied. He didn't really feel bad when he was in the apartment with Ginny. And he didn't really get that awful feeling until he stepped into the cab.

Glancing at his watch, he said, "I've got to be going, Ginny." He pulled his lanky five feet eleven out of the maple chair, and went to the living room. He picked up the controller key with the electrical brake circuit chained to it and dropped this (Continued on Page 94)

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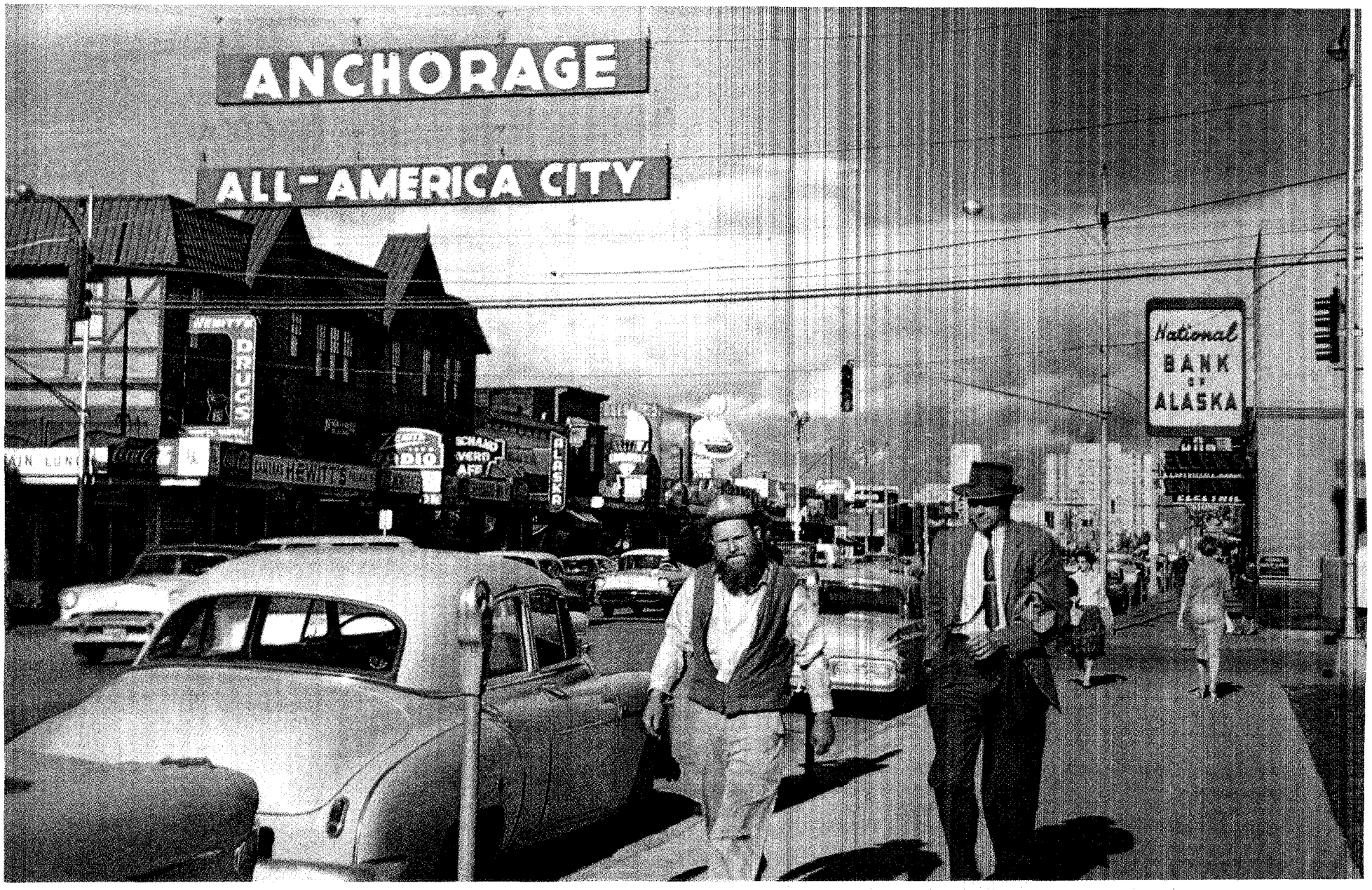

Fourth Avenue, the main drag of the largest city in Alaska, where an ordinary hamburger costs 85 cents. The gentleman with the beard is a sourdough, not a beatnik.

In Alaska's biggest city even the brashest dreams have a way of coming true. A report from

The Town That Can't Wait for Tomorrow

By William L. Worden

East and West in Anchorage, a regular port of call in the transpolar flight from Europe to Tokyo for Scandinavian Airlines, whose crews often include Japanese stewardesses.

During Alaska's short summer the temperature in Anchorage averages slightly under 60 degrees. Occasionally it warms up enough for a swim. Below: Goose Lake, just outside the city limits.

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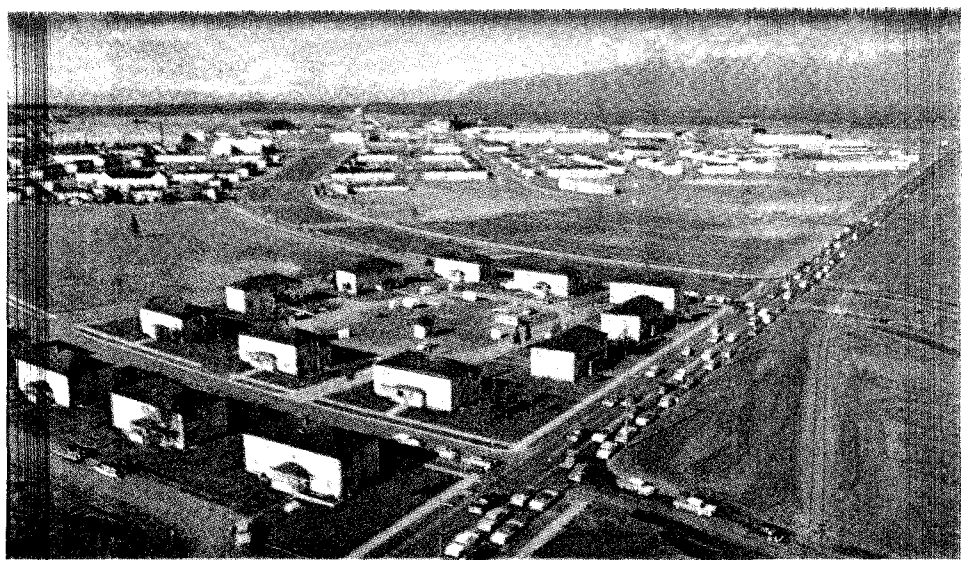
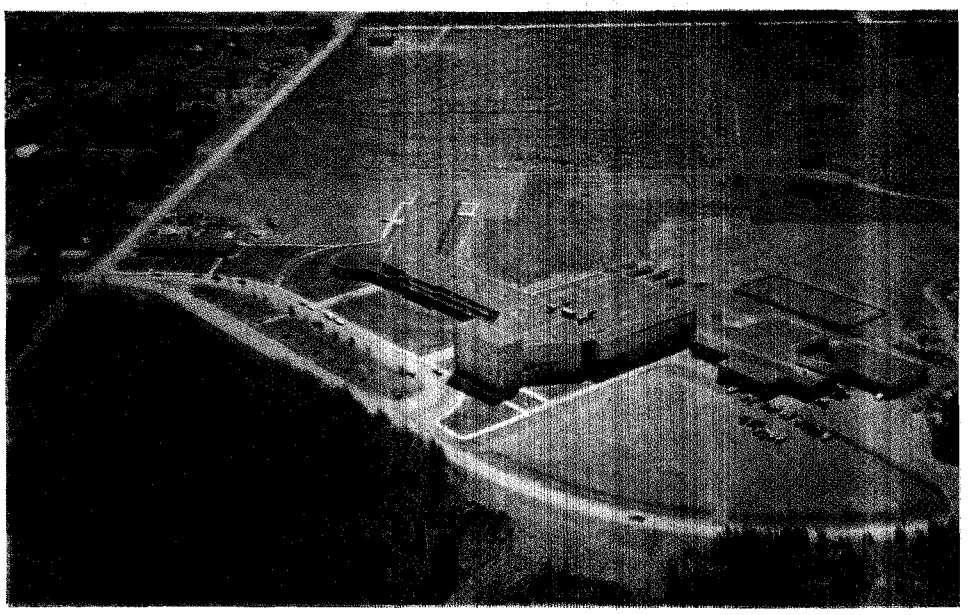


Above: Five-o'clock traffic jams the highway adjacent to Elmendorf Air Force Base. Military expenditures continue to be the lifeblood of the Anchorage economy.

Anchorage has become so civilized that sportsmen must fly 50 to 200 miles out by bush plane before they will find authentic fish-and-game country.

Turnagain, one of many suburbs growing up around Anchorage. The modest houses pictured above cost from $35,000 to $45,000 in Alaska's real-estate market.



Above, Anchorage High School. Part of a new, 17-plant school system serving 11,000 pupils. High-school teachers make from $6000 to $8400 a year.

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA.

Because he lived here before World War II, a conservative businessman rates as a pioneer in Anchorage—and possibly as the most confused man in the commercial capital of the new state.

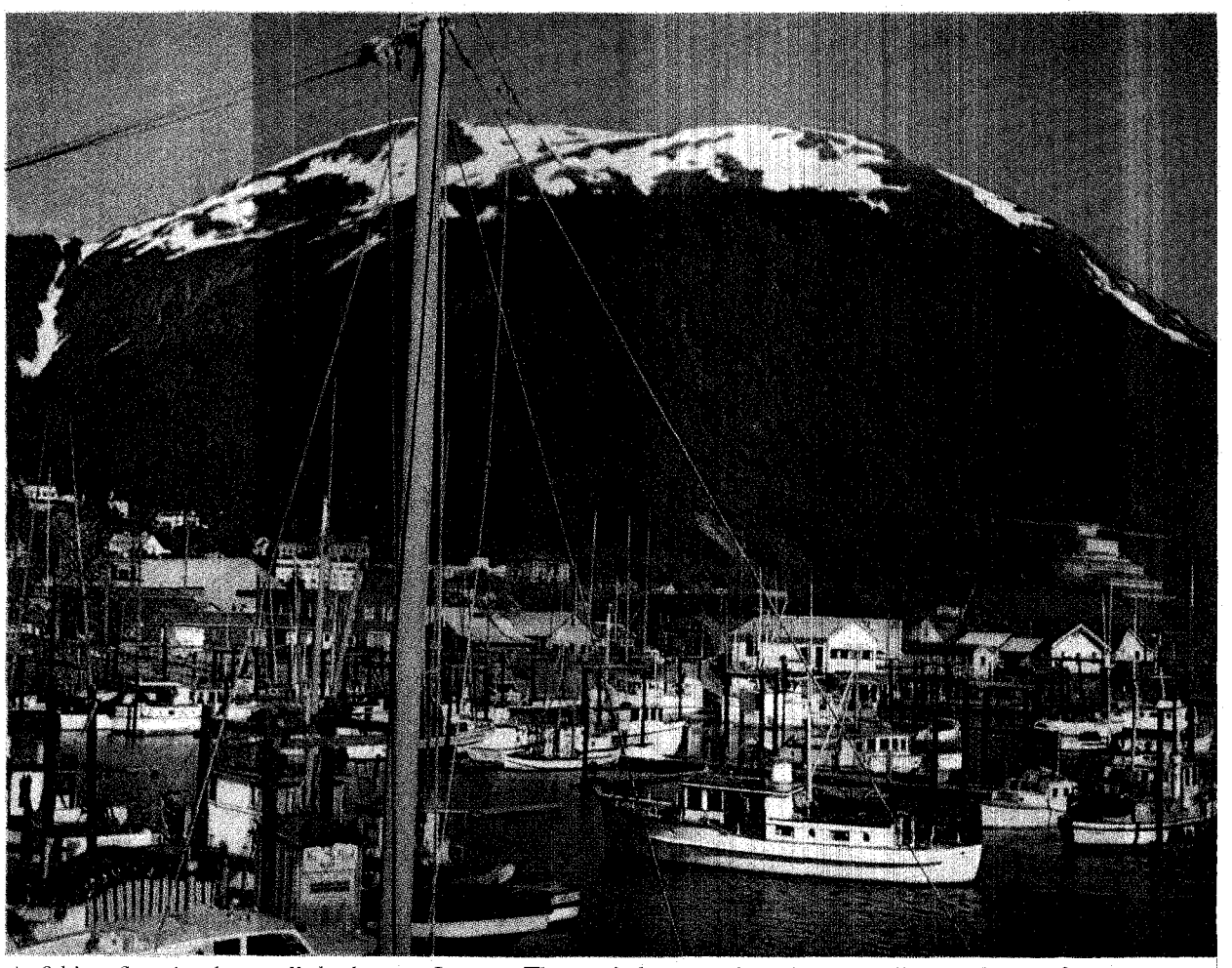
"I have," he said recently, "an absolutely perfect record. Back in the 1930's I looked at the Matanuska Valley farm project sponsored by the Federal Government near here. Obviously it was a horrible mistake, badly planned, awkwardly administered and certain to fail. I said so.

"The only trouble is that the place still is operating, producing more vegetables than the farmers can sell and more milk than Anchorage can drink.

"But I still tried to be a reasonable man. In 1945 I said, 'Well, this is the end of a phony boom. The military people certainly won't stay in Anchorage.' But they did stay, the air bases were built up, and we now have almost as many armed-services people as we had at the peak of World War II.

"I said, 'Military highways are fine, but we civilians shouldn't expect much from them. The weather is too tough, and operating costs will be too high.' Perfectly reasonable—except that trucks move over Alaska highways every day of the year, and I even drive out to Tok Junction now and (Continued on Page 100)

Photographs by Frank Ross



A fishing fleet in the small harbor at Juneau. The capital, approximately 600 miles southeast of Anchorage, is the center of Alaska's important salmon-fishing industry. In background: Mount Roberts.

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Gettysburg, Pa.: Hard by the graves of Civil War dead, business as usual. The great Confederate infantry charge passed just beyond this area, from right to left.

Let's Not Surrender Our Battlefields

By Ashley Halsey Jr. and J. O. Buckeridge

The "wonderland" ballyhooed below is just one of the commercial establishments which may intrude at Gettysburg. So far, Congress has refused to buy the 691 acres needed to preserve the character of the battlefields.

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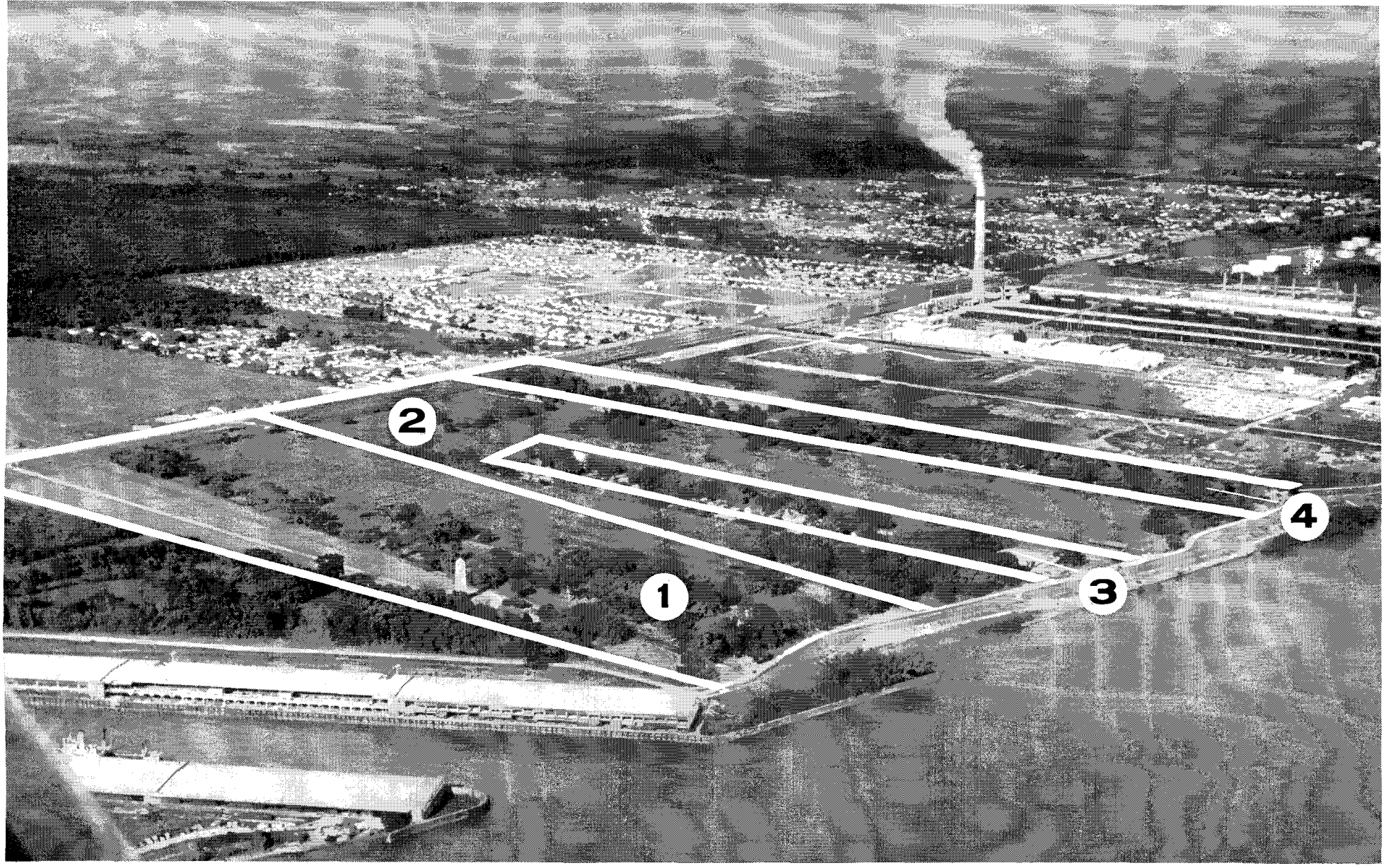
The cold hand of commercialism is invading many fields that we once swore to keep green in memory of Americans who died there for us.

Mrs. Martha G. Robinson, of New Orleans, and Henry J. Kaiser, of Detroit and points west to Waikiki, personify opposite sides of a blazing national controversy.

Mrs. Robinson, a grandmother "many times over," is a charming, gray-haired picture of feminine dignity with a sedate style of dress and a soft but firm voice. She speaks, in a sense, for the glory and grandeur of the past.

Henry Kaiser, by contrast, weighs 240 pounds, sometimes booms out like the surf at his favorite resort, and has been seen wearing sports shirts louder than those of ex-President Truman. He champions the dynamic present.

Where Mrs. Robinson typifies those who wish to preserve the physical aspects of American history as a patriotic inspiration for all time, Kaiser, with equal patriotism but a different viewpoint, represents those who often regard the past as a bygone thing which should



Above, the site of the Battle of New Orleans, 1815, where public opinion recently won a victory over private interests.

1. Chalmette National Park, including the line Andrew Jackson's army defended against the British.

2. Land owned by Henry J. Kaiser which was destined for industrial development. A storm of protest, however, persuaded him to donate the land to the Government.

3. A strip of residences, to be acquired later.

4. Chalmette National Cemetery, Federal property.

yield the right of way to progress. The two of them are among the many public figures who have battled over a growing issue: Whether our hallowed battlefields shall be maintained as national shrines, or carved up and apportioned to the current demands of industry, housing and retailing. The Robinson-Kaiser conflict occurred over the fate of the historic battleground of Chalmette, below New Orleans, but the controversy boils in almost every area of the nation where Americans have fought and died.

As in most controversies, there is something to be said for both sides. And both sides have been vociferous in saying it. The skirmishes of words take place in Congress, in state legislatures, in civic meetings and in the press. More often than not, private interests prevail. Thus the people of the United States find themselves in an odd position in relation to their national past: They have won the major wars, but they are currently losing control of their venerated battlefields.

Although interest in American history is perhaps at its highest ever, and millions of tourists and vacationers visit our forts, battle areas and other scenes of past greatness, officialdom has very nearly paraphrased Charles C. Pinckney by saying, "Millions for other projects, but scarcely one cent to save our American past."

Much of the present crisis in battlefield ownership was brought on by the failure of Federal and state governments to purchase battlegrounds years ago (Continued on Page 72)

The situation is less desperate at the Revolutionary War battleground of Saratoga, New York, but two key tracts of land are still in private hands. Above, a guide explains the 18th-century cannon to local school children.

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The Case of THE WAYLAID WOLF

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"I'll do anything to help Arlene," Madge Elwood told attorney Perry Mason.

So Perry sent his pretty client, Arlene Ferris, into temporary hiding with her friend, Madge; Arlene was involved in the murder of Loring Lamont, a wealthy young man with a reputation as a "wolf." Now Mason asked Madge to do her friend another favor.

Perry took photographs of Madge in one of Arlene Ferris's outfits. Then he planted superfluous "evidence" at the scene of the murder.

There were two persons who could identify Arlene Ferris as the girl in Loring Lamont's car the night he was murdered. A plant guard and Jerome Henley, a hi-fi-store owner who lived in the same apartment building as Lamont. Perry sent Paul Drake, his private detective, to show Henley the photographs of Madge Elwood dressed as Arlene. Then he called Madge and instructed her to meet him immediately.

III

Promptly at ten-thirty-nine Mason left his office, went down in the elevator, turned into the parking lot, nodded to the attendant, went to the stall where his car was kept, entered the car, started the motor and backed out into the lane reserved for exit, the maneuver taking him to within a few feet of the lane of incoming traffic.

At that point Mason seemed to have some trouble with his gas feed. He frowned, put his head on one side, listening to the motor, raced the throttle a few times, then let the car idle.

The time was precisely twenty seconds past ten-forty-five. A car swung into the parking lot. The attendant stepped out of his cage, gave the driver a ticket, and Madge Elwood emerged, shaking out her skirt.

Mason raised his hat. "Ride?" he called.

She flashed him a smile, said, "Sure," crossed around in front of the car and jumped in beside Mason.

The lawyer eased the car out of the parking lot and into the stream of traffic. "Any trouble?" he asked.

"Not at all. I was a few seconds late. I—well, I was terribly nervous. I guess I misjudged the time a little."

"That's all right," Mason said. "You did very well."

"Why so particular about the time?" she asked.

Mason said, "I wanted to make my exit look natural and I would prefer not to be followed if we can avoid it."

They made a right turn at the corner, then a left turn at the next corner. Mason eased his way past two signals just as they were changing, then settled down to steady driving.

"Can't you circle around two or three blocks in a figure eight?" she asked. "If you think you're being followed that will enable you to find out. I read somewhere that ——"

"Sure," Mason interrupted, "that's all right under certain circumstances, but I don't want anyone to think that I'm at all suspicious. I don't want to give the impression that I'm worried about being followed. That's part of the game."

"And just what is the game?"

Mason smiled and said, "Act perfectly natural. That's all you need to do."

Mason drove conservatively, turned into Broadside Avenue, found a parking lot in the 1200 block and said to Madge Elwood, "We walk a block. How's Arlene getting along?"

"All right," she said. "She's feeling better this morning. She is, of course, bursting with curiosity, but I told her to leave everything to you. She's dying to know what you wanted with me, but I couldn't help her very much there because I didn't know myself."

"That's right," Mason said, offering no further explanation.

Abruptly the lawyer said, "Are you interested in music? In the new records?"

"I'm crazy about the new stereophonic gadgets," she said.

"Well, let's go in and look around," Mason told her, and taking her elbow in his hand, piloted her through the door of a store with hi-fi equipment and records in the window.

A salesman came forward, and Mason said, "I'd like to discuss a deal for a complete hi-fi installation."

"I am Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide," he told Madge Elwood, "and I'd like to ask you a few questions about where you were on the night Loring Lamont was murdered."

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At the scene of the murder Mason discovered something he was not meant to find.

"Yes, indeed," the salesman bowed.

"There is, I believe, a Mr. Henley here."

"He owns the place. There he is, in the office."

"The one behind the glass partition?"

"That's right."

"I think I'd like to talk with him," Mason said, "about the installation. Would you mind?"

"I know he'll be glad to come over," the salesman said.

"Well, we can walk over there," Mason said. "I don't want to bother him and I don't want to do anything that would interfere with any commission or bonus arrangement you might have. Would you mind asking him a question for me?"

"Certainly not."

"Ask him if he knows Jim Billings," Mason said. "I think Mr. Billings got his equipment here."

"Very well," the salesman said, and walked toward the glass-enclosed office.

The salesman approached Henley, who listened, looked up, frowned, then following the nod of the salesman's head, looked toward Mason and Madge Elwood.

Henley hesitated a moment, then arose from his chair and walked to the door of the office. "Good morning," he said. "There was some question about a Mr. Billings? I don't believe I recall the name, but I can assure you that we're prepared to give you the best service, the best prices and ——"

"Just a minute," a dry voice cut in from behind Mason. "We'll take charge here now."

Mason turned. "Why, Lieutenant Tragg! What are you doing here?"

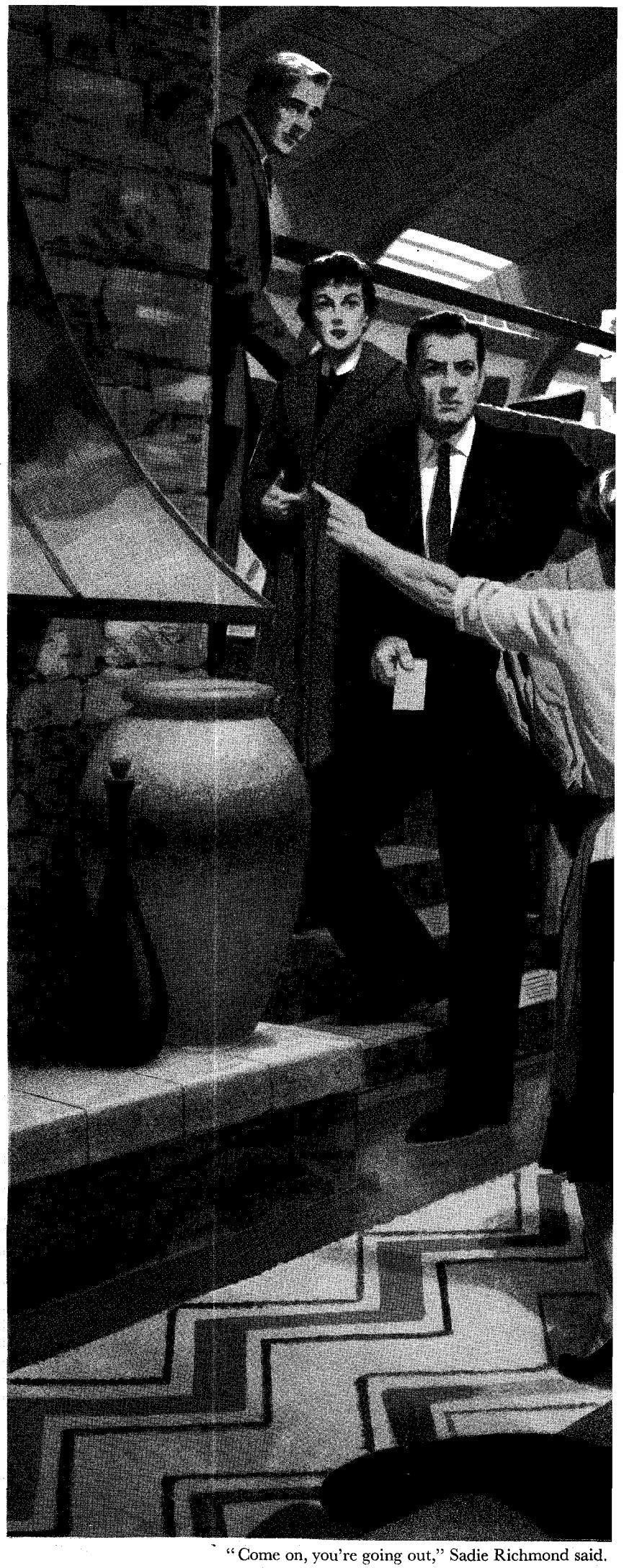
"I just happened to be in the neighborhood," Lieutenant Tragg said. "You see, we talked with Jerome Henley earlier in the day—in fact, quite early this morning. Mr. Henley and I are by way of being old friends."

Tragg turned to Henley and said, "Do you know this man, Henley?"

The manager shook his head.

"All right," Tragg said. "For your information, this is Mr. Perry Mason, the famous attorney who specializes in trial work and primarily in defending persons accused of murder. I don't know who this young woman is. That doesn't make any difference. I want you to look at her carefully before you answer my next question.

"I don't like to impugn Mr. Mason's motives, but I am very much afraid the astute lawyer is trying one of his tricks by which he confuses a witness whom he expects to cross-examine. This is (Continued on Page 85)



"Come on, you're going out," Sadie Richmond said.

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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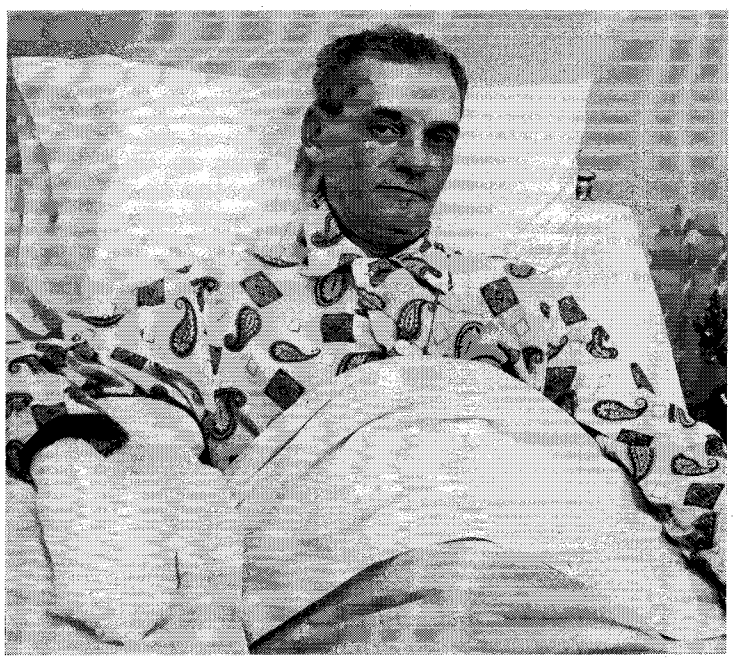
The 1940 New York World's Fair explosion. Two detectives, whose bodies are shown above, were killed by a bomb they removed from the British Pavilion.

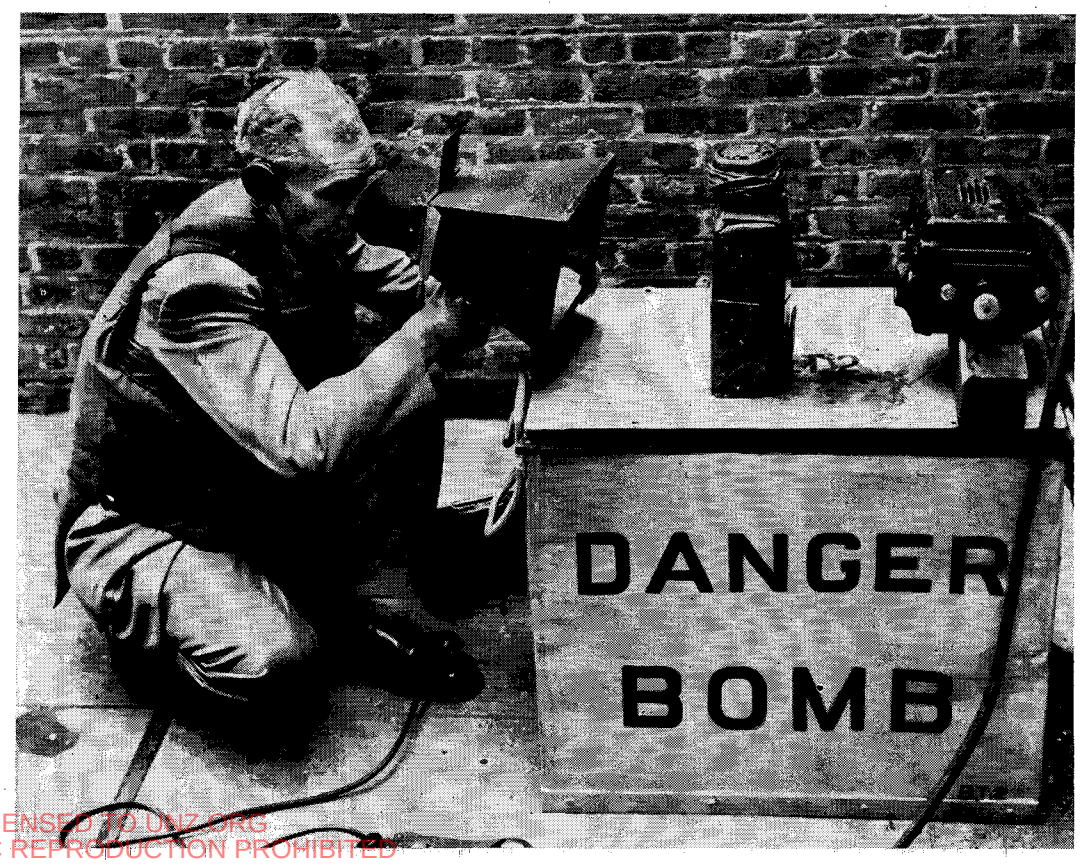
BOMB-SQUAD COP

By JACK ALEXANDER

Detective Peter Dale specializes in dismantling the infernal machines that psychopaths plant in public places. Some are duds—and some are fiendishly murderous.



In 1954 Dale was hospitalized after a grenade he was testing blew up and mangled his right hand. He had to undergo eleven plastic operations.



At right, Dale uses a fluoroscope to examine the insides of a dummy bomb. On it is a microphone, to warn Dale if it starts to tick.

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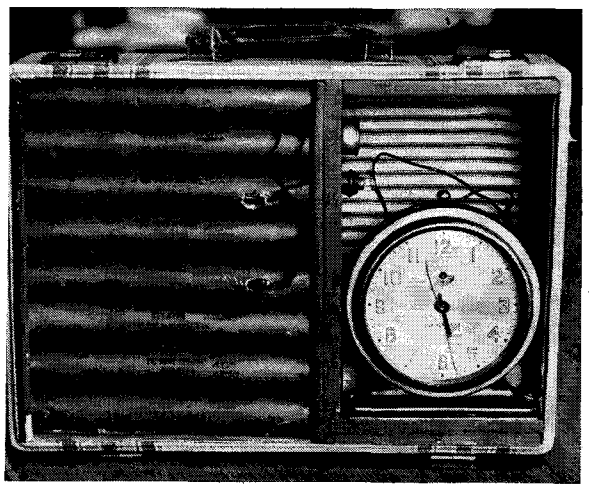


This is a reproduction of the
World's Fair bomb which caused the
slaughter shown in the photo at left.
Dale made it to instruct new squad members.

By nature, Peter J. Dale, an affable detective of the New York City police, is an incurably cheerful fatalist. Dale firmly believes that no man, whatever the hazards of his calling, meets death before a time that has been appointed for him. And that time, he holds, comes only when he is wanted by the Being to Whom he respectfully refers as The Good Man Upstairs. In enunciating this article of faith Dale smiles wryly as if to suggest that any other viewpoint is untenable, especially in police circles. Dale's service record, which goes back thirty-one years, lends support to his thesis.

A polite, peaceable man, Dale much prefers helping people, which he regards as his mission in life, to injuring them. But some tough gun battles have come his way and, although he has won them, he has never relished the aftertaste of victory. His most striking victory came when he was little more than a rookie; it involved shooting things out with thugs who were trying to bring off a saloon holdup. This epic Donnybrook won for him the Medal of Honor, the highest reward for valor within the gift of the police department.

Dale's fatalistic philosophy, aided by steady nerves and a natural mechanical skill, has served him well, especially during the last nineteen years. He has spent these years on the Bomb Squad, the last nine as squad commander. This outfit, which now numbers ten picked detectives, has the responsibility of coming to grips with homemade explosive devices which psychopaths strew around such normally busy places as railroad terminals, subway stations, libraries, movie houses and public buildings.

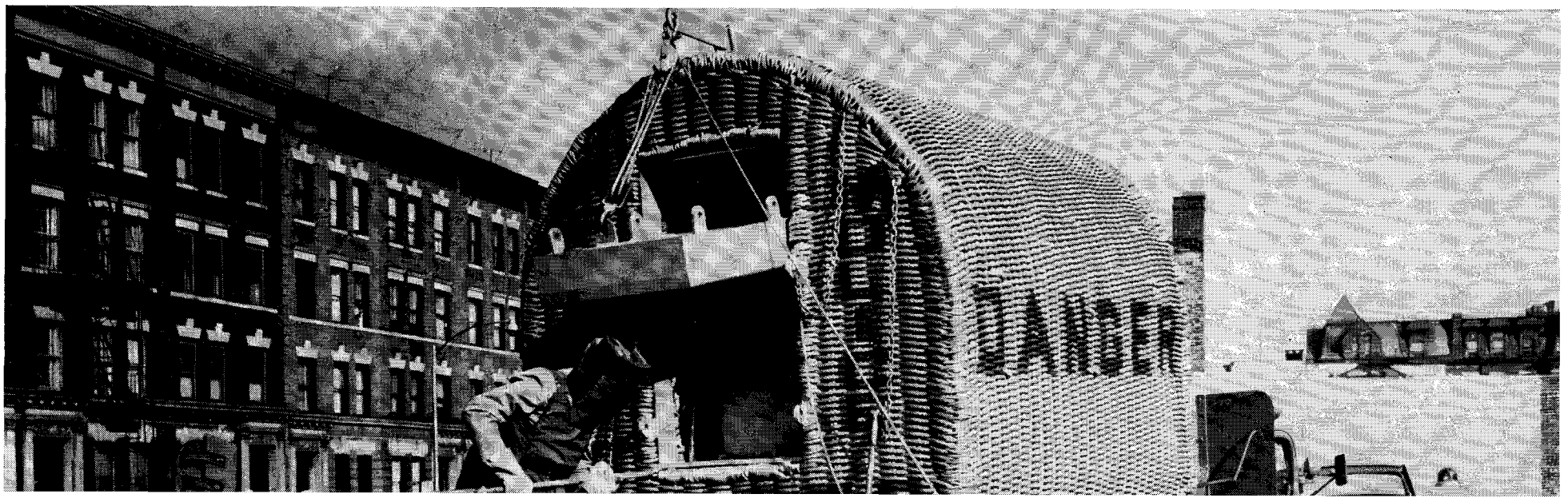
Dale was tapped for the Bomb Squad in 1940 under rather ominous circumstances. In early July of that year a suitcase, which emitted a ticking sound, was discovered in the British Pavilion at the World's Fair. It was carefully removed and taken to an open area outside the fairground. As two Bomb Squad men were studying the suitcase it exploded, killing both of them outright. Dale's assignment to replace one of them came in October. At the time, the squad's manual of procedure was being revamped. One reform was a sensible but grisly economy measure; it forbade more than one squad member at a time to tinker with any package suspected of containing a bomb.

Another event of late 1940, which had a then undetectable touch of the ominous, was the discovery on November eighteenth of an amateurishly made bomb on a window sill of a Consolidated Edison Company building on West 64th Street. Taken apart by the Bomb Squad, it proved to be a dud. This was the first of a series of bombs, whose quality improved progressively, with which a man whom the newspapers nicknamed the Mad Bomber was to inflict upon the metropolis an intermittent reign of terror lasting more than sixteen years.

As his terror campaign enlarged, the Mad Bomber wrote a lot of anonymous letters to the newspapers and the Edison Company. All were turned over to the police, who read them carefully and kept them on file. After all other methods had (Continued on Page 123)

The "Mad Bomber," George Metesky, in the
Waterbury, Conn., jail. For sixteen years
he terrorized New Yorkers and
made life risky for the Bomb Squad.

Wearing body armor, detectives Dale (right) and Jack Barry show how they load a bomb in the squad's steel-mesh truck, which will take it to a safe area for detonation.



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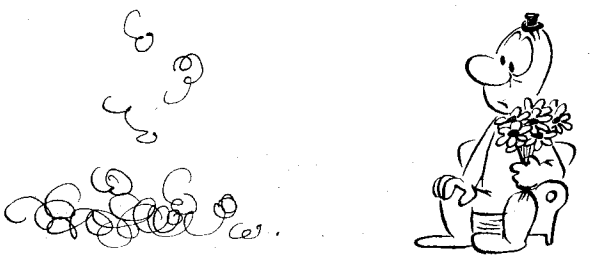
Post Scripts



What's Abbreviation for the Goose Is Abbreviation for the Gander

or

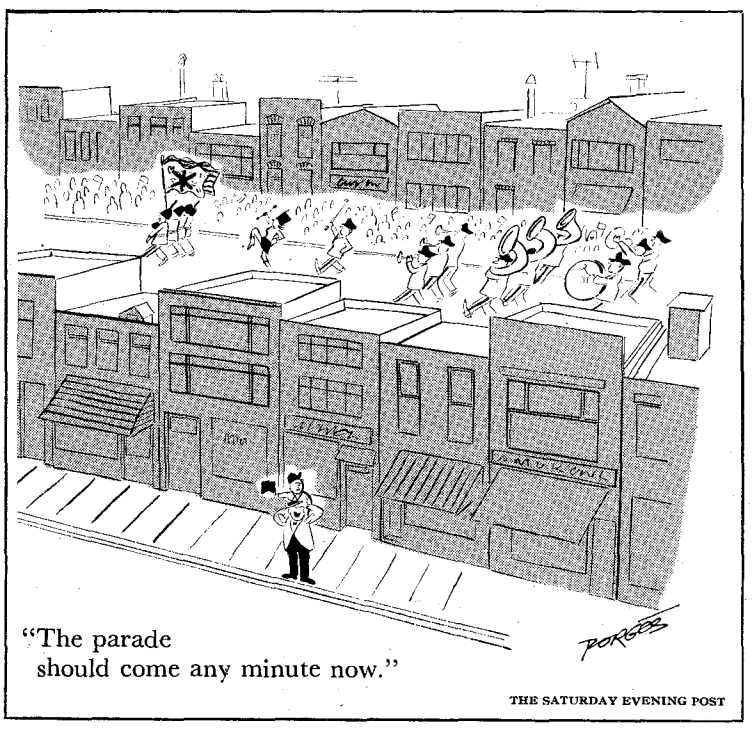
Short for Financial Ruin

DEAR TAXPAYER: . . . The equipment on which this statement was prepared has limited space for the name and address, and we may have had to abbreviate your name and the name of your city as well as the state. . . . We hope that such abbreviations as we may have made will not inconvenience you, for they make it possible for us to do this work at a lower cost.

DISTRICT DIRECTOR OF INTERNAL REVENUE

DEAR DISTRICT DIR. OF INTER. REV.:
I find your statement very clev.;
In fact, I think you've made a joke
To call my home town Tulsa Ok.;
If you can save taxpayers mon.
With your abbrevs., go to it, hon;
I'm not the slightest inconven.—
I've figured out just what you mean;
However, since you call me L.
I feel you know me very well
And therefore might be somewhat less
Inclined to ask me any ques.,
So henceforth I shan't be so glib
With my details of each contrib.,
And then please note on the enclo.
Est. check that I've left off an 0.

L. ROSENFIELD



"The parade should come any minute now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Little Puzzles for Big Husbands

Why will a woman get a five-dollar ticket to save three cents in a parking meter?

Why does a woman spend two hours a day telling her neighbor she never has enough time to do her housework?

Why is it a woman who always complains there isn't enough closet space in the house never has anything to wear?

What do women mean when they answer the telephone, talk five or ten minutes and then say, "It was nobody"?

Why is it a woman is always willing to say "yes" to the children, but always calls on her husband to say "no"?

Why is it that when a woman is looking for the cuff links of yours she put safely away she never finds them, but she does find some pearl earrings she thought she had lost.

Why will the most independent, fearless and unique wife in the world raise her hemline two inches when everyone else does?

Why is it that a woman who could cook six-course French dinners for you when you were engaged can barely thaw out a packaged dinner after you're married?

Why does a woman always think a joint bank account is hers?

Why does she believe that when her checking account is overdrawn it's the bank's fault?

Why does she feel cold without a necklace and warm without any back to her gown?

Why does she feel naked in a low-cut gown, but not in shorts?

Why does she like to be kissed on the back of her neck?

Why does a woman think a sheath gown is indecent and provocative until she loses weight and can wear one?

Why will a woman put on lipstick and fluff up her hair before she answers the telephone, but answers the doorbell in pajamas and pin curls?

Why will a woman offer coffee and toast to the plumber, all alone in the house, and then get livid when her husband has lunch with his stenographer in front of three hundred people?

Why will a woman insist her husband tell that funny joke they heard on TV last night and then beat him to the punch line?

Why do wives manage to survive longer than their husbands?

ROBERT FONTAINE

Fall's Alarm

No thought I know of leaves me number
Than that we're nearly through with summer;
The longish evenings, filled with peace,
Will, now that autumn's on us, cease;
Before we know it every night'll
Be wrecked by a ballet recital,
A meeting of the PTA
Or else the fourth grade's yearly play;
And if, by chance, one evening's clear,
The bridge club will be playing—here;
I would that August could be kept
And never, ever become Sept.

DICK EMMONS

No Tennis, Thanks

Too much sprintage
For my vintage.

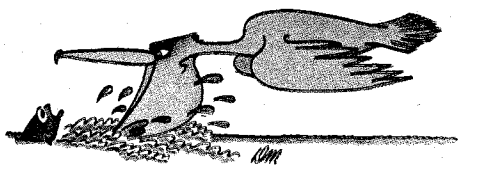
BETTY ISLER

Disk-Jockey Blues

It isn't the platter—
It's the patter.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made



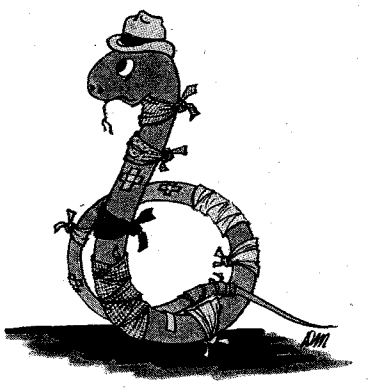
DAS PELICAN

Das pelican downer-geswoopen mit swishen
Ben fillen der beaker upfullen mit fishen;
Der fishen insiden ben floppen und flippen
Und sooner ben tooken das finalisch trippen.

DAS DUMMKOPF ON DER BURNEN DECK

Das dummkopf on der burnen deck
Ben left mitout ein friend;
Mit flamers gobblen up das wreck,
Gecomen ist der end.

Das dummkopf nicht ben screamen out,
"Meinself ist sooner roasten!"
Das lad ben rushen rounderbout,
Mit marshenmallows toasten!



DER SNAKERS

Der snakers ben smoothisch und wigglen mit crawlen
Und never ben maken der outen-gecallen.
Mit tooken ein hiken mitouten der feeten,
Ein snaker ben blisteren ober completen.

DAVE MORRAH

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Only three things in this picture are <u>not</u> brought to you by truck . . .

CAN YOU FIND THEM?

There are many fine products in this picture. Mostly the sort of things you might find around any house.

Yet, they add up to only the very smallest fraction of the kinds of products being shipped somewhere in this country by truck *every minute!*

Trucks are needed to bring raw materials to the factory. The farmers' crops to market. Finished products to the store. In fact, *everything* you eat, wear or use must at one time or another take a ride in a truck. In the above picture, for instance, only the three frisky boys climbing on the packing case did *not* come by truck.

Clearly *everyone* in America needs and benefits from the services of the truck. So the next time you read your paper, turn on your TV or sit down to dinner, remember . . . if you've got it—a truck brought it.

ATA FOUNDATION INC.

GMC GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION TRUCKS

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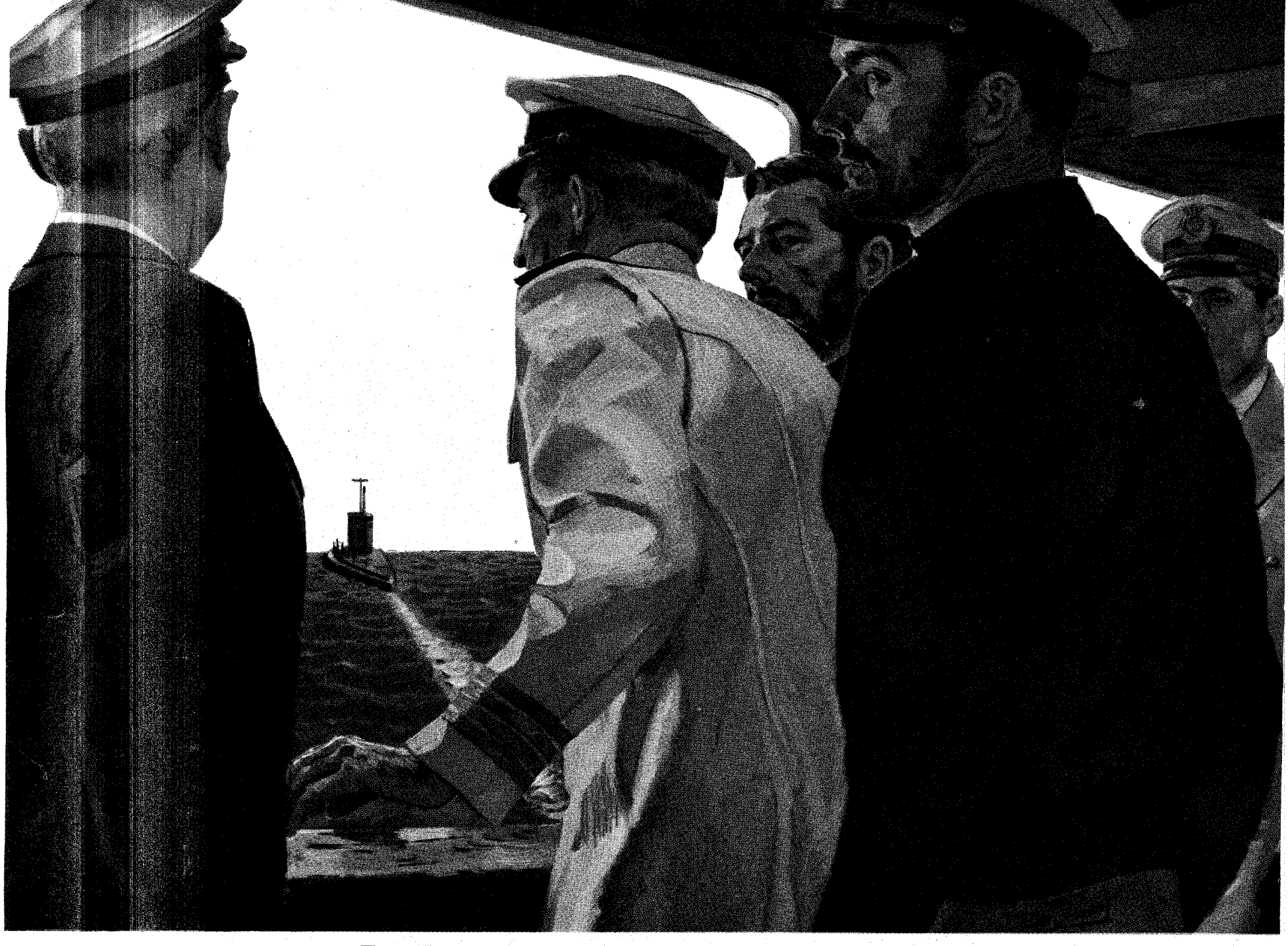

The captain gasped when he saw it—a torpedo wake flashing straight out from the nose of the sub.

The U-19's Last Kill

By JACK FINNEY

It was the most daring attack in all the history of piracy.

"To the *U-Nineteen!*" said Vic, raising his glass. "May she have better hunting her second trip out."

Frank Lauffnauer had found the little sub lying under 100 feet of water off Long Island, where, in 1918, as a young German sailor, he had abandoned her. But, even after more than forty years, the sub was still watertight. Through hard labor Frank and his confederates—Vic, Moreno, Linc, Rosa and Hugh—raised the *U-19* and restored her to operating condition. Frank's plan was to use it somehow to seize $1,500,000 from a man named Reinhold Kroll. Once a notorious Nazi, Kroll was taking the money to Germany to use in establishing his own neo-Nazi regime.

When Hugh joined Lauffnauer's project, he cast aside Alice Muir, the girl who loved him. But ahead lay even greater sacrifices. Here Hugh describes the tension as the *U-19* put to sea on her astounding escapade.

V

We sailed in the dark, just past high water on the ebb tide. Our one alarm clock had rung thirty minutes before, in the dead of night, and I turned my face into my pillow, shaking my head; suddenly I didn't want to wake up to this day. Almost immediately Moreno shut off the alarm; it was beside his bed, and he must have been lying awake waiting for it. Someone moaned, coming out of sleep—Linc, probably; he'd done it before. Then I heard the slap of bare feet, Frank Lauffnauer, and the overhead light snapped on, a single naked glaring bulb, and I wanted to shout at him to turn it off. Vic said, "Well, this is it!" parodying the worn-out phrase, and I knew he was alive with excitement, actually happy, and I could have killed him. Moreno growled, "Yeah," and I heard Rosa mutter something.

A little later, all of us dressed and standing in the kitchen, drinking coffee, Rosa said irritably, "Someone should wear a black eye patch; you look like pirates." We all wore heavy, knit pullover sweaters, mine and Linc's gray, the others navy blue. Vic, Lauffnauer and I wore

(Continued on Page 127)

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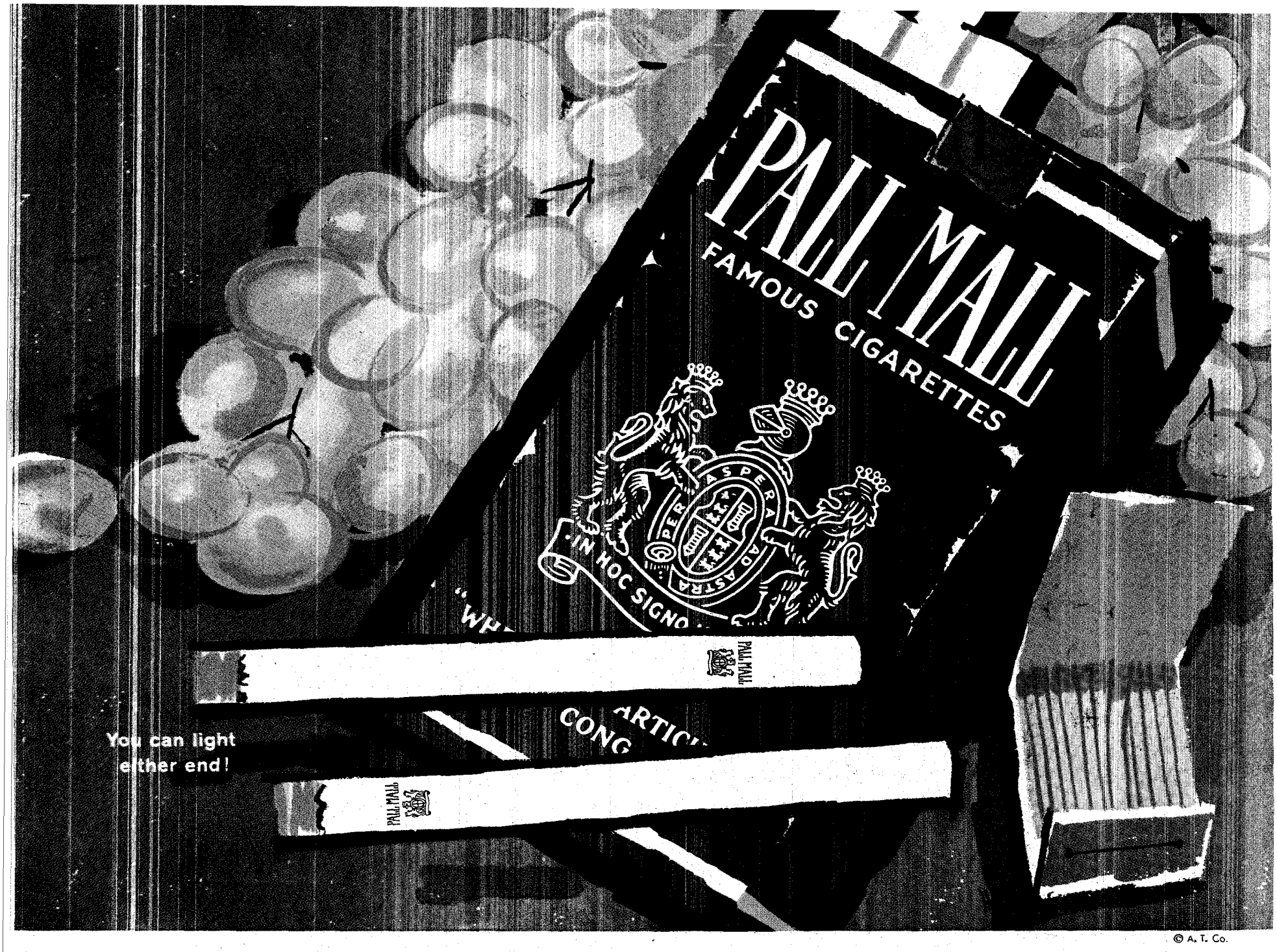

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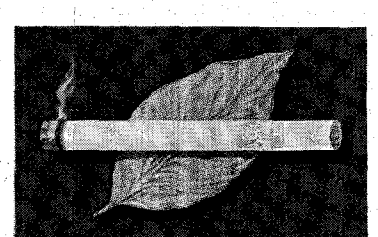
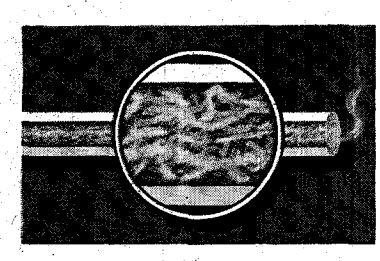
NO DRY "SMOKED-OUT" TASTE!

Outstanding... and they are Mild!

See how Pall Mall's famous length of fine tobacco travels and gentles the smoke—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!





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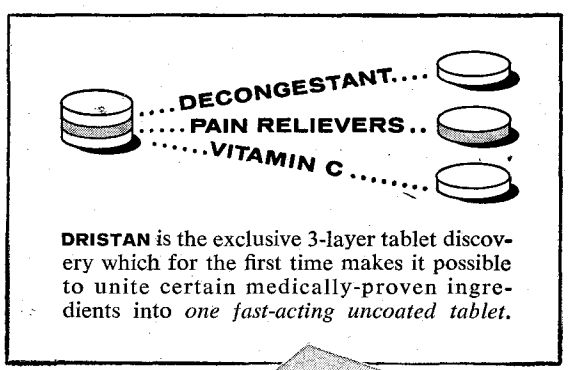
Here's new relief from miseries of HAY FEVER

and other pollen allergies

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet acts directly on CRITICAL AREAS of POLLEN IRRITATION



DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into *one fast-acting uncoated tablet.*

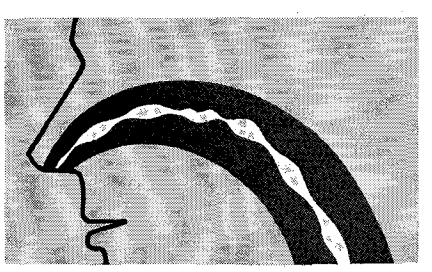
Working through the bloodstream, Dristan:
1. DECONGESTS swollen nasal passages.
2. RELIEVES watery itchy eyes . . . checks sniffles, sneezing . . . restores free breathing.
3. PROTECTS against further pollen irritation.

This season, you don't *have* to suffer the maddening miseries of hay fever and other pollen allergies.

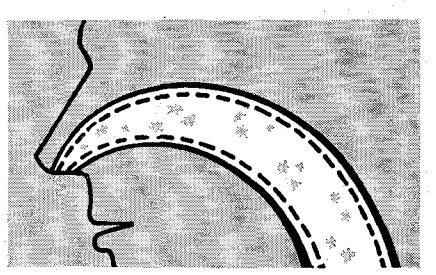
DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets . . . remarkable medical achievement . . . bring quick, long-lasting relief. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN's decongestant and anti-allergic actions reach *all* delicate pollen-irritated membranes. Shrink swollen tissues . . . drain clogged passages. Breathing becomes free, deep and natural. Moreover, DRISTAN sets up a special protective barrier to curb further pollen irritation. *This* is DRISTAN's kind of relief . . . swift, prolonged, effective.

Millions already depend on DRISTAN for relief of hay fever miseries. Why don't you? This season, be ready for the pollen invasion. Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. And . . . *important* . . . accept no substitutes!

There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN®** *Decongestant Tablets*



BEFORE: With hay fever and other pollen irritations, sensitive nose and head membranes become irritated. Tissues swell, passages clog, breathing becomes difficult.



AFTER: Swollen membranes decongested, drained by DRISTAN. Swelling is reduced, free breathing restored. And a protective barrier guards against further pollen irritation.

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Land of Too Many People (Continued from Page 25)

vaccinated. They were given the aid they requested, but also were offered advice by the clinic's doctors and social workers.

"Of course, we will give you help with this baby," they were told. "But also, if you already have two or three babies and want to wait for a few years before you have another, we can show you what to do."

Thus, after years of delays, bitter disputes, false starts, incredible snarls of official red tape and interminable meetings, India was at last embarked on one of the most fateful experiments in human history—a nationwide attempt to control skyrocketing population as a matter of formal governmental policy.

India is not the first overcrowded Oriental nation to turn to birth control. Since the end of World War II, Japan—once one of the world's highly prolific countries—has cut her birth rate in half. This reduction is not the result of widespread teaching of contraceptive methods, but has been brought about mainly by a large-scale program of extremely cheap, government-approved abortions, performed legally at the rate of 1,500,000 a year for mothers claiming that bearing additional children would damage their health or cause them economic hardship.

"This is now war," says Lt. Col. Bishen Lal Raina, the hard-driving army doctor who now runs India's family-planning project. "We cannot wait for perfect methods, or perfect plans, or the blessing of all the rest of the world. We must fight with the weapons we have. Perhaps now we may save India in time."

And time, he notes, is running out. India now has an estimated population of 400,000,000 and a yearly increase of 6,000,000 to 8,000,000. The world's leading authorities believe that this nation has scarcely one generation to put its house in order. A study made by Princeton University's Office of Population Research, with the support of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, forecasts that if India's birth rate continues at its present high levels that country will have a population of almost 800,000,000 by 1986. In that event, experts believe, India will have passed the point of no return. The country's resources could not conceivably support such a population growth; inevitably, they think, the ancient land would collapse into a terrifying shambles of famine, disease and anarchy, perhaps carrying most of Asia along with it.

Three people have played key parts in getting the vast control program under way—Colonel Raina himself, who looks like a king-sized Peter Lorre; R. A. Gopalaswami, an energetic and outspoken civil servant who has demonstrated his willingness to badger and battle everybody in or out of government to get action; and Lady Dhanvanthi Rama Rau, one of the best-known women of India, tall, gray-haired, charming, eloquent, as graceful as India's famed Taj Mahal and as firm as Taj Mahal marble.

During the past years, these three and their close associates have fought public and governmental apathy and inertia which would have driven weaker citizens to madness. For example, they saw one program delayed for nearly eight months because a minor official refused to approve a requisition for essential file cards and paper clips.

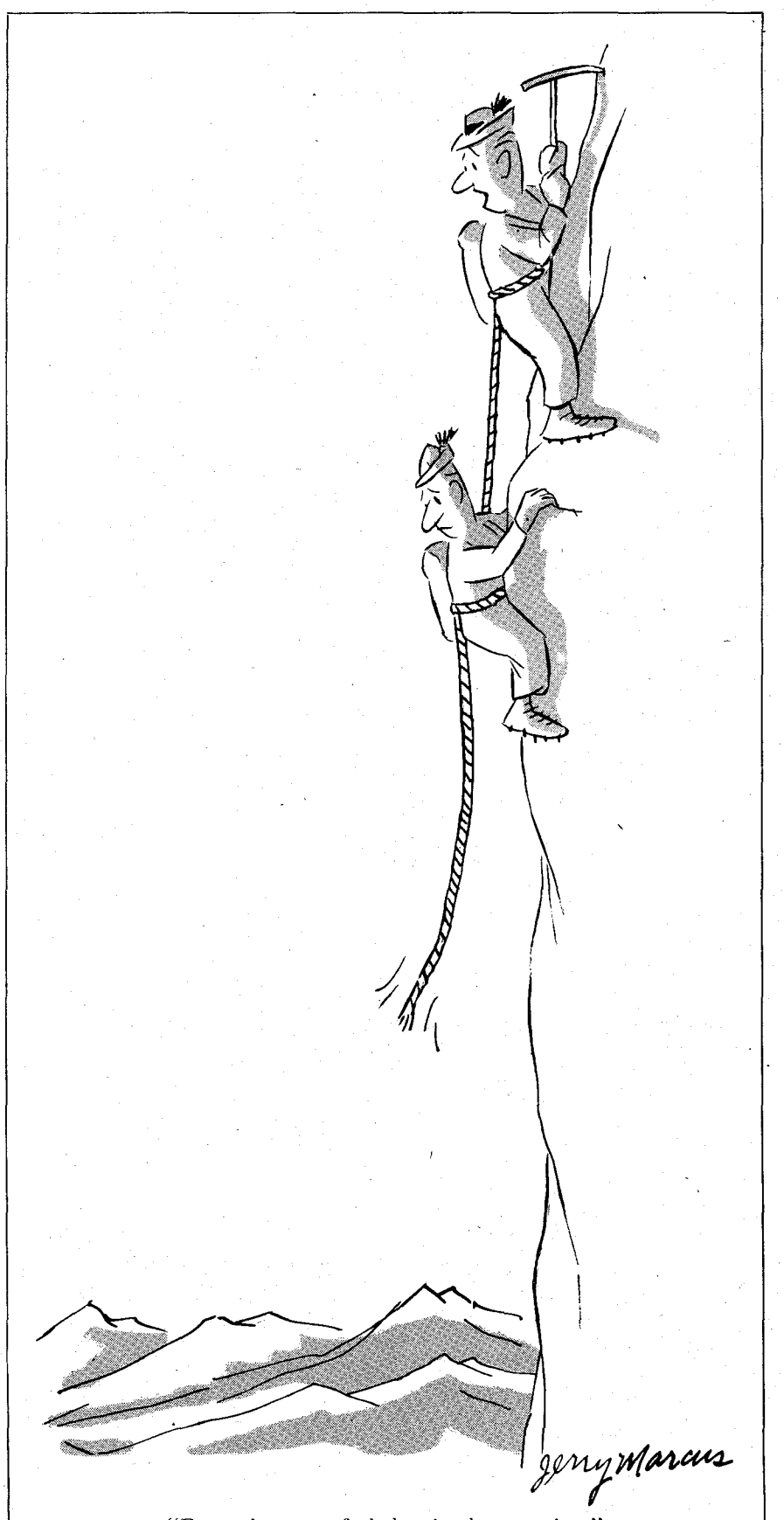
They also faced many obstacles inherent in a sprawling, illiterate, poverty-stricken land. For example, it might seem that the so-called rhythm, or calendar, method of birth control, based on the fact that women have periods of natural sterility during part of each menstrual cycle, would be immediately useful. But how can such a method be taught when most of India's 500,000 villages don't contain a calendar? Even if a calendar were available, how could it be used by the majority of the village women who can't read or even count? Nor is it an easy matter for village people to make use of other contraceptive methods. How can a starving Indian villager with six children be induced to buy a single contraceptive device for six rupees—about $1.20—when his total yearly income is only 300 rupees, or sixty dollars? What can be done about chemical or rubber devices, which might work effectively in Europe or America, but which soon are wrecked by the fantastic heat and humidity of India's summer?

But perhaps the greatest obstacles they faced were those associated with overpopulation itself—hunger, weakness, unemployment, diseases, crowding, miserable housing conditions, lack of education, and inadequate transportation and communications.

"It is not true that all of our problems come from overpopulation," Prime Minister Nehru told me. "But unless India's population can eventually be controlled, solution of all our other problems will be meaningless."

Population experts have seen this dangerous situation coming for more than thirty years. For centuries, they noted, millions of babies were born each year, but the growth was checked by frequent famines or epidemics. Then, starting in 1920 or 1921, the precarious balance of high birth rates and high death rates was upset. Public health measures and modern medicine began to reduce infectious diseases, most famines were quickly controlled, and the death rate dropped. But the birth rate remained high, and India's population growth curve shot upward.

"In the old days," explains a village nurse near Calcutta, "a family would have ten babies in the hope that perhaps three—including at least one son—would survive. Now they still insist on producing ten babies, but thanks to modern medicine, seven or eight survive, and all of them are close to the starvation point."



"Fenton's gonna feel that in the morning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The population within the present borders of India—not including what is now Pakistan—was about 250,000,000 in 1921, 275,000,000 in 1931, 315,000,000 in 1941 and 357,000,000 in 1951, and rising at the rate of about 1.5 to 2 per cent a year. In 1956 it was estimated to be about 387,000,000. Most of these millions were jammed into a few fertile river valleys, while the great desert plains remained almost empty.

As early as 1916 a few Indians saw the statistical handwriting on their walls and began to preach family planning. Although there is nothing in the religion of the Hindus or the Moslems—who altogether comprise about 95 per cent of the population—which bans birth control or contraception, these pioneering attempts were effectively blocked for at least a quarter of a century by Mahatma Gandhi.

The saintly Gandhi, even though firmly convinced that India was becoming overpopulated, stated emphatically that the only proper solution was abstinence. "There can be no two opinions of the necessity of birth control," he stated in 1925. "But the only method handed down from ages past is self-control. . . . The union is meant not for pleasure but bringing forth progeny."

However, as the census figures continued to demonstrate, self-control might be infallible when used, but it was not used widely. India's families continued to bring forth progeny by the tens of millions. A few leaders dared to suggest that self-control was therefore not the answer, but most laid the blame for inaction on the scapegoat for all of India's ills—British domination.

In 1947, when India won its freedom from Britain, its new government took a somewhat firmer stand. Under Nehru, the government was pledged to "lay stress on self-control, as well as to spread knowledge of cheap and safe methods of birth control." But for four years essentially nothing happened.

"During the first years of our independence," the prime minister recalls, "we were terribly occupied with other matters—with the production of more food, with building more schools and more roads and more houses."

Under the direction of India's first minister of health, the distinguished Princess Amrit Kaur, daughter of the Raja of Kapurthala, about 145 birth-control clinics were opened, but were not operated actively. The health ministry was more occupied with malaria control, tuberculosis control and similar projects, all of which were important, but contributed to an even greater increase in population.

The 1951 census brought an abrupt shock. It revealed that even though the British had gone and India was managing her own affairs, the population was shooting up faster than ever. The help of the World Health Organization of the United Nations was sought, and the W.H.O. promptly sent Dr. Abraham Stone, one of its top consultants who long had been prominent in the planned-parenthood movement. (Doctor Stone recently died at the age of (*Continued on Page 56*)

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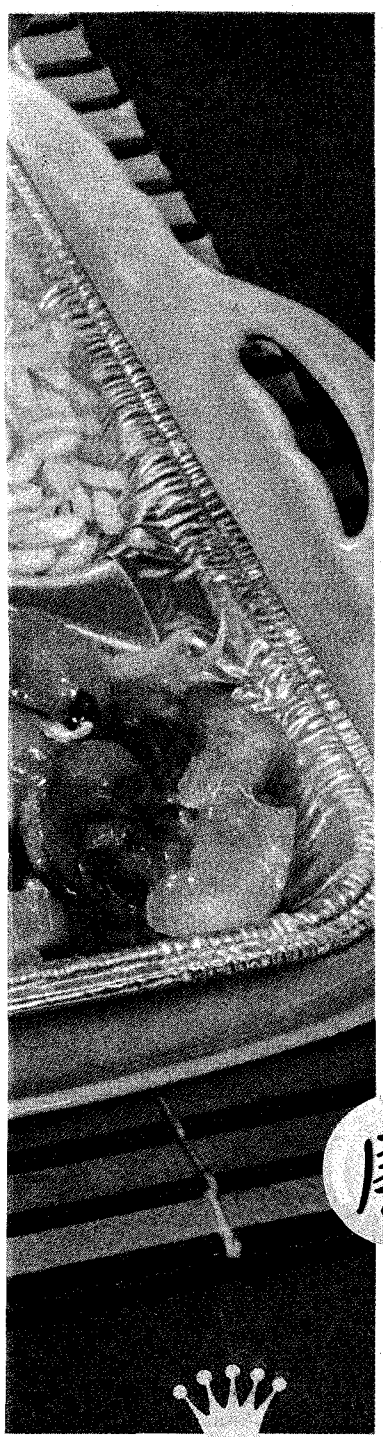

...the wonderful chop suey dinner you take home <u>from your food market</u>. Hard to believe such crisp, flavorful Cantonese food is waiting for you in a freezer cabinet!

<u>That's why Chun King makes you the most daring offer yet</u>...

Free!

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(*Continued from Page 53*) sixty-eight in New York City.) But the American consultant soon found he would be strictly limited in his work in India.

Princess Amrit Kaur was a spinster, a respected member of the Church of England, and a firm believer in Mahatma Gandhi, whom she served as secretary for sixteen years. She made it clear the American would be expected to introduce only the rhythm or calendar method.

Doctor Stone did his best. He set up teaching programs in two test areas and established a follow-up system. Finding that many village women were unable to count or had no access to a calendar, he adopted a "counting necklace," with the appropriate number of green beads to represent the "safe" days and red beads for the "unsafe" or "baby" days.

Whether or not the rhythm method had any real value in these trials is still a matter of debate. Some observers blame the lack of marked success on the general apathy of the villagers. A few doctors noted that the "counting necklace" was not being used according to plan.

"In many cases," a field worker reported, "we have found that when suitably inclined, the woman—or, more often, her husband—will move one of the 'safe' beads into position in the belief that this will prevent a pregnancy."

The 1951 census report also led to bitter attacks against the government for its lethargy, and demands for immediate action. One of the most vigorous critics was Lady Rama Rau, a member of one of India's most influential families—her husband formerly was Indian Ambassador to the United States—and generally regarded as the leader of India's family-planning movement.

As president of the All-India Family Planning Association, she opened fire on the government. She denounced the rhythm-method trial as a shocking waste of money and time. She called for establishment of thousands of birth-control clinics and for free contraceptives. She battled governmental red tape, internal jealousies, shortage of materials and general governmental inertia.

"You must realize," she says, "that the officials of my government surpass all others in the willingness to expend every effort to explain to you, with the utmost patience and tact, why anything which you might want—or anything which they might want—is totally impossible."

Owing in considerable part to her insistence, the government allocated about $1,300,000 for a national family-planning program under the First Five-Year Plan, from 1951 to 1956. Some of the funds were used to open about 150 family-planning clinics, a testing laboratory, the preparation of educational materials, and a variety of projects to investigate motivations and attitudes. Yet, by 1956, less than 75 per cent of the small first appropriation had been spent.

By 1957, however, it was generally agreed that the time for caution had passed. Princess Amrit Kaur retired as minister of health and was succeeded by the more aggressive D. P. Karmarkar. An enthusiastic army doctor, Lt. Col. Bishen Lal Raina, was named Family Planning Officer, given an appropriation of about $10,000,000 for the Second Five-Year Plan, and promised more money if he needed it.

When he moved into his new job, Colonel Raina quickly laid out a plan for local family-planning centers, fitting them into existing health centers in each area wherever possible. "I want to make this a part of regular health care," he said. "It is to be entirely voluntary. Advice will be given only to those married couples who ask for it. The views of those who object to family planning will be scrupulously respected."

He repeatedly emphasized that the goal was "not to prevent childbirth but to make it possible to bring up children in the best and healthiest social climate."

To get a family-by-family program moving quickly, he called for the training of 20,000 field workers and the establishment of 2500 family-planning centers by the summer of 1961. At present more than 2370 teachers have been trained and are at work, and more than 825 clinics have been established.

"We will have all the people we need for this program ready and working within a year," he told me. "By then we plan to reach at least forty million families every twelve months."

Some of these new clinics are staffed by highly skilled physicians, nurses and social workers. In others the essential family-by-family field work is being done by teams of high-school graduates who are given special training for a few weeks before serving under the direction of one or two physicians.

An early test of these field teams was made in Singur, in West Bengal. After the Singur workers were trained, they met with the village leaders to explain their program. "But why do you want to do this work?" they were asked. "God alone can control birth. What can human beings do?"

Carefully the field workers explained that there are many things which human beings can do to control birth. They likewise explained that unless childbirth was controlled, there would be more and more people to share the already scant food produced by the village. In every case, after such explanations, the field workers were allowed to conduct their classes in the village. The classes were held in two sessions, one for the men and one for the women.

"Among the women there were few problems," reported one observer. "Mothers often induced their married daughters to attend classes with them. Even young unmarried girls were welcomed by the other women. But among the men there was trouble. When a young married man arrived, his own father would be embarrassed and would leave. When an elderly uncle walked in, his nephew walked out. Young unmarried men were often chased out."

The people were told about the chief methods of family planning and were invited to select the one which seemed most suitable for them. Final statistics are not yet available, but officials have expressed their informal belief that the Singur birth rate is dropping.

"Most significantly, the people now know they themselves can control the coming of their children," says Dr. R. N. Basu, who is directing the Singur project. "People from other villages are already coming to us and asking for advice."

A radically different approach has been pushed by R. A. Gopalaswami, a high-ranking member of the Indian civil service, a trained mathematician, and the man who directed the eye-opening 1951 census. "We are on the edge of disaster," he says. "We cannot waste time with uncertain programs. The only possible solution for us now is widespread surgical sterilization—preferably sterilization of every parent with three or more children."

In his 1951 census analysis he calculated that India's population could never be limited unless each family produced no more than three children. "It makes no difference whether or not the mother's health or the father's wealth can let the family afford more than three children," he insists. "India cannot afford it."

Three years ago Gopalaswami was assigned to a new position in Madras, in southern India. He discovered there that individual physicians were already embarked on a modest program of sterilization operations—a simple, fifteen-minute operation for men, and a relatively simple operation for women which could be done after childbirth. He promptly sent assistants to interview patients who had undergone the operations and found that all were pleased with the results.

"That was enough for me," he said. "I went into action."

A few months later the government of Madras published its official manual on family planning and listed sterilization as a preferred method for families with three or more children. All government hospitals in the state of Madras were ordered to perform the operations without charge.

"We made it clear that this was a voluntary program," Gopalaswami says, "but we found it desirable to offer certain inducements."

For some patients—notably government employees and schoolteachers—the Madras plan provided special leave of absence with pay, plus a cash grant of a few dollars "to cover conveyance charges and other incidental expenses."

For the first year the Madras surgeons performed only a few dozen operations each month. Last year they were doing hundreds. By next year, Gopalaswami says, they will be doing thousands. In other parts of India doctors are following the lead of Madras and performing the sterilization operations in their clinics and hospitals. Still other surgeons have undertaken this work on their own. In the world-famed valley of Kashmir, for example, a group of surgeons—unaware of the Madras work—recently estimated that they have performed more than 10,000 sterilizations during the past five years.

As head of the family-planning project for India, Colonel Raina has approved sterilization as one effective method, but he has not gone overboard for it. "We will use whatever useful methods we can find," he says, "and we will continue to look for new ones."

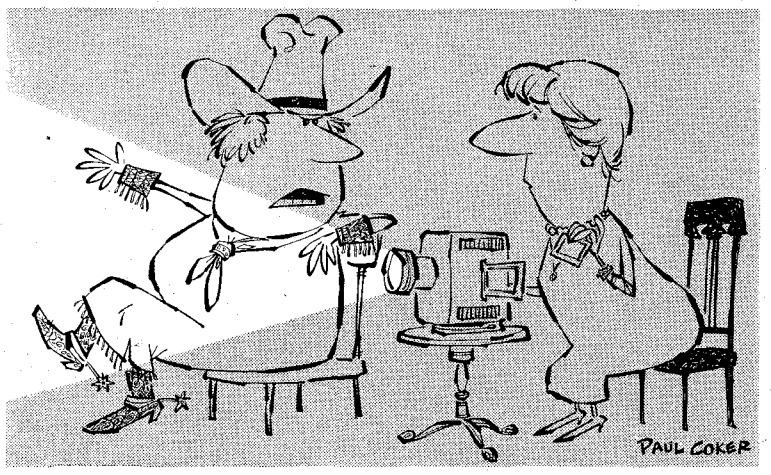
Unquestionably, the most unusual new contraceptive under consideration is a pill, apparently effective when taken orally, which was developed by Dr. Sudhir Nath Sanyal, a physician working in a small, dark, overcrowded little private laboratory in Calcutta. He began with the common Indian field pea, known technically as *Pisum sativum* and commonly as "*matar dal*," used by Indian housewives to make soups and pastes. From this material he extracted a liquid which he called a "sterility oil." When it was added in suitable concentration to the diet of either male or female rats, the animals were unable to produce any offspring.

"But it does not affect the general health," he said. "Normal fertility can be resumed after discontinuing administration. . . . It can be used safely as a contraceptive."

He induced the wives of some of his friends to try the oil, and reported that the results were "encouraging."

Later he isolated from the oil a compound named meta-xylo-hydro-quinone, which was apparently the active chemical, Doctor Sanyal said it could be given either by injection or by mouth, and that it would act as an oral contraceptive for human beings. Each pill, he said, would cost less than an aspirin tablet.

With financial support from American friends, Doctor Sanyal and Dr. Sarala Ghosh, a Calcutta obstetrician, next submitted the new chemical to a clinical trial. A total of 727 mothers agreed to participate, each taking one pill on the sixteenth day of each menstrual cycle and a second on the (*Continued on Page 58*)



The Perfect Squelch

The hostess, an Englishwoman by birth, was showing color slides of a recent trip to Great Britain. Among them were romantic views of old castles and ivy-covered mansions. One of the guests, a formidable Texas matron, soon registered boredom. At the first opportunity she asked, "What do they use those old places for now?"

"Oh," replied the hostess, "they're simply preserved as historic landmarks or relics. Many of them are not livable at all."

"That's the trouble with you people," the Texas matron said. "If those old wrecks were in Houston or Dallas or San Antonio, we'd tear them down and erect something useful."

The hostess paused. Then she asked gently, "Really? And when do you plan to tear down the Alamo?"

James Broome

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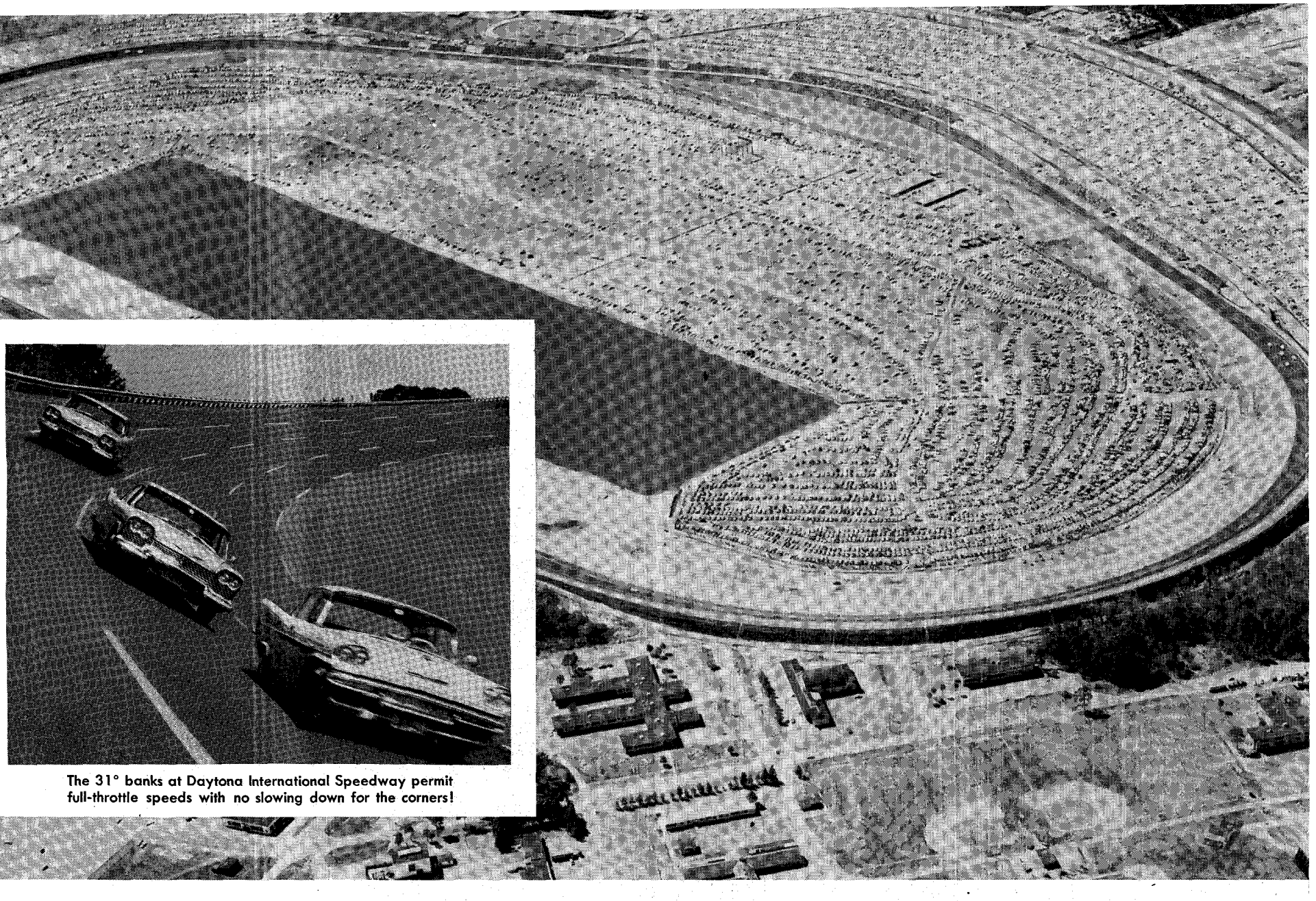

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Again in 1959, for the eighth consecutive year, The Pure Oil Company was chosen to supply the official fuel for the NASCAR safety and performance trials at Daytona Beach. The results: 71 new records set with PURE Racing Gasoline (and Purelube motor oil was also used by all the record breakers). Dramatic proof that Pure Oil research has developed products that meet the demands of the world's toughest public proving ground or give top performance in everyday driving.

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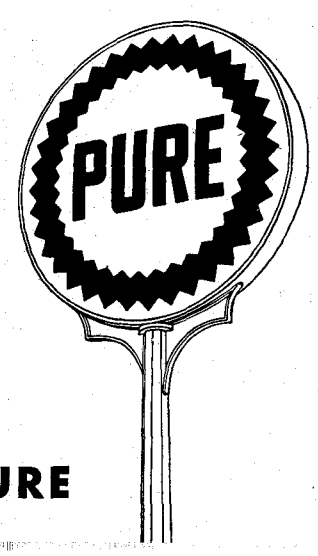

BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 56*) twenty-first day. Unfortunately, no control group was used for comparison.

At the end of the two years the doctors had their results. On the two-pills-a-month schedule, they found, the pregnancy rate was reduced by between 50 and 60 per cent. Furthermore, when failures were reported and pregnancies occurred, there were usually indications that the women had forgotten to take the pills or had taken them on the wrong days. No signs of toxic effects were noted. Even in cases of failure the children born were healthy and normal.

These findings were little less than sensational, but Indian health authorities declined to believe them. Accordingly, a new study—with scientific controls—was arranged by the All-India Institute of Hygiene and Public Health in Calcutta. Doctor Sanyal agreed to co-operate completely, turning over all his chemicals, all his data, and even his patients.

There were the usual delays. Even after six months of repeated postponements, there was a gap of thirty days between the end of Doctor Sanyal's experiment and the start of the official government study.

"During those thirty days I had a hundred and twenty women who had been regularly taking the pills," Doctor Sanyal reported, "but I had no more pills to give them, and thirty of them promptly became pregnant."

Last year the government scientists revealed their preliminary results with 223 women treated with the pills and 213 who did not receive the chemical. In the treated group, they reported, the pregnancy rate was reduced by slightly more than 50 per cent.

Doctor Sanyal hails these findings as a complete confirmation of his claims. He has now extended his studies and says he is getting equally satisfactory results by giving the tablets to men, on a schedule of one pill every two weeks. In New Delhi, Colonel Raina and his advisers feel the Sanyal pill still belongs in the experimental class, but they have approved further trials which are now being conducted on about 1000 women in the Singur area.

"If the pills prove safe and effective under general village conditions," Colonel Raina says, "I will order them by the million and distribute them without charge."

Certain other Indian leaders are thinking along similar lines. Dr. H. J. Bhabha, India's world-famous atomic scientist, told a recent international conference that what India really needs is an "antifertility chemical" which could be added to the staple food—perhaps to salt, flour or sugar—and eaten every day. It would have to be highly safe, he said, but it would not have to be highly effective.

"If it would only reduce the statistical probability of pregnancy by about thirty per cent," he said, "our population growth would halt and our problem would be immediately solved."

Support for this proposal has come from such men as J. R. D. Tata, head of the huge Tata industrial empire and one of India's most vigorous industrial leaders. "Development of such a chemical would require a massive, intensive research program," he says. "This will be expensive, but we can well afford to buy such research."

Whether or not such an all-out research project will be undertaken, many American and European observers are beginning to believe that India may be on the way to solving its population problem. They note a growing sense of urgency throughout the whole government—a feeling that corners must be cut to get the job done before India's time runs out. Furthermore, many of them indicated that whatever happens in this country will have a tremendous effect throughout the rest of Asia, and in the overpopulated nations of Africa and Latin America. THE END

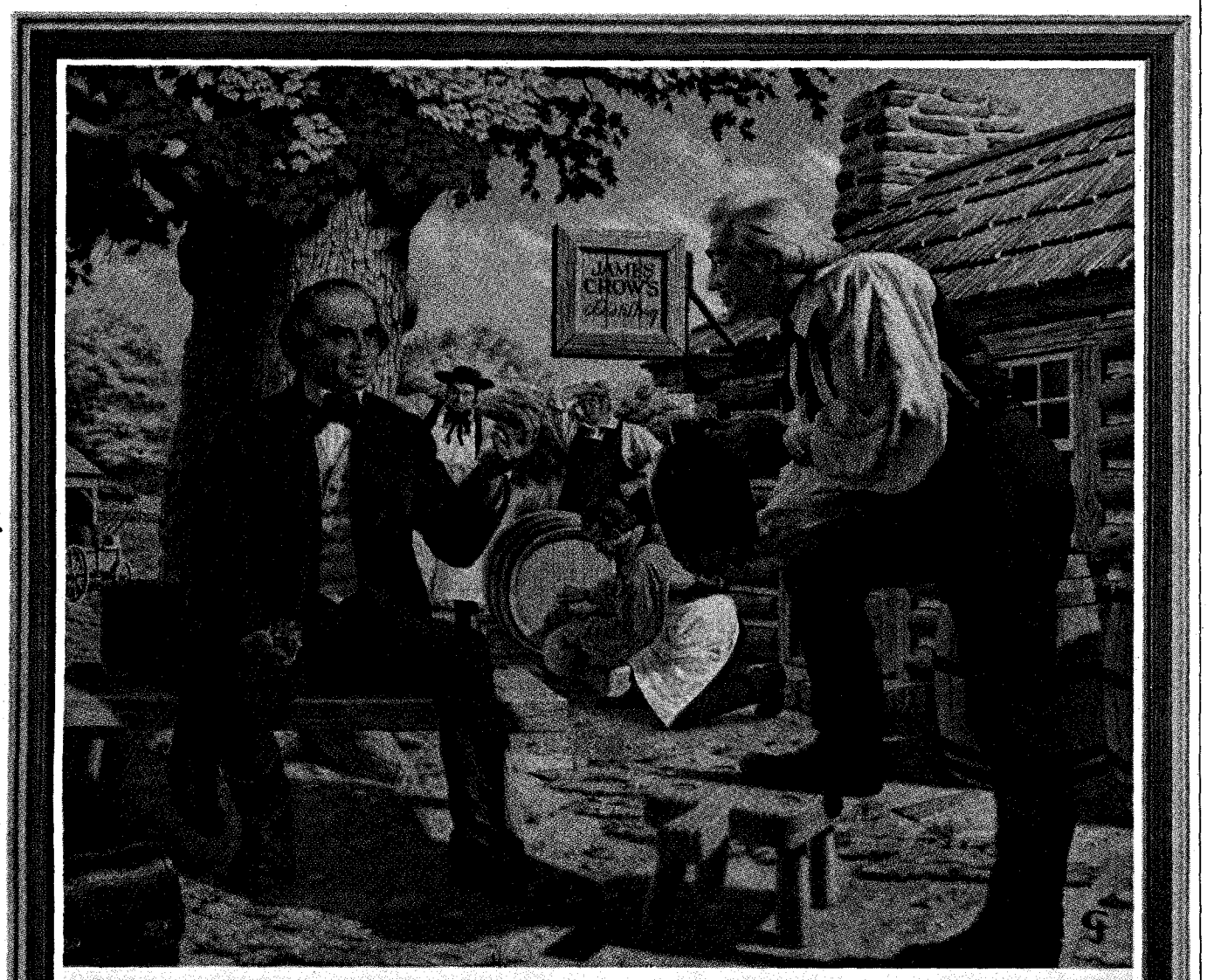
Criteria

By Norman R. Jaffray

Women are superficial in their choices;
Our fundamental virtues draw a blank.
What gets them is our clothes, our smiles, our voices,
Our *savoir-faire*—our balance in the bank.

We men, instead, for basic merits go;
We want a wife who's good around the house—
A sterling mother, keen to cook and sew
And make a cozy haven for her spouse.

Who wants a clinging vine who's cute and teeny,
But indolent, impractical, unread—
A total loss except in a Bikini?
Who wants her? . . . Are you crazy in the head?



Daniel Webster visits his friend James Crow

Senator Webster, he of the golden tongue and the good life, thought Old Crow such a work of art, he visited Dr. Crow at the distillery. The great orator ringingly pronounced Crow's whiskey "the finest in the world"—according to historical archives.

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Hard-to-Get Girl (Continued from Page 32)

temperature of the metal was in the twenty-two hundreds; the temperature in the vicinity of the crucible was in the one hundred fifties. By the time the last of the molds that the machine molders had set upon the first two merry-go-round racks were filled, Henry was ready to terminate his career as a hoist operator. Possibly he would have, too, if they hadn't had to pull another heat right away.

It was a heat that was to have a profound influence on his life. He could tell that there was something special about it from the way Furnace John inspected the metal. From the way he glowered at the furnaceman and said, "Too hot!" From the way he poured it.

He choked each sprue with elaborate care; he cut each stream of reddish-yellow metal at the precise millisecond; he did not spill a single drop. If the contents of the crucible had been molten gold instead of molten brass, Henry would have sworn that he was pouring $1000 gold pieces. What was he pouring?

In his eagerness to find out, Henry forgot all about quitting, and as soon as they replaced the crucible, he hurried back to the merry-go-round. By the time he got there the shakeout man had already dumped the first mold and was reaching into the resultant pile of steaming sand with a long-handled hook. Presently he pulled forth an object that looked like a turtle with a long neck and four backs and, after knocking the sand free, laid it to one side. Henry bent over it curiously, wondering what possible use there could be for such a monstrosity. It was some time before he realized that he was looking at several objects instead of just one—that the turtle's backs were the end products and that the neck and the spinal column were merely the solidified means the metal had followed in order to form them. It was an even longer time before he realized what the backs were.

He straightened, the thought of quitting more remote from his mind than ever. Furnace John had struck him as being anything but a book lover; nevertheless, the turtle's backs were book ends.

He had been running the hoist for a little more than a week when Furnace John asked him one morning if he liked *kielbasa.* A month ago he never would have dreamed that someday he'd be working in a foundry as a pour-off man's helper. He'd left his home town of Appleton with the intention of touring the surrounding countryside while awaiting word on the post-college application he'd put in at Appleton Advertising, Inc.; but the amount he'd saved up for his travels proved to be inadequate for the appetites of his 'Forty-nine jalopy, and when he reached Ridgeville he had barely enough cash left to see him through to a theoretical payday two weeks in the future. Either he had to make that payday a reality or sell his 'Forty-nine. His 'Forty-nine was like an old and faithful dog that has served its master far beyond the call of duty; relegating it to a used-car lot was unthinkable. Hence the foundry; hence the hoist; hence Furnace John.

"*Kielbasa?*"

"*Polski* sausage," Furnace John explained.

Henry looked dubious.

"I think you like," Furnace John went on. "You come supper my place tonight, Hank."

He lived atop the wide ridge from which Ridgeville derived its name. A narrow road wound up through elms and maples, ribboned among green fields beneath a sky that seemed suddenly bluer. The house, which he had built himself, was fronted by a dozen rows of grapevines, flanked by vegetable gardens and backgrounded by a small barn, a chicken coop and a stand of beeches. It was painted a bright red and was dominated by a stanch brick chimney.

They ate in the kitchen—Henry, Furnace John, his wife and their three daughters. The daughters, who ranged from the earliest teens to the latest, were a triple testimony to the fact that once upon a time their father had been far less fearsome of appearance, and that their mother had taught the torches to burn bright.

The conversation, at first, was in English, but after a while Mrs. Piwko lapsed into Polish, and Josephine, the oldest daughter, followed suit. Henry wouldn't have had the remotest idea what they were talking about if it weren't for the fact that some words aren't readily translatable from one language to another and stand out like loud signals to the groping listener. The signals, in this case, were TV and Steve Allen.

"*Ja tylko sysze* TV *i* STEVE ALLEN, STEVE ALLEN *i* TV *i to wszystko!*" Furnace John exclaimed suddenly.

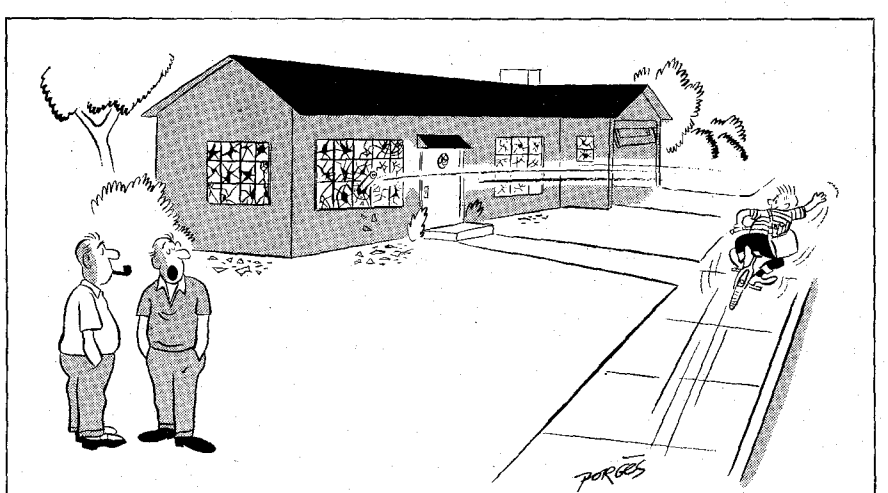
Henry turned to Josephine, who sat on his left. "Do you like TV?" he asked.

"Of course I like TV," she said, bestowing upon him a look that might have been fatal to a less cynical young man. Her face was wide and warm, and her golden eyebrows seemed about to take flight into the sunrise of her hair.

"What kind of a set do you have?" he continued matter-of-factly.

Her reaction disconcerted him. "Ha! Tell him what kind of a set we've got, pop!"

"TV," Furnace John said, with patriarchal dignity, (*Continued on Page 61*)



"I'm thinking of canceling my subscription."

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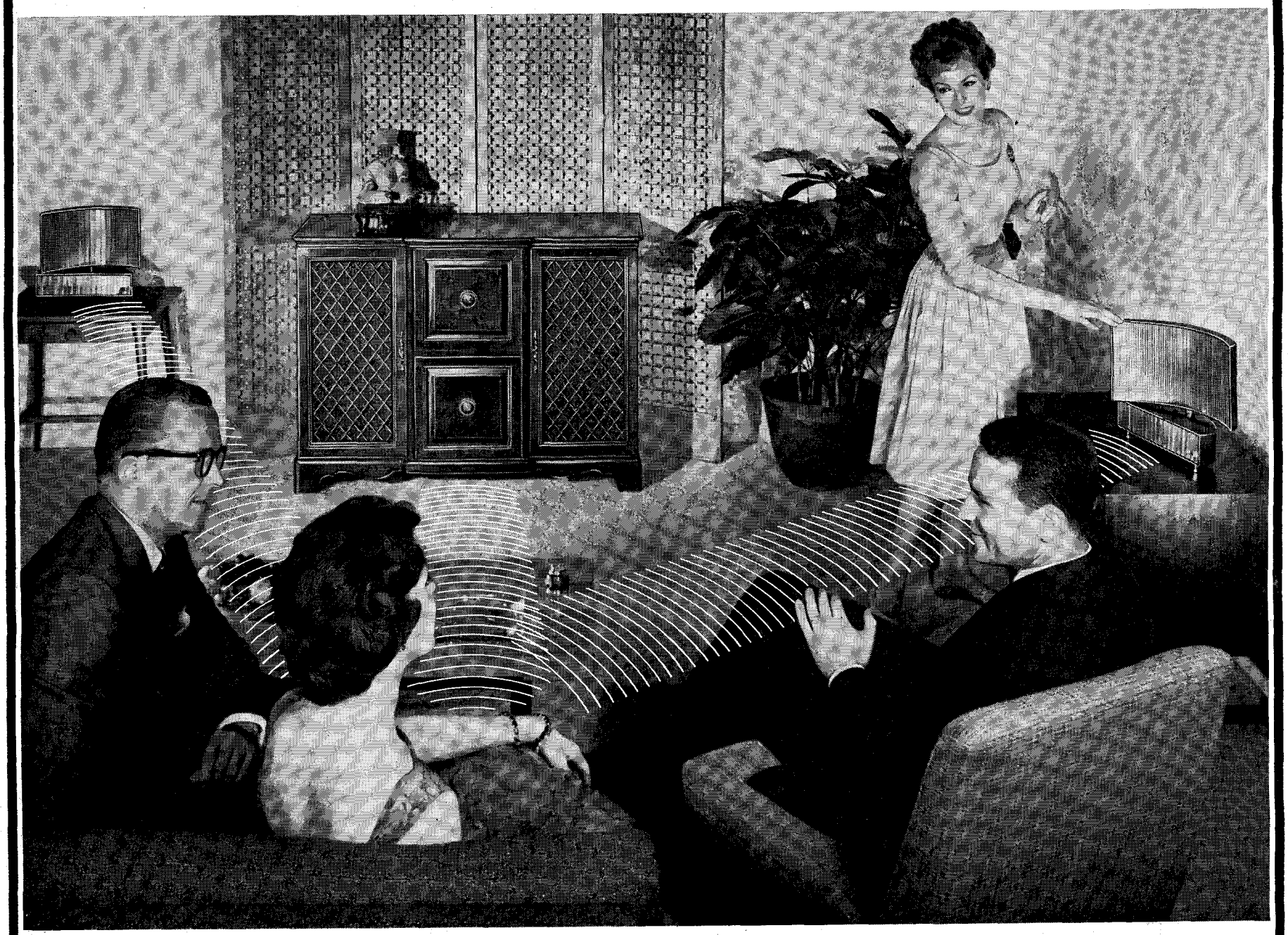

Philco's movable speakers can be placed anywhere to "customize" the sound to your room!

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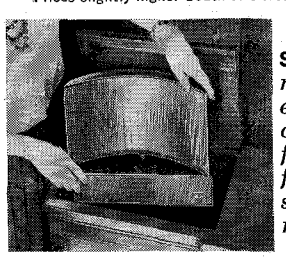
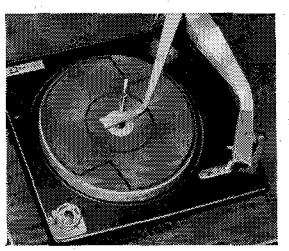
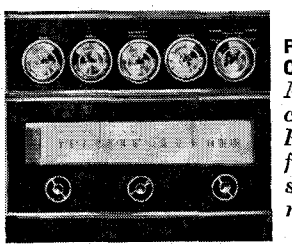


Stereophone units *may be operated either within the cabinet or away from the cabinet for maximum separation in any room.*



Ultra-new precision changer. *Intermixes sizes, speeds. Soft brush automatically cleans diamond stylus after each record has played.*



Philco Custom Control Center. *Maximum convenience. Function control for monaural or stereophonic phono, radio and tape!*

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(*Continued from Page 59*) "keeps kids from reading books."

"But everybody watches TV, pop." It was Christina, the youngest daughter. "My English teacher even said it's educational. I don't see why we can't have a set."

"Steve Allen and big dumb wrestlers give you education like books, hah?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake, pop," Anna, the second oldest, said in sudden exasperation. "It's not education you're worried about half so much as those silly book ends you pour at the foundry!"

Abruptly she clapped her hand over her mouth. Furnace John stood up—awesomely, majestically. He pointed to the living-room doorway. Anna left the table and scurried out of the kitchen. Furnace John sat down. The meal continued without further reference to TV.

The Generations

By Florence B. Jacobs

We had the great tree cut,
The sugar maple
Which filled the house, as long as we remember,
With golden light of any late September.

Struck in an autumn shower, old, unable
To bear the shock, it rallied final strength,
Put out spring foliage. But soon the sap
Failed, and the leaves died, and the mighty length
Stood bare and dangerous—it must be taken down.

The wild crash shook our hearts, the emptiness
Ached in our eyes—how we should miss that mellow
Soft radiance when next fall darkened in!

Now all the rooms are yellow
From a stout
Lusty young tree the other had shut out.

There was nothing complicated about the thought pattern that lay behind his adamant attitude. Book ends were made to put books between. The more books people bought, the more book ends they would need and the more orders there would be for the foundry to fill. The fewer books they bought, the fewer book ends they would need and the fewer orders there would be for the foundry to fill. TV kept people from reading books and consequently from buying them. Therefore TV was a threat to the economic security of the Piwkos—a wolf on the doorstep dressed in Steve Allen's clothing.

"Can't you talk to him?" Josephine asked later on, when she and Henry were sitting on the sofa in the living room, and Furnace John had gone outside. "Can't you make him understand that those book ends don't mean his job?"

"I can try," Henry said. "Maybe, though, he's right. Maybe you should read books."

"I do read books!" Her blue eyes kindled. "I also went two years to business college, and I happen to be the legal secretary for the leading lawyer of Ridgeville. Just because my parents are immigrants and my father is a pour-off man in a brass foundry is no reason for you to think we're peasants!"

"I didn't mean to knock the chip off your shoulder," Henry said. "I like your father. I think your mother is swell."

Suddenly she smiled. Her eyes sparkled, her nose crinkled and dimples danced in her cheeks. But he refused to be impressed. Not for nothing had he loved and lost for five times running. He knew by heart all the little tricks and subtleties lovely women employ to break down a man's defenses, and he was careful to keep the conversation on a businesslike level for the rest of its duration.

It did not endure for long. Around eight o'clock a horn sounded from the driveway, and Josephine got up to leave. Henry's carefully cultivated cynicism gloated. *There, you see?* he told himself.

"Don't forget to talk to pop," she said just before she went out.

"I won't," he said.

He launched his short-lived campaign the next morning, after the first book-end heat, when he and Furnace John walked down to the book-end floor to see how the exalted castings had run. They had, of course, run perfectly.

"I wonder why they don't make them out of iron?" Henry asked. "Brass seems kind of expensive for book ends."

"Brass heavier," Furnace John said.

"If there's ever a shortage of copper, they'll have to make them out of iron," Henry added.

Furnace John didn't say anything. "You know yourself," Henry went on a little uneasily, "that the principal uses for brass are plumbing fixtures, and machine parts that come in contact with water, and ——"

His voice trailed away. Furnace John had turned and was headed for the grinding room. He beckoned to Henry to follow. In the grinding room he picked up a book end from one of the benches. It had been deburred and had been through the sand-blast machine. It had a reddish-gold cast, and on its outer side there was a bas-relief of an open book. Just beneath the book, the raised letters, EX LIBRIS, prefixed a little rectangle in which the owner-to-be could have his or her name engraved.

Furnace John held the book end up to the morning sunlight that was pouring through the grinding-room windows. The burnished surface kindled, blazed forth in purest splendor. It was like Edison holding up the first electric-light bulb. It was like Doctor Johnson holding up The Dictionary.

"Beautiful," Furnace John said simply.

Henry reported his failure to Josephine on Saturday afternoon, when he met her in the supermarket where she was doing the family shopping. "You might as well forget about Steve Allen," he said in conclusion. "He's not coming to your house."

She put a big cabbage into the tote cart she was pushing. "Do you like pigeons?" she asked.

He was a little bewildered. "Pigeons?"

"*Golabki*. Pigs in the blanket."

"Oh. Sure I like them."

"We're having them for supper tonight. Will you come?"

He looked at her suspiciously. She was wearing a blue dress with tiny whitecaps printed on it. Amethyst earrings twinkled from her ears. Her face was like a blue-eyed flower.

"*La belle dame sans merci*," he thought. And then he thought, *Pigs in the blanket!*

It was a grueling match, but finally his appetite won out over his discretion and he heard himself saying, "I'll be there."

This time, neither TV nor Steve Allen was mentioned (*Continued on Page 63*)

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See
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(*Continued from Page 61*) during the meal. But afterward, when everyone—with the exception of Anna and Christina, who jointly shared the burden of doing the supper dishes—had retired to the living room, and Furnace John had settled down to his evening paper, and Mrs. Piwko had taken up her crocheting needles, Josephine said, "Tell me something, Hank. How many parts in the average TV set are made either partly or entirely out of brass and other copper-based alloys?"

Considering the fact that she was sitting next to him on the sofa, it seemed to Henry that she had spoken with unnecessary loudness. "Quite a lot, I imagine," he said.

"Would you say two thirds of them?"

The room had become ominously still. "I—I really don't know," Henry said.

"Would you say half of them?"

Furnace John's paper rustled. "There—there might be," Henry said.

"Wouldn't it be logical to conclude, then," Josephine finished triumphantly, "that TV benefits rather than hurts the nonferrous industry?"

"Well ——"

"Be honest now, Hank. Does the television industry help brass foundries or doesn't it?"

Abruptly a horn sounded from the driveway, and she gave a little start. Again Henry's cynicism gloated. *You see?* he told himself. *You see?* Aloud he said, looking her straight in the eye, "It might help brass foundries in general, but it's a liability to any foundry that depends on casting book ends for ten to twenty per cent of its income."

Presently he realized that he was sitting all alone on the sofa. In the background of his mind was the jarring memory of a door slamming, and the sound of a car backing out of the driveway came distantly to his ears. Suddenly he felt a big hand on his shoulder. "Come," a comradely voice said. "Out in the kitchen with Furnace John. We have beer together."

Monday afternoon the superintendent dropped the remark that the book-end order had been canceled. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday Furnace John poured off with a brooding countenance, spoke only when spoken to, and then only in monosyllables. Friday night, after he got his pay, he made the rounds like a male Carry Nation and put a verbal hatchet through every tavern TV set in Ridgeville.

Henry didn't really have to go to that supermarket Saturday afternoon. He had bought enough cigarettes the previous Saturday to last him for yet another week. But he'd been smoking more than usual lately, and he decided, around two o'clock, that maybe he'd better replenish his stock, just in case ——

Even so, there was no reason for him to go wandering through all the self-service aisles. The cigarettes were kept behind the counter where you checked out—not stashed away among the cabbages or hidden in the frozen-food lockers, or concealed in the canned-fruit aisle, where their paths finally crossed ——

"Hi," she said brightly, without the slightest trace of the rancor he had expected. "How are you weathering the book-end crisis?"

"Fine," he said with elaborate aplomb. "And you?"

"I think it was awfully mean of them, canceling their order that way. I've got a good notion to write them a letter and tell them so. Do you happen to know their address?"

"No, but I can find out."

"Would you? This afternoon? I'd like to write them right away."

He looked at her. Had she known he was coming for cigarettes? Had she expected to meet him in the canned-fruit aisle? But he had never seen such a guileless countenance. "All right," he said presently. "But I can't understand why you should want to tell them off. You should be glad instead of mad."

"Why should I be glad?" She took down three cans of applesauce from a nearby shelf and dropped them into her tote cart. "Have you ever had potato pancakes?"

Potato pancakes happened to be Henry's gastronomic Achilles' heel; but he was careful to keep his enthusiasm in check. "Once or twice," he said casually.

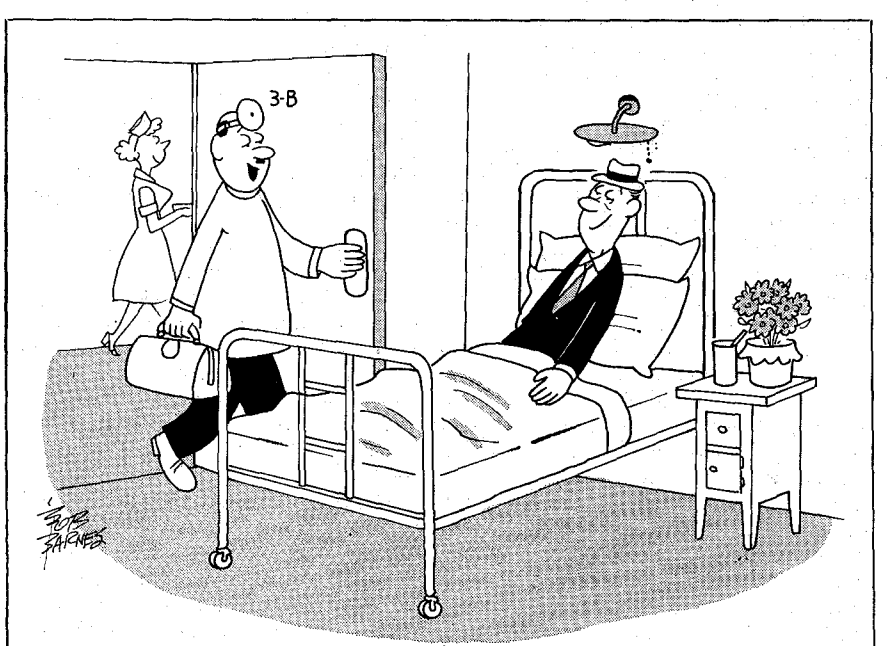
"We're having them for supper. Will you come?"

"Do you really want me to?"

"Of course I do. Why else would I be asking you if I didn't?"

To lure me into another one of your nefarious schemes to compromise your father's values, Henry almost said; but he didn't, and a moment later she blurted, "I'm sorry about last Saturday. I didn't really have a date, and I wouldn't have run out on you that way if you hadn't let me down."

It seemed to him that she was making a big issue out of something which, in view of his dedication to confirmed celibacy, amounted to less than nothing. But come to think of it, he had neglected to inform her of his vow.



"Well, well—all ready to go home, huh, Mr. Hadley?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He decided to be magnanimous. "All right," he said, "I'll come. And I'll bring the address too."

The foundry was his first stop. The superintendent usually worked in the office Saturday afternoons, and he certainly ought to know the book-end company's address if anybody did. But the superintendent, according to the watchman, had gone home at noon. I'll give him a ring, Henry decided.

He called from a nearby drugstore, and when he received no answer he drove out to the superintendent's house on the chance that he might be working out in the yard. He was not, but the gardener, who was, informed Henry that the superintendent and his wife had driven over to the Granover Country Club for a round of golf. The Granover Country Club was fifteen miles on the other side of Ridgeville.

Henry sighed. After promising Josephine the address, he was a little diffident about showing up without it. Halfway to the club, one of his rear tires blew out. Several miles farther on the other one blew out. He had to walk three miles in the hot sun to a service station to get the tube patched and to borrow a hand pump. He had to walk three miles in the hot sun back to the car. By the time he got the tube back in the tire and the tire back on the wheel and the wheel back on the axle, he felt as though he'd just poured sixteen book-end heats without stopping.

It was 3:30 when he reached the club, and it was going on four when he finally caught up to the superintendent and his wife between the fifth and sixth holes. The superintendent stared at him when he asked for the address. So did the superintendent's wife. Henry felt a little foolish. No, the superintendent said, he couldn't recall the address offhand, but if Henry needed it right away, the watchman could tell him. The watchman, the superintendent explained sardonically, snooped through everything in the office and knew more about the company's business than the president himself did.

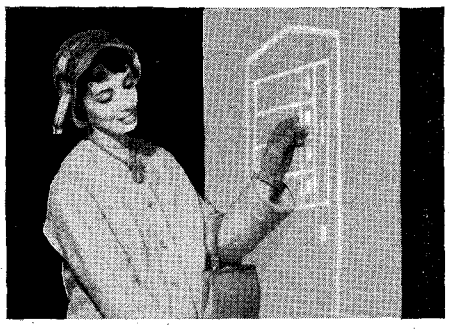
It was almost five by the time Henry got back to Ridgeville, and it was 5:15 by the time he convinced the watchman that he wasn't a company spy and didn't have the slightest intention of turning the watchman in for knowing things he had no business knowing. It was 5:30 when he finally stopped off at the hotel where he was staying.

There was a letter that had been forwarded from Appleton, lying on his dresser. It was from Appleton Advertising, Inc., and informed him that his application had been accepted and that he could start work immediately. He stood there staring at the words for a long time, waiting for elation to overwhelm him. But for some reason elation was not forthcoming. After a while he got sick of waiting and dropped the letter into the top dresser drawer; then he showered, shaved and changed, and headed for the Piwko house.

The Piwkos had two living rooms—the common one where they spent most of their time, and the special one adjoining it, which was reserved for christening, confirmation and wedding celebrations. Up until tonight, Henry had never been beyond the boundaries of living room Number One. Consequently he was a little disconcerted when, after they got up from the table, Josephine led him into living room Number Two.

They sat down side by side on a brocaded sofa in the soft shadows that twilight was shedding through the tapestried windows. "Did you get it?" she asked.

He handed her the slip of paper on which he'd jotted down the address. He kept wondering why his heart was pounding so hard. She was sitting very close to



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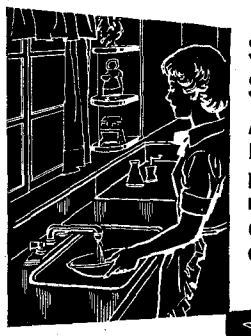

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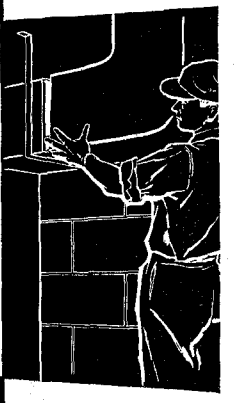

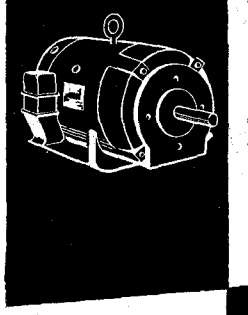

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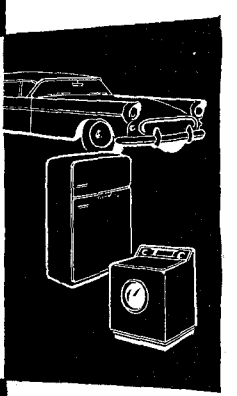

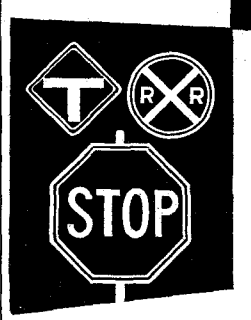

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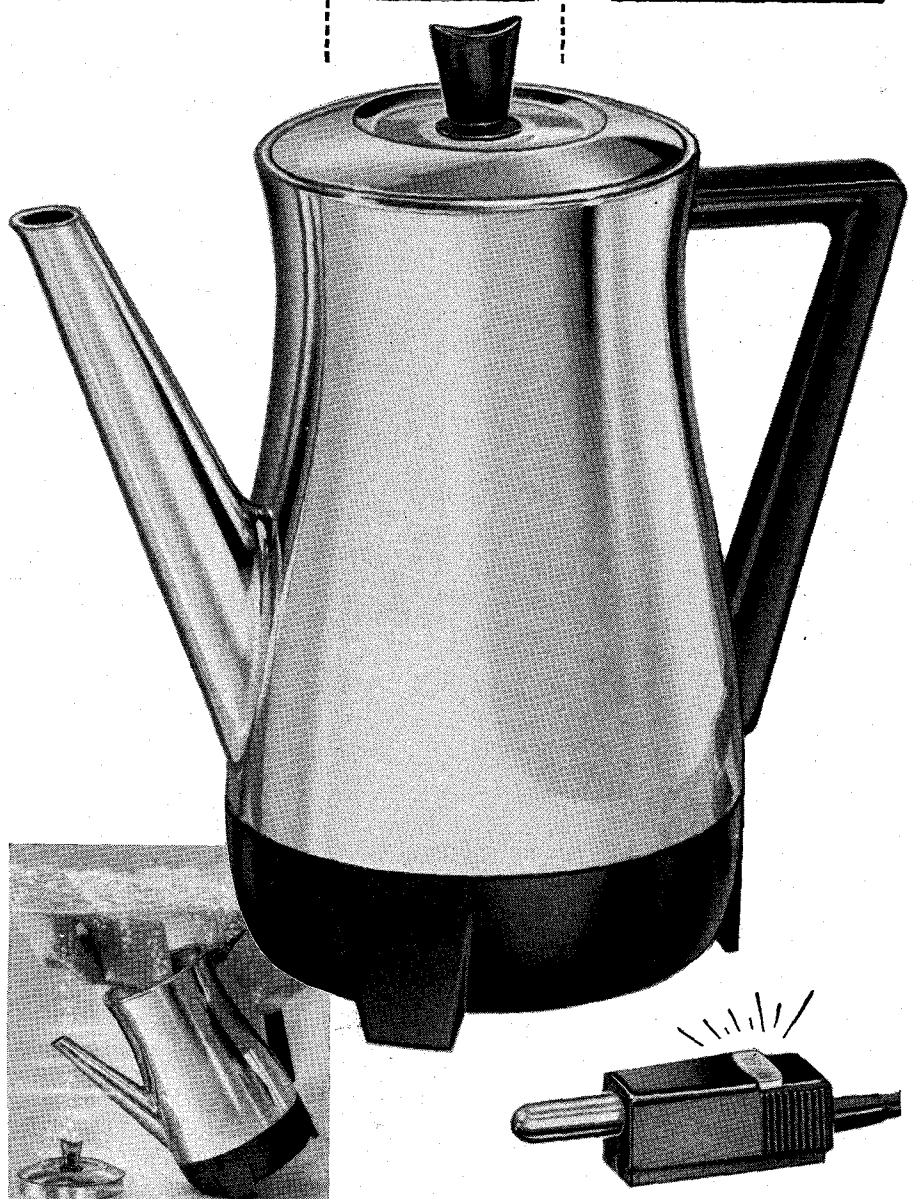

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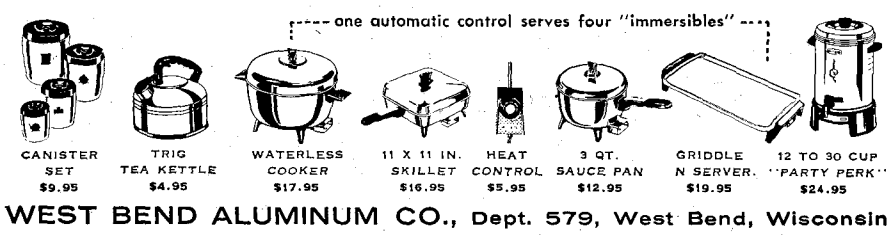

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him, and presently she moved even closer—so close, in fact, that he had to put his arm around her to get it out of the way. "Jo," he began, "I ——"

Two things happened then, with such near simultaneity that it was impossible for him to determine which occurred first—a horn sounded from the driveway and Josephine said, "Well, of all the nerve!"

She got up abruptly and ran from the room. A moment later he heard the front door slam.

He sat there for some time, listening to the sporadic rustling of Furnace John's paper, to the clicking of Mrs. Piwko's needles, to the water-muted sound of dishes in the kitchen sink. Then he got up, stopped long enough in the living room to say good night to Furnace John and to thank Mrs. Piwko for her potato pancakes; long enough in the kitchen to say good night to the kids; long enough on the back steps to light a cigarette. Dusk lay deep and dark over the vineyard and the gardens, shrouded the beeches and the barn. The first star flickered faintly in the east. Finally he climbed into his car and backed out to the road. He had to back around the other car that was parked in the driveway, and his headlights picked up the *belle dame sans merci* leaning with her elbows on the rolled-down window and talking earnestly with the driver. She waved to him as he backed away, and her mouth moved as though she were shouting something; but the roar of the engine drowned out whatever it was, and he didn't much care what it was anyway.

He stopped long enough at the hotel to pack his clothes and to pay his bill, then he hit the highway for Appleton. All he could think of were the two blowouts he'd had, the miles he'd walked, and the incontrovertible fact that, despite his high-flown resolutions, love had thumbed its cupid nose at him once again; and he told himself that he'd never go back to Ridgeville again.

He might not have, either—if Ridgeville hadn't been located between Appleton and a town which he had to visit several months later to interview a prospective advertising client. Even so, he only had to drive through; he didn't have to stop. Above all, he didn't have to turn —— But his 'Forty-nine, refurbished now and painted a robin's-egg blue, seemed to have a mind of its own.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and the fields slept beneath the crisp white sheets of the season's first snow. The sky seemed bluer than ever, and the bright red clapboards of the house contrasted nicely with the glistening whiteness of the gardens and the vineyard; the stanch chimney stood out as individualistically as before against the backdrop of the beeches —— No, not quite.

At first Henry couldn't believe that the tinselly object attached to the chimney top was real. It was an optical illusion, he told himself. But when he turned into the driveway and saw the telltale ribbon running down the side of the house, he could deny the truth no longer. TV had come at last to the Piwkos'.

Josephine met him at the kitchen door, a strange look on her face. "I saw you drive in," she said. And then, half in anger, half in tears, "It should have occurred even to someone as square as you are, Henry Cooper, that when a girl practically asks you to put your arm around her she doesn't bawl you out when you finally get around to doing so. And she doesn't get up and run outside either, unless she's got a darn good reason to—such as telling someone she's already told twice before that there's no sense in his blowing his horn outside her window any more, because now there's someone else!"

It was some time before Henry realized that he had taken her in his arms and was kissing her, a rather thick fog having settled around his sensibilities. Presently she drew gently away. She took his hand. "Come on in the living room," she said. "There's something I want you to see."

The antenna and the ribbon had not lied; a twenty-four-inch TV console now pre-empted the spot where Furnace John's easy chair once had stood. And seated before it, staring into the magic depths of the picture tube, were Furnace John himself, Mrs. Piwko, Christina and Anna.

Furnace John stood up and shook hands. "How you like, Hank?" he asked enthusiastically.

"All right, I guess."

Bewildered, Henry looked at the set again, half expecting it to turn into a bookcase. It did nothing of the sort. And then he saw them, gleaming dully on top of the cabinet, embracing five new books—the EX LIBRIS book ends.

"Look nice, don't they?" Josephine said, picking one up and handing it to him.

No, they weren't the EX LIBRIS book ends after all. He stared at the place where the bas-relief of the open book was supposed to be, wondering why it had turned into the bas-relief of a TV set. He lowered his eyes to where the raised letters, EX LIBRIS, should have been, and saw, instead, FOR THE TV SET OF, and then, freshly engraved, JOHN JOSEPH PIWKO.

"They're TV-console book ends," Josephine explained later on, when she and Henry were sitting on the brocaded sofa in living room Number Two. "They come free with every console, and I get two cents' royalty on every pair."

"You—you get two cents' royalty!"

"Certainly. I'm the one who wrote in the idea. I planned on having you help me, but I didn't get a chance to ask you. In any event, the book-end company wrote back saying it just might work because most people really do feel guilty about substituting TV viewing for reading, and a set of book ends thrown in free with the purchase of every TV console might be just the thing to placate their consciences—and stimulate sales. Anyway, a major TV company went for the idea and, first thing you knew, orders galore were pouring into the foundry —— Don't look at me like that, Hank."

Henry said nothing. He kept right on looking at her.

"You know yourself," she went on, "that mom and pop never read a book voluntarily. And you also know that they need something more substantial than a pair of crocheting needles and an evening paper to keep them compatible and contented. They need a mutual interest. Besides, pop only made the down payment—my royalties are taking care of the balance."

Henry continued to look at her—at her wide warm face, her bird-wing brows, her eyes—at the lovely light shining in those eyes that he himself had kindled. But he paid little attention to what she was saying. For the miracle of TV's coming to the Piwkos' had already been superseded by another. Love had come to Henry Cooper. THE END

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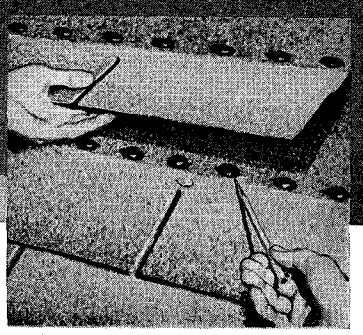

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The Rogue and the River (Continued from Page 35)

across, and the current was fierce. Chocolate's breath was coming in quick, hard, gasping snorts. I should have stripped down some of my clothes before we started; I had left my boots behind, but my shirt was holding me back. But at last I sensed that Chocolate's hoofs were striking ground, and I was really grateful to shift in and fork his back again. He had a rough plunge out of the soft mud and up the bank.

I rode up to the house, hitched Chocolate to a pole at the foot of the veranda steps and looked about. It was an old house, small, and a bit neglected, though probably it looked worse because of the storm. Back of the house, there was an open shed, and saddles and riding gear were stacked inside, but there was no sign of any vehicle nor any stock. I was still looking around when the door opened and the woman came out.

"Where in the world did you come from?" she asked.

"I swam the river, ma'am," I said; and she gave a little nervous laugh.

"That much I could guess," she said.

"Well, the name's Corcoran," I told her. "Bob Corcoran. I was headed south. I saw the house; the flood's all around you."

"I know."

"I wondered whether there might be anything I could do."

There was a movement inside the house, a series of movements and then a man's voice. "Meg. What goes on? Has somebody come? Who's that you're talking to?"

Footsteps approached the door, and a man came up behind her, peering over her shoulder. "Who are you? How did you get here?" he asked, and I didn't like his tone. It seemed queer, but I'd have said he didn't want to see anybody.

"Mr. Corcoran came over to see if we needed help," the girl said. She turned to me. "Are you with somebody?"

"No, ma'am. I'm by myself."

"Aren't you very young?"

"I'm eighteen, ma'am. I've been looking after myself a long time."

"Have you seen the Watsons?" she asked. "Do you know how they are making out? Did you come by their house?"

"I haven't seen anybody. Not for six days," I said. "I don't know the Watsons, ma'am. I don't know this country at all."

"If you came by road you must have seen them," she hesitated.

"That's just it, ma'am," I said. "I haven't even seen a road. I've been coming cross-country, following the river. I saw you on the veranda; I thought you might need help and I swam the river."

"I don't think anyone can help us unless they come by helicopter," she said.

The man pushed her aside and came out on the veranda. "Are you on the run or something?" he asked, and I stiffened. "I mean," he said "isn't it a bit unusual—you don't know where you are, you're not following the road, you're just traveling, just following the river in the wet."

"I don't know where I am, that's for sure," I said, and the girl caught on.

"This is Rollaby station," she said. "I'm Meg Travers. Jim Thornby here was visiting my brother Jack—Jack owns the station; I keep house. And four days ago Jack broke a leg, throwing a bullock out on the range. We took him out by road to an airfield forty miles north of here, came back in the jeep and got cut off by floodwaters. All the stockmen had cleared out before we got here; natives don't like this place in the wet and we can't hold them. We're stranded."

"It's just as well I came then."

"What can you do?"

"I can get you out of here."

Thornby sneered. "You and what army?" he asked.

I looked him over. Some would have called him handsome, maybe too handsome; dark, with wavy hair, dark-complexioned, too, with a loose mouth. Tall and well built. His clothes were city clothes and his hands hadn't done much work.

The girl was dark too; dark and suntanned, small and pretty. She had nice eyes and at the moment they were apologetic.

"In any case, come in. We haven't got much; at least you can have a cup of tea and a dry change of clothes. You took a frightful risk swimming that river."

"No risk, ma'am," I said. "I've swum a lot of rivers since I hit the North. Wouldn't have cared to tackle it, though, without a horse. I'm more used to horses than to rivers, and I know a horse can always get me over."

The rooms were bare, but clean and airy; and the clothes she brought me had been ironed. She wasn't used to the country, I could see that; and when we talked I found that her brother had not long ago bought into the cattle game. He'd have to be a good man to last at it; a house in flood country like that wasn't worth much, and his stock would be a long way from the markets. I didn't think much of his stockmen, clearing out like that; but they had probably left with the idea that the family was safe. I couldn't fit Thornby into the picture, though. The girl seemed to trust him, but I didn't.

"That river's still rising, ma'am," I said. "Once it tops the bank this side it'll sweep up to the house in minutes. Then you're going to have a long swim. Better to leave now."

The way the rain was, the river could rise maybe twenty feet in the night; I'd seen old flood debris near the tops of the trees at the bank.

"Neither of us can swim," she said. "We'll have to take our chance here."

"I've got horses across the river. I'll bring three over and we can swim them back," I offered. Each of them would be able to hang on to a horse's tail, I thought, at least even Thornby would know that much, to hang on tight and keep his head above water. But the girl had a better idea.

"The Watsons live a mile downriver," she said. "They have a flood boat. I thought they'd have been here days ago; perhaps they were and found the house empty. And they don't know anyone's here. Would you go and tell them?"

"Sure will, ma'am."

"It's a risk."

"I've got to cross the river anyway. I'll go right away. They'll be here before dark."

I rose to go, and she followed me, giving me directions. I paused by the door to say a word to Thornby, but he was going into an inner room.

"Just a minute," he said. "I'll be right out."

I had Chocolate's reins in my hand when he appeared at the far end of the veranda, and he had a rifle in his hands, pointing it at me.

"All right," he said. "Stand away from that horse. I'm going myself. Go on, get back. . . . You, too, Meg. Stand over there. And walk away from the house."

"Jim!"

"This is my chance," he said. "I'm going. You might have a long wait for the Watsons."

"Jim. You've taken the money."

"What do you think? It's not going to be much use to you. It'll be a week before you get out of here—if you do. And I'll be hard to find."

He could handle a horse all right; I could tell by the way he swung to Choco-

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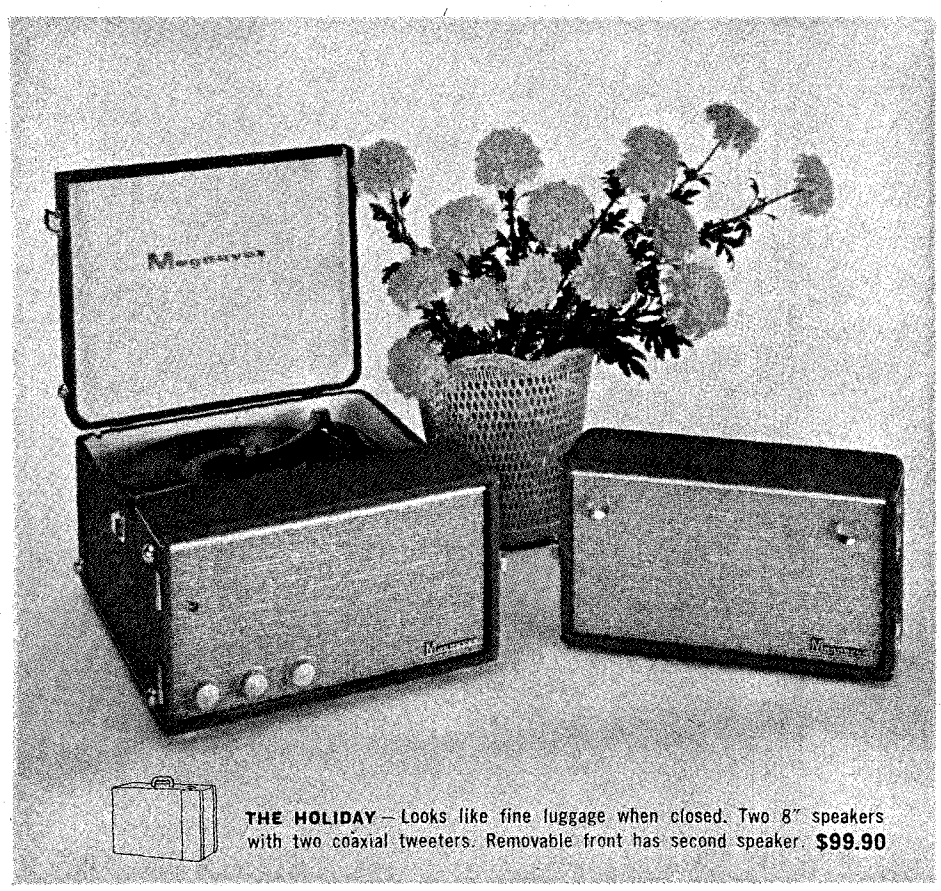

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late's back. He looked me up and down for a minute, still pointing the rifle.

"I ought to put a bullet in your leg," he said. "But you won't swim that current without a horse."

He dug his heels in, and Chocolate went off at a canter to the bank. As they dropped down out of sight I looked at the girl. She was weeping.

"Was there much money?"

She looked up. "Not that much. But enough apparently. Jack pays everything in cash. There was jewelry too. But that's not the point. Jim's been up against it. He's had a hard life. I knew he was tempted, but I didn't think he'd do this to me. He's been really troubled. I thought the life here would change him—and it would if he'd give it a chance."

"You got any other rifles?" I asked. "Or a shotgun, even?"

She stared at me. "You wouldn't!"

"You bet I would. You aren't the only one lost something. That's my horse, ma'am. And there's better ones and saddles on the other bank, as he'll see."

"Anyway I haven't. There's no more firearms at all."

I hurried over to the river and the girl followed. Thornby had hit the current, and Chocolate's withers were well down, but he was still upright on the gelding's back, still carrying the rifle, holding it high; and he had a tight hold on the reins. Chocolate was striking out well, but he was fighting the bridle as well as the river. Thornby, the fool, was heading him up against the current.

"Loosen up!" I yelled. "Get off his back!"

I was thinking of Chocolate, not of him; his weight, all out of the water, was forcing the horse down deep. But Thornby only twisted where he sat and cursed me. Chocolate immediately swung back, trying to return to the bank he had just left,

"Am I correct in assuming that thing will also work outdoors?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

and Thornby fought him, forcing him into the current. I turned and ran downstream, shouting, because I knew from that moment that Thornby wouldn't make it. Even if he couldn't swim, Thornby should have slipped off his back long before and clung to his mane, guiding him, if he had to, by slapping his face. Instead he fought his mouth, and Thornby and the current together were too much for Chocolate.

"Get off!" I yelled. "You'll have the crocodiles on you next."

It must have panicked Thornby; he struck at Chocolate's head with the rifle, and the horse made plunge after plunge, lumping himself up in the current and wasting his energy. They went downstream quickly now, Chocolate concerned only with trying to rid himself of his rider, and the rider too frightened to make any effective effort at control.

I saw the tree ahead of them. It had been floating and had got itself snagged with something underwater—another tree, perhaps. Its branches were open to them like a net, and they swept down into the trap. Chocolate went under. Thornby dropped the rifle and clung to a branch. The tree rolled and bucked in the current and he disappeared. They both appeared again together. The gelding was nearly clear and struggling to free himself, but he didn't stay on top long. When he appeared the second time, he was free, but exhausted. He swept straight down the river, seeming to swim weakly, and then for the last time he disappeared, and I never saw him again. It was a sad end for a game old horse.

Thornby held to his branch and yelled. A hundred yards behind me the girl stood, both hands to her mouth. For two pins I'd have left the man in the river, and I don't know yet why I didn't. Instead I stripped off my shirt, looked about for a short, thick stick, stuck it in my belt at the back so that it laid up against my spine and dived in.

The branch to which Thornby clung was perhaps only a quarter way across; I wouldn't have cared to swim the whole distance. The river was narrower down here and running a lot more swiftly than on the reach where I'd swum with Chocolate. I reached the tree at a point about six feet from Thornby and clung to it, getting my breath, watching him. His eyes were wide and wild, and he was shouting, "Help me! Help me!" Things like that—and a lot of blasphemy as well. I watched him until he began to struggle along the branch toward me. Then I took the piece of wood out of my belt and hit him as hard as I could across the temple. He just sagged, and I caught him as he went under. I swam on my back with him, and we reached the bank a long way downstream.

I might have hit him harder than was needed. I didn't want him drowning me in his panic the way he'd drowned Chocolate. Anyway, he was still dead to the world when I felt the welcome mud beneath my feet and pulled him clear. I hadn't been kidding when I shouted to

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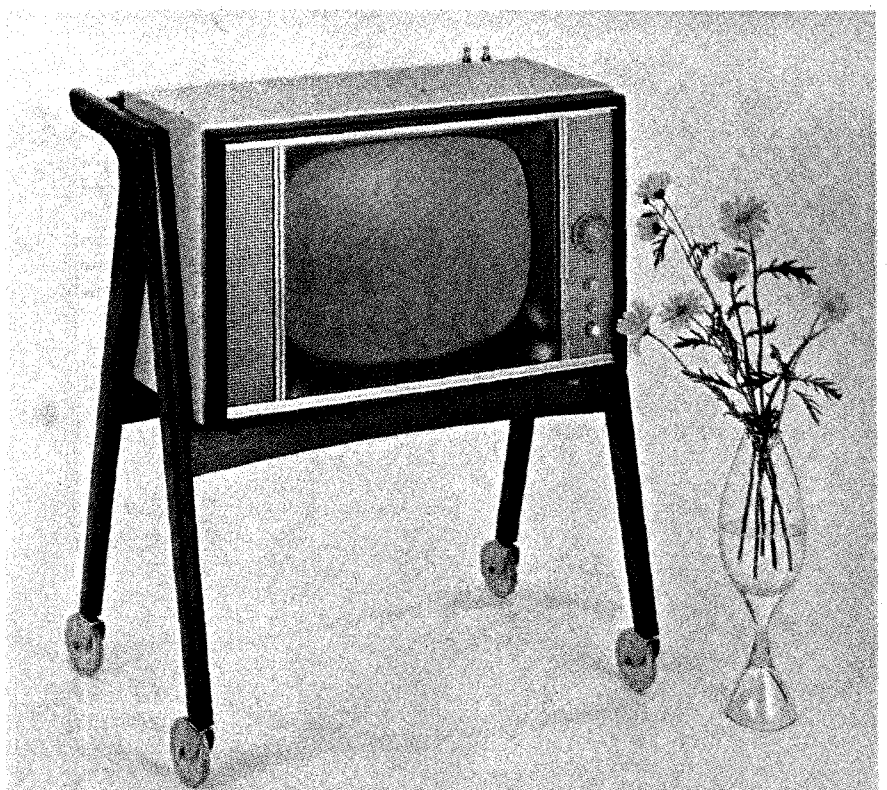

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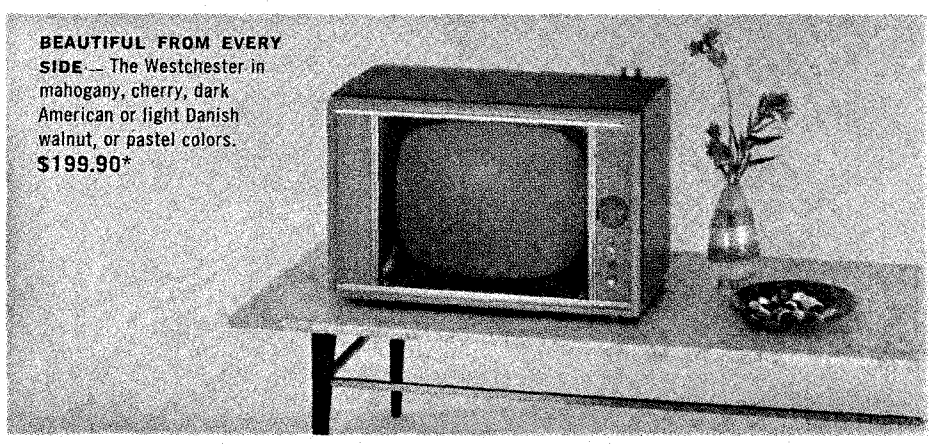

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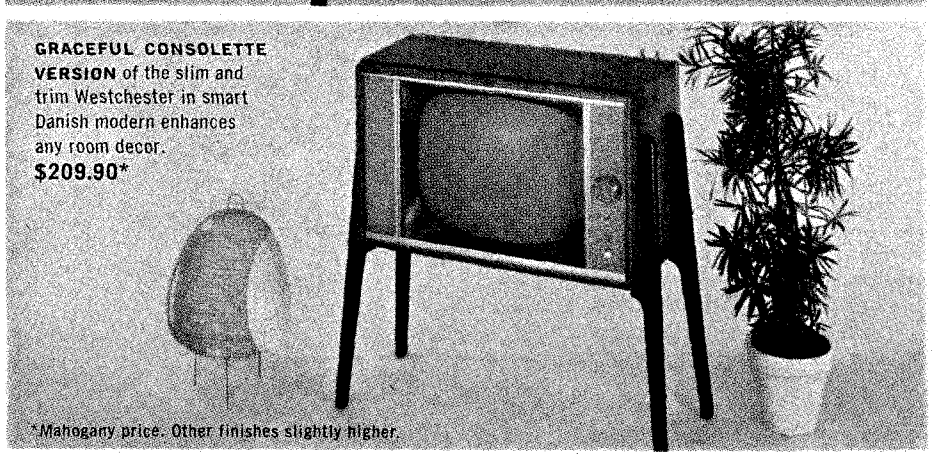

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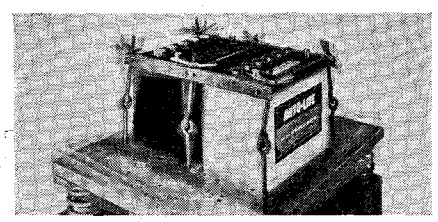

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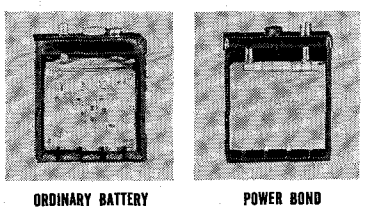

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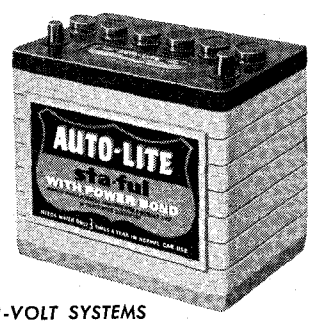

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him about the crocodiles; I was really glad to get out of that river.

There was a fat envelope inside his shirt and a little bundle tied in a woman's handkerchief in one pocket. I went through all his pockets and put his things in a little pile beside him and, when I had finished, the girl was standing there.

"That was a wonderful thing to do," she said. "You saved him."

When I stood up the water was lapping his ankles again, though they had been well clear. The flood was climbing that bank steady and fast. And the rain kept pouring down. I pulled him up the bank another foot or so. He was still unconscious, and his head was oozing blood from a little mark where I had hit him.

"What now?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. I walked to the top of the bank. Higher upriver the flood had topped it, for there was a swift, wide runnel of water now between the bank and the house. It was halfway to my knees when I splashed through it. In the stable I found a big tarpaulin and unrolled it. It was in good condition. I folded it up again and carried it back to the bank. I stopped short when I came there. The girl was sitting in the mud and cradling Thornby's head on her lap. She looked up at me.

"He's dying," she said.

"I hope he does. Chocolate's dead."

"Chocolate?"

"My horse."

"He wasn't too bad. It was an impulse that he took the money."

"He'd have left you in the flood. He'd have left you to die."

"It was an impulse," she said.

I threw the tarpaulin down and went back to the stable. I found a lot of harness straps, a rope and two pack saddles. I couldn't carry both saddles; I had to put one down. When I came to the river, the girl had unrolled the tarpaulin. She had somehow pulled Thornby up the bank and was sitting with him on the dry oiled canvas. He wasn't yet conscious. She had a lap of the tarpaulin pulled over him, shielding him from the rain.

"You shouldn't have hit him so hard," she said.

"It wasn't the time for nice judgment," I told her. She was beginning to make me feel angry. When I returned for the other saddle the runnel was above my knees.

When I threw it down she asked me, "What in the world are you doing?"

"We're going across the river," I told her. "You can put him down and get up to the house. You can get your things ready—pack a couple of suitcases. Take clothes and blankets and anything valuable. Anything else shove on top of cupboards and tables. This flood's going to hit hard."

"You're mad," she said, staring. "Suitcases!"

"All right, I'm mad. But get up there and pack them. When I'm through here I'll give you a hand."

She still sat there and I said, "Get a move on. We haven't too much time."

She must have found some faith in me, or she was frightened of me, because she went. I rolled Thornby off the tarpaulin. bunched up its narrower ends and strapped them into tight bundles. I fitted the pack saddles beneath the bundles into the pockets thus made and ran up to the house. The girl had four suitcases open on the table, and she was throwing stuff into them. I pulled the blankets out of one.

"It's too much?" she asked.

"It's not enough," I said. "We need the suitcases, even if they're empty."

She shrugged her shoulders as though I were mad and went on packing. I stacked everything I could see, carpets and all, as high as I could; not that I believed in what I was doing. From the rate the water rose the house might go. I took an armful of bedding and two of the cases and went back to the river. The bottoms of the suitcases dragged in the flood; I couldn't help that. The girl followed me, her hands full.

Three of the suitcases, laid down flat, just fitted in between the pack saddles and jammed them apart.

"It's a boat!" the girl cried, and I looked up.

"Sure it's a boat." I went on jamming the blankets between the suitcases and the sides of the tarpaulin until we had a little canvas craft, pointed at either end because of the angle in the center of each saddle.

"You're going to leave him behind," she accused.

"No, ma'am. We're taking him. I ought to leave him, but we're taking him. Help me lift him."

We put him dead-center in the craft, then I tied the strapped ends together with the rope and pulled it tight, so that the boat curved up from the center toward the ends. It was sloppy-looking, but it held together, and when it was finished it was sitting in the rising water. I dragged it farther out till it floated. It floated high, but the trim was wrong, with one side down, so I unpacked the fourth suitcase and distributed the weight where it would level the whole thing up.

"We need paddles," the girl said. She was smiling, and she certainly had a

---

Middle age arrives when you start to worry about what the older generation is coming to.

HAROLD COFFIN

---

pretty smile, though she still looked anxious.

"We won't paddle this one, ma'am," I said. "You'll sit near him, dead-center, and not move. Get in, ma'am."

I stripped down to my underwear, put my clothes in the boat, strapped my belt around my waist and took the rest of the rope, now hanging from the bow, tied a big knot in the end of it and slipped the knot under my belt. That way I could get clear if anything went wrong. Then I waded out into the water and started swimming.

It wasn't as bad as you might think. For all its bulk, the canvas craft had little weight, and it rode high in the water. I hadn't invented it; I'd taken my saddles across a river that way before; but I never had so long a swim. I took it slowly and kept a lookout downstream. Twice I had to pull back toward the bank to steer clear of snags, and each time we lost a hundred yards or more without ever getting near the center of the current.

It seemed like hours I swam; my breath came gasping and I thought my heart would break. I shifted the towrope knot to my side and turned over on my back; we were in the middle of the current, and the boat was heavy on me, pulling me downstream. The girl was kneeling, crouched and not moving, one knee either side of Thornby, and I could see a movement of his head.

"Keep him still!" I yelled, and she nodded vigorously. I could see her lips moving; I couldn't hear anything. Maybe she wasn't talking to me; maybe she was talking to Thornby. Or maybe she was praying.

I rolled over again, and put every effort I had into swimming. I had so little control I felt like a frog on a fishing line; I could not even feel that I was gaining. But my only chance was to keep trying; to pull

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the load an inch or two at a time across the current. Sometimes I had my eyes shut; sometimes when I opened them the light came gray and pulsing. I felt dizzy and my arms were weak. I thought I wasn't getting anywhere.

Then I had a moment of horror. The boat bumped into me and the towrope was slack against my legs, nearly entangling them, and I thought I had lost the last scrap of power that was left to me. I rolled quickly on my back again—and I was amazed. The girl had taken off her dress and, still squatting in her slip, she was holding the cloth out between her lifted arms and her teeth. Her head was bent low. The wind had filled the dress, and slowly, steadily, we were sailing across the current toward the bank. I began to swim like crazy, strong with new hope.

I'll give full marks for that one, I thought, and just then my foot hit the mud. I stood up and pulled on the rope; the boat swung inward, downstream, and I took half a dozen careful steps, rising steeply from the water, and tied the rope round a branch.

I did a silly thing then; when I opened my eyes, I fainted—and that's the truth of it. And there were people on the bank. By some fluke or other the Watsons, a mile downstream, had seen us go past. One of them helped me to walk, and about two hundred yards away, at the edge of the flood, they had a jeep waiting. They put me to bed when I reached their house, and I went to sleep.

When I woke up it was early morning, the dawn was breaking in a sky that was still gray and raining, and the girl was in the room.

"You saved us. You saved us all," she said. "The river's still rising; it's up ten feet. The house will be under."

"I saved myself too," I reminded her. "There's no thanks necessary. If you get out now, I'll get dressed. I've got my horses to look to."

"You don't like me very much, do you?" she said.

"All right. I saved you. And then you saved me with that sailing stunt. So we're quits. Anyway I haven't finished the job yet."

"What do you mean?"

"I have to get Thornby to the police. I don't like characters who pull guns on me."

She nodded as though she'd expected it. "I thought it was that," she said. "Jim isn't really bad; just weak. It was an impulse. He's never had money. He was tempted."

"So all of us get tempted."

"He's terribly sorry. We've talked it over. It was a lesson to him, the way he was nearly drowned. He gave way to a weakness, that was all, and he'll never do it again."

"I bet he's sorry," I said. "I wonder would he have changed his mind if he'd got away with it."

"See here," she said, and pulled out a bundle of notes. "There's a hundred pounds, and it's yours."

"I don't need rewards," I began.

"It's not a reward. You'll earn it if you forget there was ever a gun in the picture."

"You're in love with him, aren't you?" I asked. Lots of times old fellows have told me women in love are stubborn and unreasonable, but I hadn't met any. She didn't answer, and I went on, "So you'd tell the same story he did, wouldn't you? So I'd be the one that was wrong."

"Look," she said. "I owe you everything in the world, but that's the picture. I'd back him up, and there's no one would believe you."

"That's the way people are, I guess. So give me the money."

She handed over the roll, looking surprised. I counted out forty pounds and handed the rest back.

"That's what Chocolate cost me. That's what you owed me."

She leaned forward and took my hand between both of hers and let the money drop on the floor. Tears were gathering in her eyes. "You're not going to tell?"

"I don't know you. And I don't know him. But you're doing more for him than I'd care to. Maybe it will work. Maybe it will come good."

"Promise?" she begged; but I didn't promise. I didn't tell either. Someday I'll find a girl who'll do a thing like that for me; and I reckon I couldn't let her down after that. I didn't know about Thornby; I was pretty doubtful, but I reckoned that she had to have her chance and I hoped it would come good for her.

Watson spoke to me a little later, after I had dressed and gone out. "Your mate's going to be all right," he said. "He's got a slight concussion; but I guess he was lucky not to get killed when the tree branch hit him."

"He's a lucky guy," I said, and I went to collect my horses. THE END

"I think he wants out."

SHE: The book says 3 to 1
HE: The boys say 10 to 1

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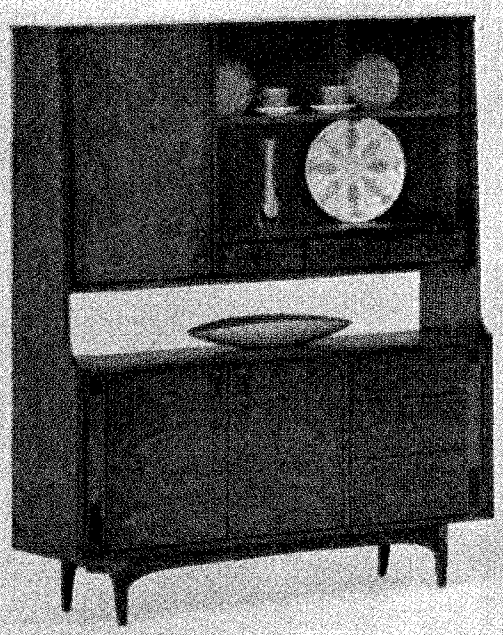
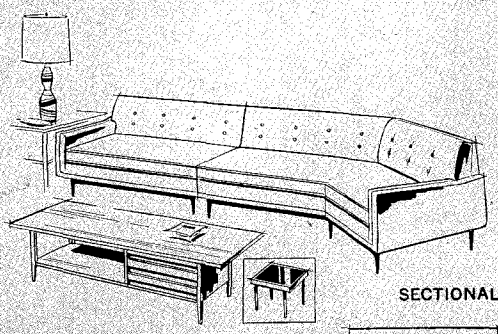
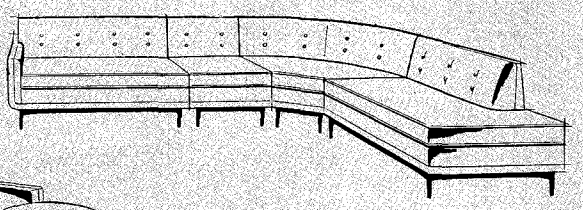
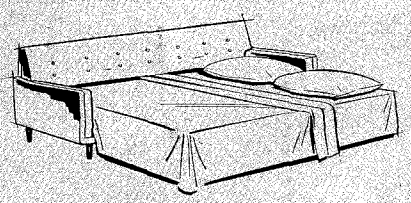




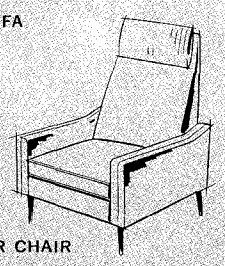
COCKTAIL TABLE with three "stowaway" TV snack tables.

SECTIONAL GROUPINGS

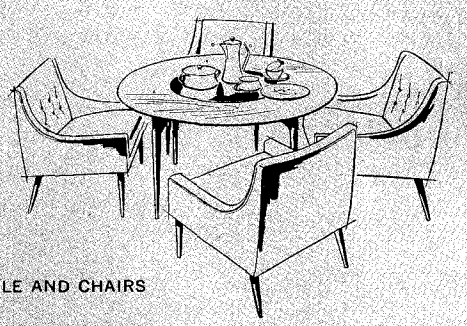




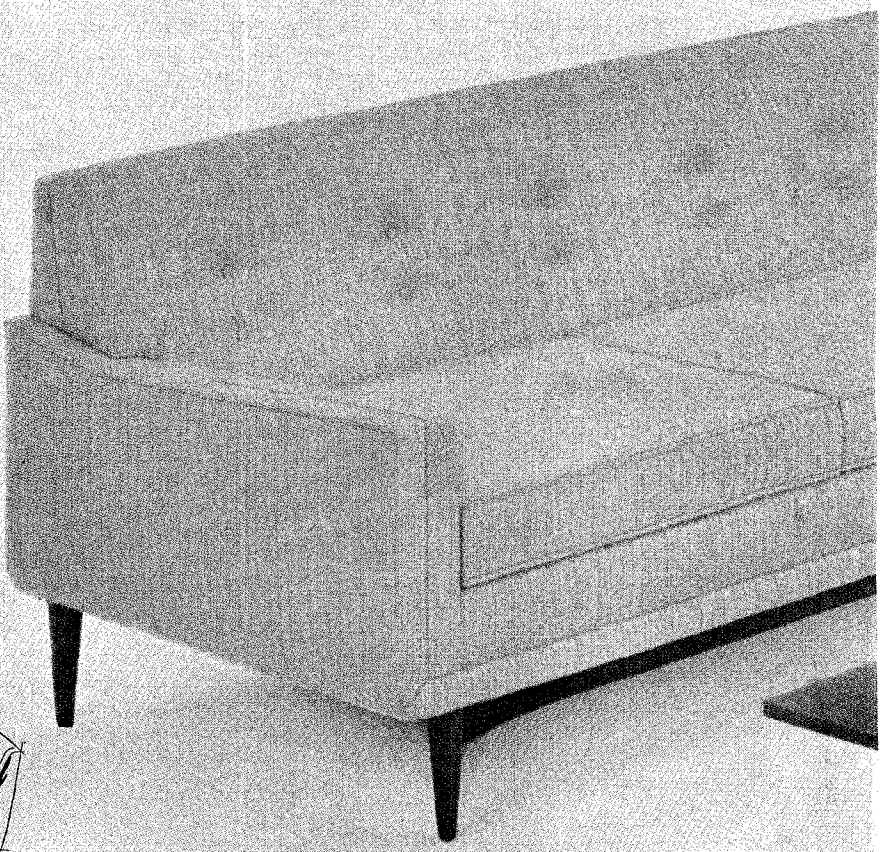
SLEEP-OR-LOUNGE SOFA



RELAXER CHAIR



BRUNCH TABLE AND CHAIRS



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Let's Not Surrender Our Battlefields

(Continued from Page 43)

when the acreage was cheap and available. Most tracts, when fought over and until relatively recent years, were simply farmland. However, the explosive expansion of cities and suburbs, especially along the East Coast, has sent land values soaring. Many of our most famous battlefields are today patchworks of private and public property—with private owners holding out for top dollar or selling out to any gaudy enterprise which can pay a fancy price. While local situations vary, the end result is the same. A countryside shrine for reposeful contemplation of past heroism becomes desecrated by noisy, raucous or unseemly surroundings. Places which millions of Americans approach with the reverence of worshipers entering a church prove to be as jarring as a brassy night club.

Call the roll of the resounding names of American patriotism—Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Manassas, New Orleans, Saratoga, Yorktown—names of battles which ended wars, made future Presidents, changed the face of the nation forever. On each field where the trumpets sounded, the cash register now jingles. Industry with its odors, community expansion with its hunger for suburban land, commercialism in its neon-lighted quest for ready cash, all have elbowed into our sanctuaries of American glory.

The plights of some of our most significant battlefields sum up the variety of crises besetting such areas. At New Orleans the main threat has been one of industrial development. At Saratoga and Manassas it is primarily residential. At Antietam and Gettysburg it is both commercial and residential. To see how these problems arise and what can be done about them, let us take a closer look at these battlegrounds.

The Battle of New Orleans, grand climax to the desultory War of 1812, actually consisted of five engagements between the same armies in a period of thirty days. All five occurred along the Mississippi River below New Orleans, the British goal. In the opening attack 980 British marines and sailors in forty-five barges defeated several hundred Americans in six small gunboats on Lake Borgne December 14, 1814. The British then landed and occupied the Villeré and De la Ronde plantations on the river bank. The second engagement ensued when Gen. Andrew Jackson led a classic surprise counterattack on the moonlit night of December twenty-third. Although technically a draw, it shook British morale.

The remaining three engagements raged over the plantation of Ignace de Chalmette when the British sought to dislodge American forces entrenched there. The first vain onslaught came December twenty-eighth. On New Year's Day, 1815, the opposing forces fought the greatest artillery duel up to that time in North America. Then on January eighth some 10,000 redcoats under Maj. Gen. Sir Edward Pakenham, brother-in-law of the great Duke of Wellington who conquered Napoleon, marched forward in a massive frontal attack against Jackson's 5000 Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen, blue-coated United States regulars, New Orleans militia, sailors, pirates and free Negroes. When the smoke lifted, 700 British, including Pakenham, lay dead or dying, 1400 were wounded and 500 were captured. Only a score of Americans were killed or wounded. The Mississippi Valley and Midwest were saved for the United States, and Jackson went on to become President.

Geographically the preservation of this notable battlefield represents no sprawling problem. All four land engagements for New Orleans took place on a level strip about two miles long and averaging less than a mile wide. A magnificent grove of live oaks, planted in 1783, still stands. Otherwise the scene has changed drastically since 1815. Then the area consisted of sugar cane and orange groves. Now it is heavily industrial, for it fronts on the nation's greatest navigable stream. As one goes downriver from New Orleans, the fate of the area becomes painfully apparent. In long, alternating strips, like farmland laid out for crop rotation, there are factories; then public land, undeveloped private land, more public land, and finally an enormous mass of industry. The greenery of the public lands stands out, oasislike, in the stark industrial scene.

Only two relatively small portions of the battlefield itself now belong to the American people. Both were saved for them largely by the good ladies of New Orleans, who persuaded the state of Louisiana to buy up the ground piecemeal between 1852 and 1950 and turn it over to the Federal Government. One of the rescued portions is Chalmette National Park, 700 feet wide at the river bank and extending inland about half a mile. Fortunately, it includes the original line along the Rodriguez Canal where Jackson's outnumbered men made their heroic stand. The other tract is the Chalmette National Cemetery, about 300 feet wide and half a mile deep.

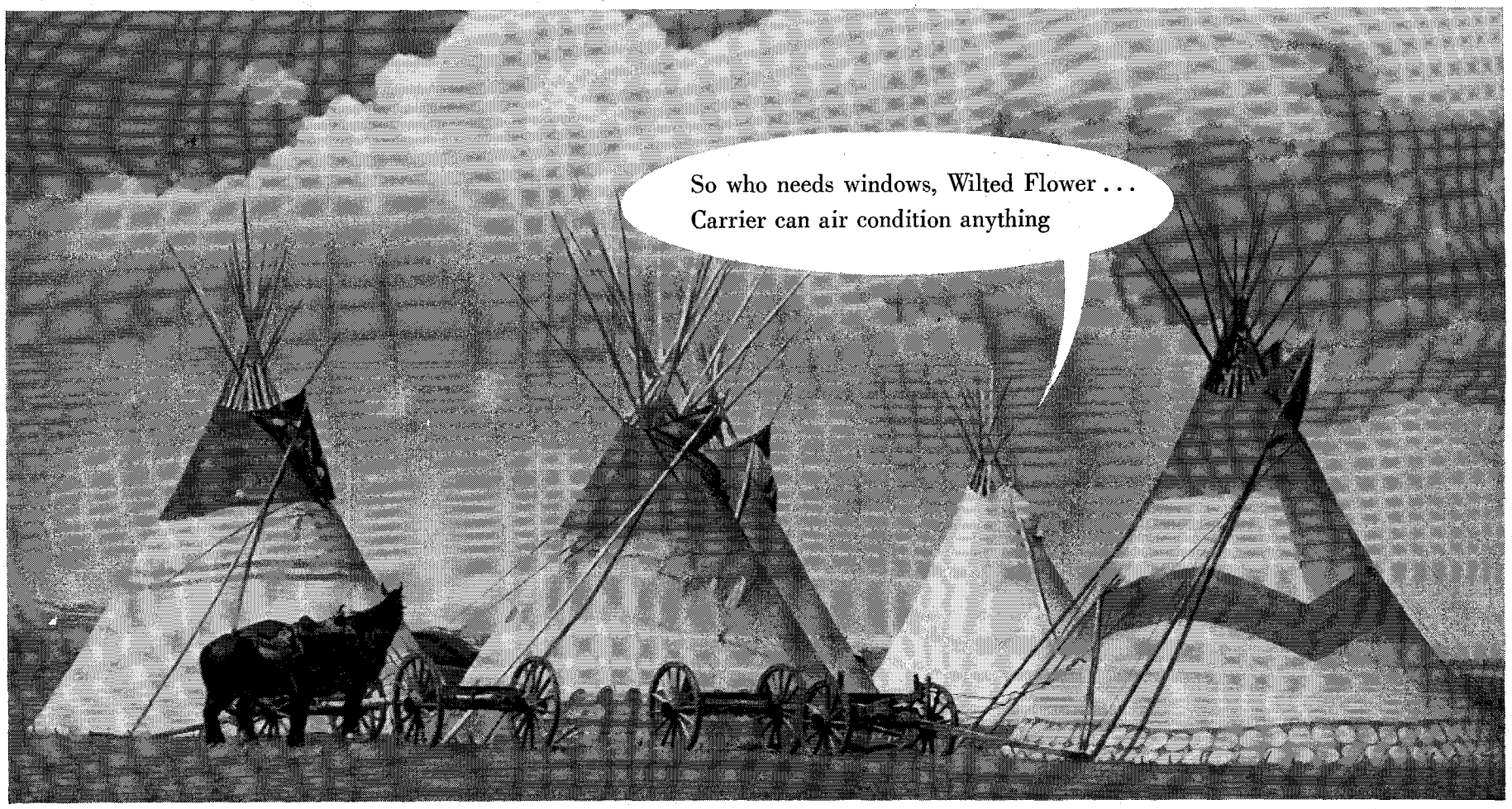
Between the two public tracts lie sixty vacant, weedy acres over which an oral conflict blazed for years. Originally this tract and much of the rest of the battleground was owned by the Southern Railway Company. The Chalmette National Park Association, with Mrs. Robinson as a prime mover, induced the state to buy a nearby thirty-six-acre tract from the railway in 1950 for $100,000. Encouraged by this success, they sought two years later to have the state purchase the key tract of sixty acres from the railway for $350,000. The coming of Henry Kaiser blighted that hope. The railway sold the land to Kaiser for $66,000 right under their sentimental noses. Its reason for apparently sacrificing $284,000 was not hard to find. Kaiser promised to erect a $175,000,000 aluminum plant, with an annual payroll of $78,000,000, on the battlefield. The railway owned the only track into the property.

The transaction jarred historical-minded New Orleans as hard as the original cannonading had. Stilling a storm of protest, Kaiser located his mammoth plant on other ground downriver from the battlefield and cemetery. Exactly 142 years after the Battle of New Orleans, on January 8, 1957, Kaiser himself arrived in town to receive an award for his "important contribution to our economic prog-

No Sugar

Too many couples,
When times get tense,
Breakfast on coffee
And arguments.

Arthur Frederic Otis



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ress." He was greeted at point-blank range by a letter from Mrs. Robinson, inviting him to donate the controversial sixty acres to the public. "It is unthinkable," she wrote, "that you would desecrate the resting place of our heroic dead by erecting an industrial plant in this location."

If civic influence counted for anything, Mrs. Robinson's letter had it. Not long before it was written, Department of the Interior officials in Washington, D.C., intimated they had abandoned all hope of consolidating the New Orleans battlefield into a real national park. Mrs. Robinson, undaunted, did a community-wide version of Paul Revere's ride. She rounded up fifty-one patriotic groups to form the Louisiana Historic Landmarks Council. It included ten American Legion or Veterans of Foreign Wars posts, the Society of the War of 1812, the Military Order of the World Wars; also women's organizations ranging in historical age from the Colonial Dames through ten chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution and United Daughters of the Confederacy to the WAC Veterans Association. It was in their names that Mrs. Robinson addressed Kaiser. Henry yielded no ground to this formidable army of females and military men. One of his local representatives acknowledged the letter with a noncommittal note.

Four months later another storm broke over the contested battlefield. Officials of St. Bernard Parish incautiously revealed that Kaiser might sell them part of the disputed acreage for a community sewage disposal plant. The proposed site faced the beautiful René Beauregard mansion, an 1840 residence which the National Park Service was just then restoring for use as a museum and visitors' center. A private road running past the site had been proposed as a tour route if the land became public property. Now the road was suddenly closed at the Kaiser property line.

Mrs. Robinson and her cohorts rode into the lists like a whirlwind. A local newspaper columnist, Howard Jacobs, was moved to such admiration that he wrote, "When it comes to dedicated zeal, Carry Nation and Joan of Arc were shrinking violets compared to Mrs. Martha G. Robinson, who was the original Angry Woman at a board meeting of St. Bernard Sewerage District No. 1. . . ." When proponents of the sewage disposal plant asserted it would cause no odors, she testified otherwise and added, "All I can say is that these gentlemen's smelling apparatus needs attention." Before she was through, a hundred leading citizens of the parish enrolled in her organization and the sewage plant was banished to distant parts.

The general war of words grew so sharp that the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce, which had welcomed Kaiser with businesslike warmth, felt compelled to explain its stand. It did so August 16, 1957, in a newspaper advertisement which said in part that the Chamber of Commerce directors "concluded that the acquisition and expansion of this basic metal plant would attract other large corporations to the general area, which would provide jobs for many thousands of our people. This was of far greater value to the welfare of the citizens of our area than would be a further expansion of the park. On this basis we gave assurances to the Kaiser Corporation that we would actively assist them. . . ."

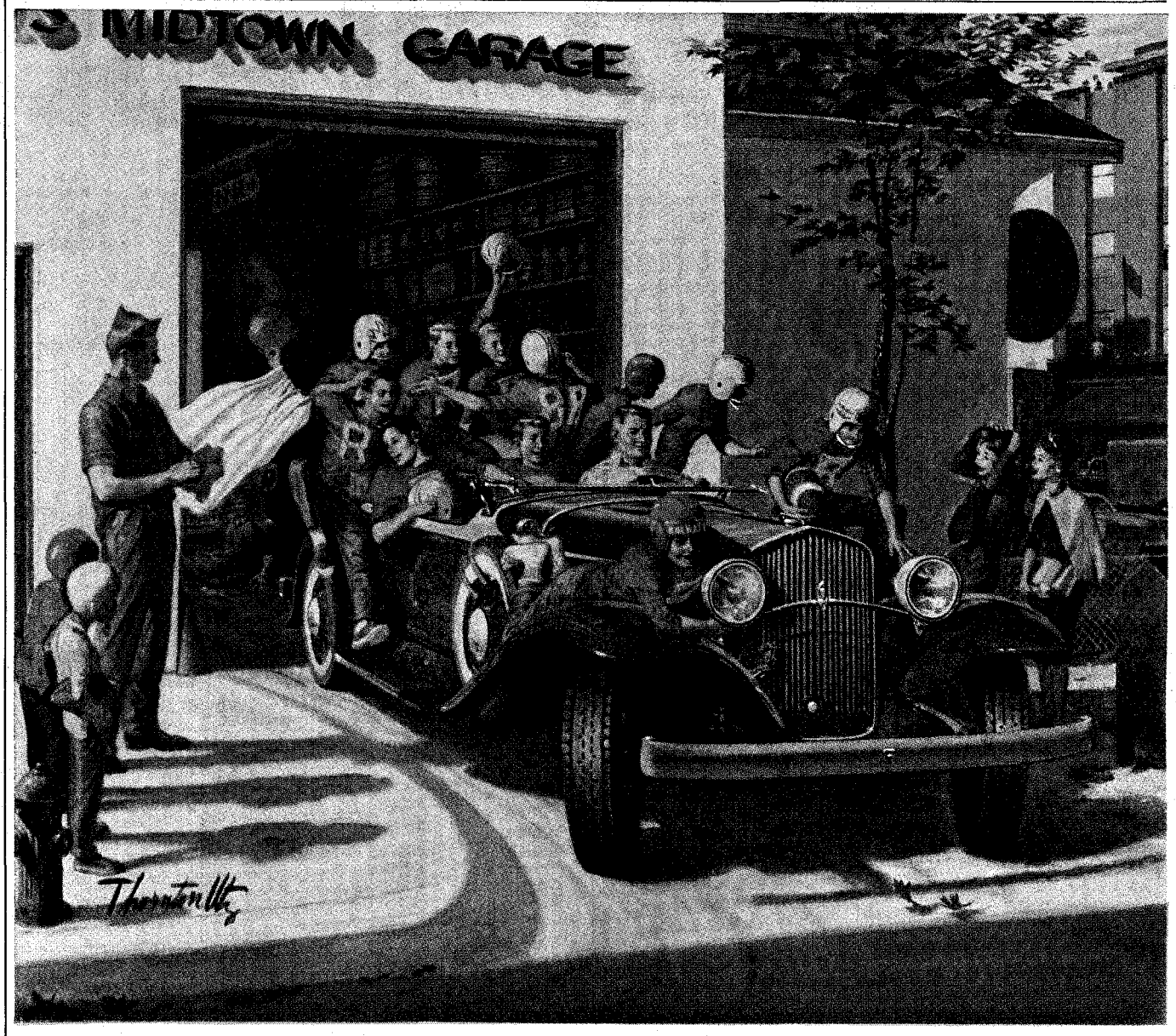
Shortly afterward Kaiser's New Orleans office wrote to the United States Department of the Interior suggesting a deal. The letter said that while the Kaiser interests could not donate or sell the sixty acres, they would "be willing to trade them for river-front property adjacent to the New Orleans plant." The letter did not specify what property. Mrs. Robinson quickly deduced that it could mean only the Chalmette National Cemetery. Remains of 15,000 American veterans of the War of 1812 and later conflicts lie there. A Kaiser official, Mrs. Robinson says, told her orally that "we may have to have the cemetery moved." She termed the thought "unconscionable" and again raised a war cry in behalf of the past.

Graves of the British slain in the battle, she pointed out, are nearby on a property used as a factory slag dump. They are unmarked as well as unhonored. A British survivor of the battle, Sir Harry George Wakelyn Smith, in his memoirs described the hasty burial during a truce: "There were some awful wounds from cannon shot, and I dug an immense hole and threw nearly 200 bodies into it. To the credit of the Americans, not an article of clothing had been taken from our dead except the shoes."

Public opinion cut short any kind of swap under which the American cemetery might have been used as the British one was. Meanwhile, Rep. F. Edward Hébert of New Orleans introduced a bill in Congress (*Continued on Page 75*)

There's one thing worse than having only yourself to blame and that's realizing it.

TERRY MCCORMICK



The day the Rockets took off

Well, you'd have thought football had been outlawed . . . the boys looked *that* gloomy!

Can't blame them either. Losing five straight was bad enough; but when "Old Faithful" gave up on them, two days before the big game, *that* was too much. Wheezing like a steam kettle, she was . . . and smoking like a pile of wet leaves. The fellows at the garage took one look at her, shook their heads sadly, and said, "So long engine bearings!"

Too many miles!

Well, maybe you think it'd be hard to *get* new bearings for an old gal like that; but it wasn't. One call to the Federal-Mogul jobber, and they were on the way. After all, Federal-Mogul has been making bearings since footballs were practically round; and Federal-Mogul jobbers see to it you can get them.

Anyhow, having "Old Faithful" in fighting shape again seemed to do something for the Rockets . . . they *won* that game, and they haven't lost since. If *your* old (or not-so-old) car is smoking and growling and getting you down, maybe it could use the same medicine. *Ask your mechanic!*

P.S. Ask him about BCA Ball Bearings, Bower Roller Bearings, and National Oil Seals, too. Your car will *like* them!

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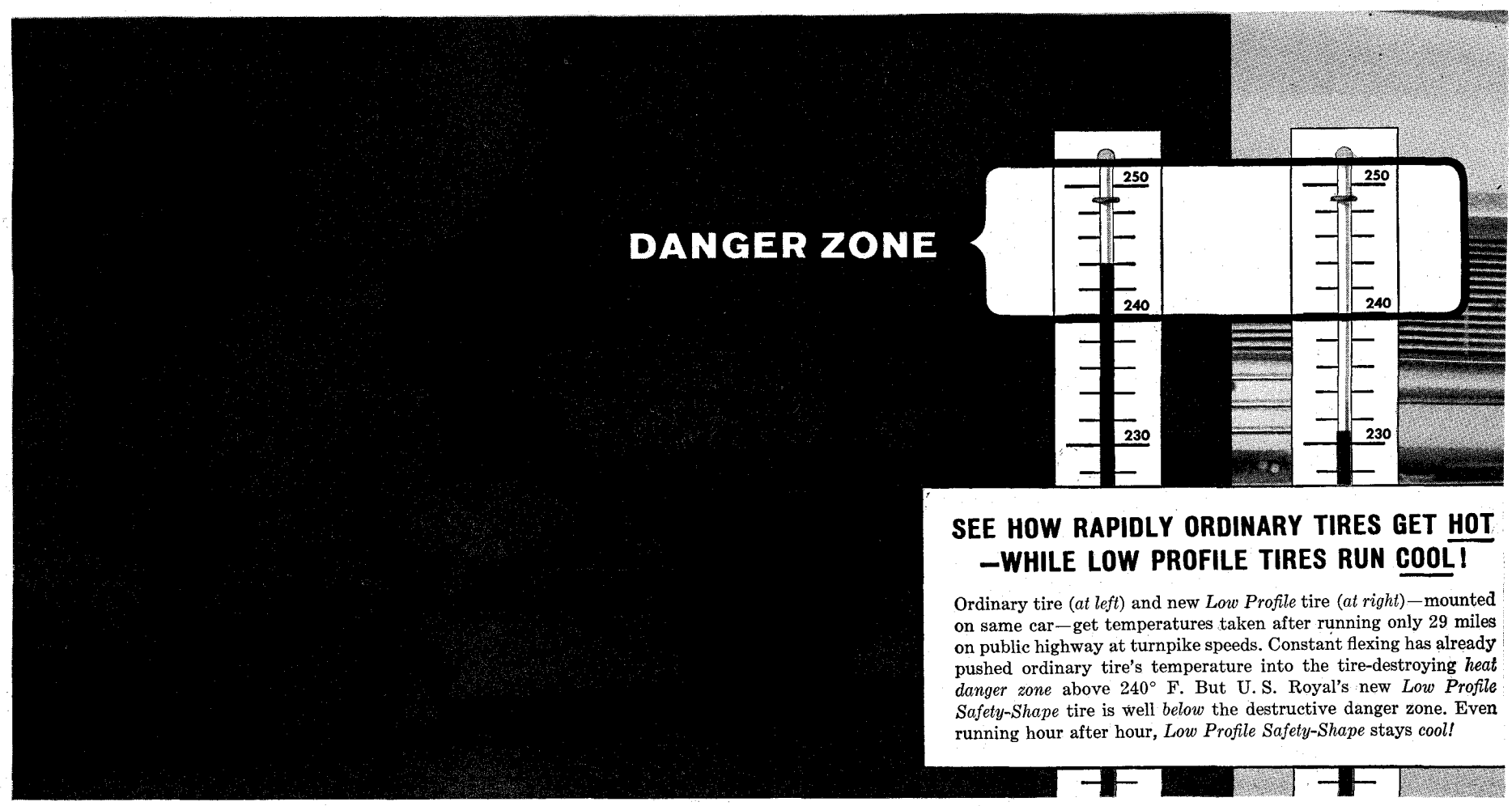
Road Tests Prove: RADICALLY NEW SAFETY SHAPE

BEAT DEADLY TIRE



SEE HOW RAPIDLY ORDINARY TIRES GET HOT —WHILE LOW PROFILE TIRES RUN COOL!

Ordinary tire (*at left*) and new *Low Profile* tire (*at right*)—mounted on same car—get temperatures taken after running only 29 miles on public highway at turnpike speeds. Constant flexing has already pushed ordinary tire's temperature into the tire-destroying *heat danger zone* above 240° F. But U. S. Royal's new *Low Profile Safety-Shape* tire is well *below* the destructive danger zone. Even running hour after hour, *Low Profile Safety-Shape* stays *cool!*

NEW LOWER, WIDER TIRES RUN COOLER, ARE SAFER, GIVE UP TO 35% MORE MILEAGE, SAVE GAS—YET COST NO MORE!

Why buy hot-running tires . . . when now, at down-to-earth prices, you can enjoy the extra safety of tires that beat deadly tire heat!

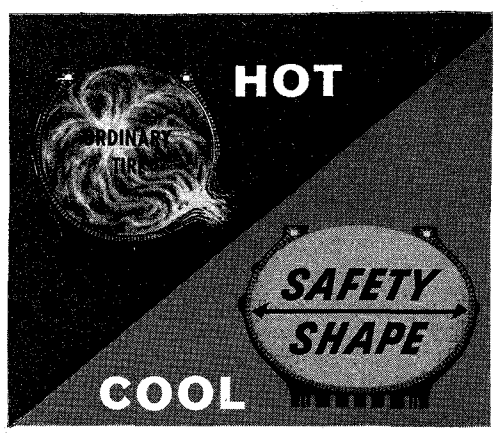
Heat murders tires—wears them out, burns them out, blows them out. *But not new U. S. Royal Low Profile Safety-Shape tires!*

Diagram at right shows that *Low Profile Safety-Shape* tires are *lower and wider* than ordinary tires. Built closer to actual working proportions on the road. So they don't flex as much. Don't strain as hard. *Run far cooler than ordinary tires!*

They're safer against tire failure at high speed. Safer on turns. Safer against skids. Safer in emergency stops.

They give longer service. Roll easier—save gas.

First proved in the premium-priced *U. S. Royal Master tire—Low Profile* is now yours at popular prices! At your U. S. Royal Dealer's—right now.



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Flash! Effective Immediately in U. S. Royal Tires

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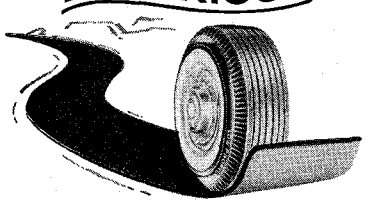
Gives You The **LUXURIOUS**

Smothers a million jolts a mile!

U. S. Royal proudly announces a new *super-supple* rubber—born of new polymers, new processes, new production techniques. This amazing new tread rubber absorbs even the tiniest "high-frequency" vibrations that cause fatigue. Gives you the smoothest ride you ever tried—the solid and luxurious "big car" feel!



- **No Bounce** Absorbs the bumps!
- **No Sing or Squeal** Absorbs the noise!
- **Less Scuff** Wears longer!
- **Soaks Up Vibration** Cuts driver fatigue!

RED CARPET RIDE

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See things you never saw before. Visit U.S. Rubber's new Exhibit Hall, Rockefeller Center, N.Y.

(*Continued from Page 73*) to acquire the key sixty acres by any legal means short of sending in an army of occupation. By now, he stated, the land value had risen to $500,000.

The controversy approached a happy ending last spring when the Kaiser interests suddenly announced that the sixty acres would be donated to the nation within a year or so. Chad F. Calhoun, a Kaiser vice president, explained that the company had arranged to obtain other suitable land nearby from the Southern Railway Company. Representative Hébert, diplomatically praising both Mrs. Robinson and Kaiser, said the Kaiser capitulation "places the flag of victory at the end of a long trail of heartaches, disappointments and frustration." He could have added more. It represented almost the only recent instance in which the public has won such an issue.

The latest reverse threatens the hearts of the Gettysburg and Manassas battlefields. To head off commercialization by private owners, the National Park Service asked Congress early this year for a $1,250,000 emergency appropriation to buy up highly essential areas. What ensued in the halls of Congress is fairly typical.

A House committee knocked out the request entirely. It pointed out that the Government now owns 18,000 acres of Civil War battlefields. This acreage it termed in purest governmentalese "more than adequate considering the prevailing budgetary situation." Then it turned around and recommended an extra $1,550,000 to enlarge national park camping-and-picnicking facilities.

When the appropriations measure reached the Senate, that body voted approval of $650,000 for the two battlefields but tied on some ticklish requirements. The measure next went to a free conference committee representing both branches of Congress. It emerged with a final figure set at $450,000, and some big "if's" attached. Because of the provisos not a cent actually may become available. For Congress made its appropriation dependent upon local enactment of suitable community zoning laws. Thus hometown politicos around Gettysburg and Manassas have the final say.

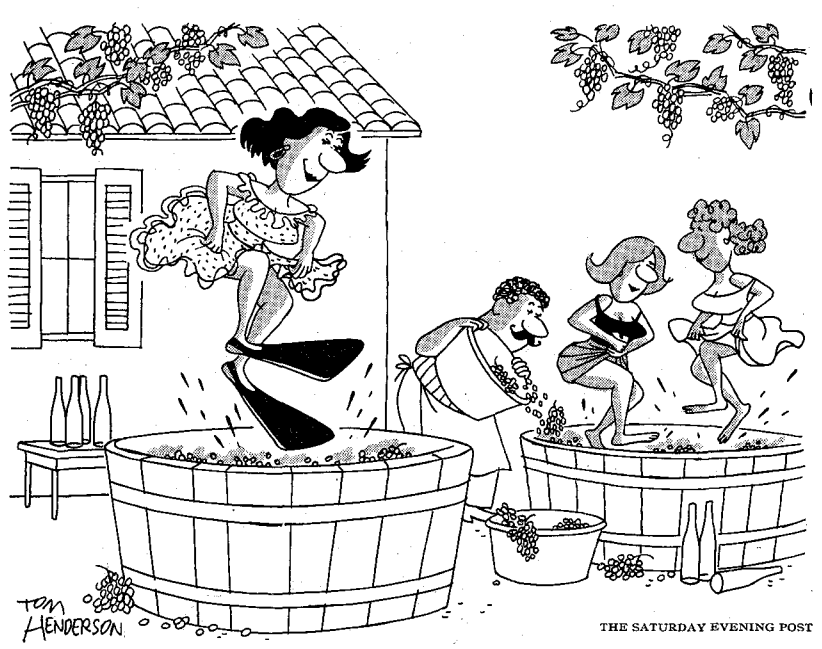
At Gettysburg the current Federal forces, in the form of the National Park Service, stand now as shakily as they stood on the doubtful second day of the tremendous conflict there July 1-2-3, 1863. The park service holds in the name of the United States 2762 scattered acres. To consolidate its holdings and maintain an untrammeled scene of farmland and countryside such as existed in 1863, it needs at least 691 additional acres. Otherwise, motels, miniature golf courses, playlands, bowling alleys and other commercial ventures may rise on the acreage and disrupt the picture. Some are already planned or building.

The principal battle lines of 1863 extended from north to south like a huge inverted U around the picturesque old market town of Gettysburg. Lee's army, sweeping down from the north, pinned the Union forces inside the U south of the town, but failed in all efforts to surround or crush them.

In a sharp skirmish with commercialism just a half mile south of town, the park service barely won out last year. Workers had begun construction of a large motel on the Emmitsburg Road (U.S. 15) near United States Avenue. If completed, the structure with its jukeboxes and neons would have stood on the ground crossed by the right flank of the great Confederate charge and less than a quarter of a mile east of President Eisenhower's farm. The park service halted the project by buying the three-and-eight-tenths-acre tract at about $4700 an acre. It hopes to acquire other private tracts nearby, including five which are subject to development as motels. Also, at the right of the Union line near historical Spangler's Spring, where both sides declared a local truce to gulp drinking water in the July heat, is a large automobile graveyard which one Government official termed "a real eyesore."

North of Gettysburg, where the Federals lost the first day's battle, the latter-day Federal cause faces the possibility of fresh defeat. Two large areas are up for sale: The 125-acre Meals farm, already divided into building lots, and eighty acres of the County Home farm which Adams County wishes to sell off as surplus to raise cash. No zoning regulations apply in the vicinity, and none of the Congressional appropriation of $450,000 can be spent there unless zoning rules are enacted locally. As matters stand, anything can be erected. "If we lose that land," Park Superintendent James B. Myers says solemnly, "we have just about lost the historical scene of the first day's fighting. What we would like to do is buy it and keep it in farmland as it was back then."

The famous Peach Orchard, south of Gettysburg, scene of bloody hand-to-hand combat, was bought by the Government long (*Continued on Page 77*)



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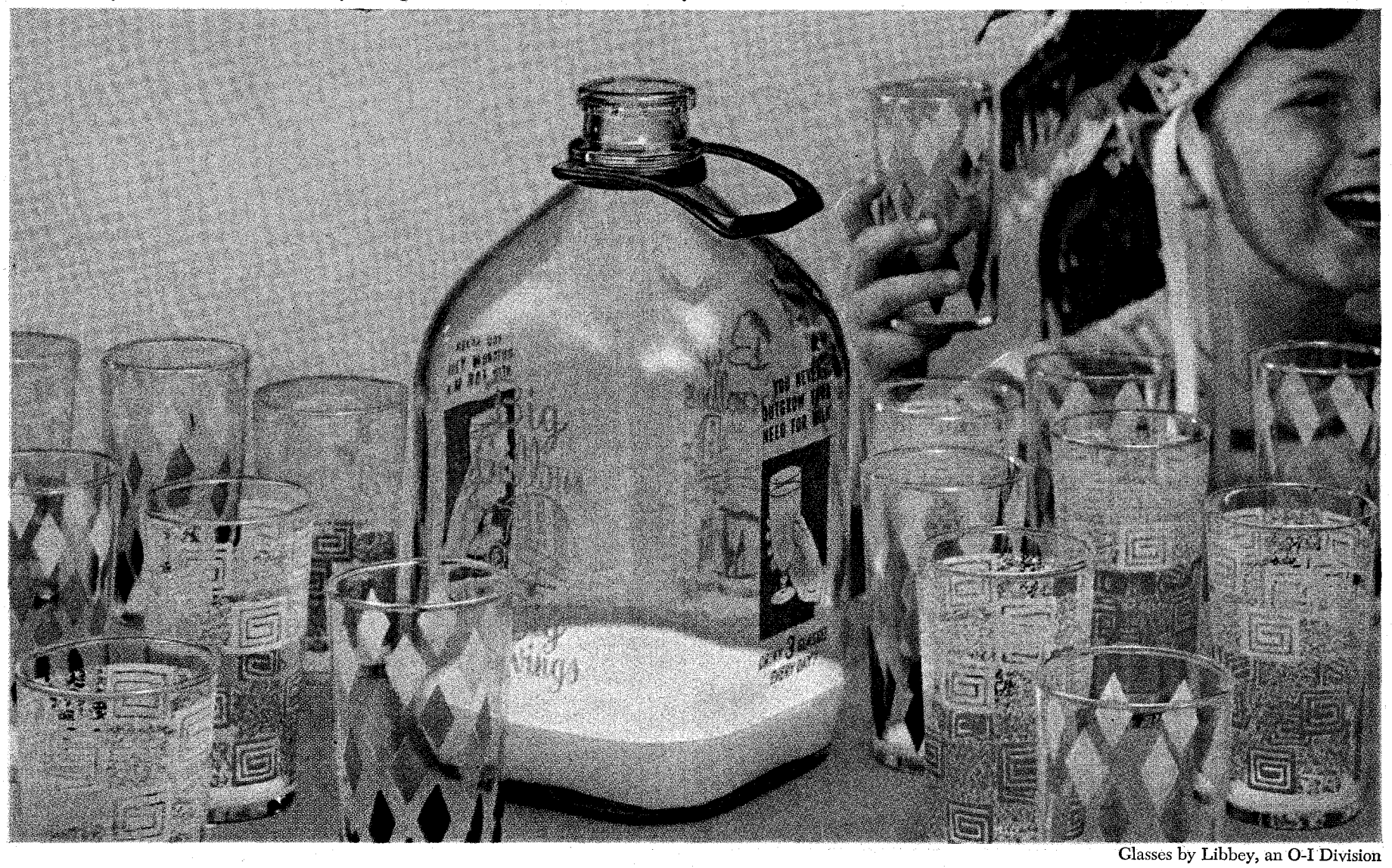
Nowadays—there are more young Indians in almost every tribe



Glasses by Libbey, an O-I Division

Bigger families need bigger milk bottles
Owens-Illinois provides sizes up to a gallon

Cows and Owens-Illinois are working harder and harder these days to keep bigger-than-ever American families supplied with milk.

More than half of the milk purchased for home use is in containers larger than a quart. The quart family has become the half-gallon family. The half-gallon family now buys the most economical milk container of all—the gallon glass bottle.

This king-size bottle is a hit with mothers who have 3-4-5 or more milk drinkers. It holds sixteen glassfuls of milk . . . takes up less refrigerator space than four quart containers. The handle on the neck makes handling easy.

Owens-Illinois offers dairies a wide selection of containers, and has plants in many sections of the country to serve them promptly.

Owens-Illinois customers today enjoy the benefits of yesterday's research. Our customers tomorrow will be ahead of the crowd, too, because of Owens-Illinois research today—whether they use dairy containers or any of the other products from the O-I family.

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(*Continued from Page 75*) ago and leased to a farmer who maintains it just as it was on the memorable day when shot and shell tore its trees, Myers points out. Other farmland, if acquired, also would be leased.

One major section of the battlefield now is a national park in name only. This is the cavalry battleground, about three miles east of Gettysburg. Of its 2000 acres the Government owns only ten acres and an access roadway. The heart of the area is dedicated, with high agricultural purpose, to chicken farming. Except for two tall commemorative shafts and a scattering of markers, there is little evidence today of the awful clash in which 10,000 horsemen of the two armies hacked and pistoled one another for hours. Historically the cavalry action ranks high. Rebel success in it might have made Gettysburg a Confederate victory that day despite the collapse of the magnificent infantry charge led by Pickett, Pettigrew, and Trimble. But Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, darling of the Confederacy, met his match in a dashing new cavalry leader, later famous as Gen. George A. Custer. For the first time the fabulous gray riders suffered a major reverse.

Describing the battle not long afterward, Colonel Kidd, of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, wrote, "As the Fifth Michigan advanced from field to field and fence to fence, a line of gray came out from behind the Rummel buildings and the woods beyond. A stubborn and spirited contest ensued. The opposing batteries soon filled the air with shot and shrieking shell. . . ."

After the battle, bewhiskered farmer Rummel removed thirty dead cavalry mounts from the lane to his buildings. In his fields he found grimmer evidence of the intensity of the struggle. At one point, there lay bodies of a Confederate and Federal with each man still clasping the bloody saber he had wielded to cut down the other. At another spot Rummel came across the interlocked remains of a Virginian and a Pennsylvanian who had hacked each other to the ground and then fought barehanded to the death.

The huge old barn of the Rummel farm still stands, almost as untouched by time as it was by artillery fire in 1863. Here and there traces of bullets pockmark the aging wood. The building, unfortunately for sight-seers, is not open to the public. Daniel W. Hoffman, present owner of the Rummel farm, uses it to house 2000 laying hens. The presence of the poultry has, however, saved the area from noisier and more garish forms of commercialization.

Progress has churned Manassas, the fateful battlefield twenty-five miles southwest of Washington, D. C., into a traffic jam of domesticity. The war scene there has fallen victim to the bulldozer tactics of subdivision builders. Housing covers more than half of the main battle area. As customarily occurs in residential developments, the construction ruthlessly obliterated fine trees, old highways and historical landmarks. Most of the remaining terrain is still in private hands, "awaiting development." In a sense, history has reversed itself. The Confederates twice, in 1861 and 1862, sent the Federals streaming back from Manassas or Bull Run to Washington in untidy defeat. Now Federals in the form of commuting Government employees from the capital fill the houses and dominate the scene. Where it took footsore Union soldiers a day or two to stumble back to Washington, commuters can drive the distance in an hour or so.

Equally hard hit by the marching hordes of our expanding population is a great battleground northwest of Washington. The North and South dispute this bloody Maryland valley to this day by designating the struggle there according to the two adjacent towns that their respective forces held: The North, Antietam; the South, Sharpsburg. Regardless of its name, the combat on September 17, 1862, cost the American people more casualties than any other single day of warfare. A total of 23,000, blue and gray, fell killed or wounded. Many were buried on the spot. Back in 1890 the Government bought just enough land to put through roads for bereaved relatives and Civil War veterans, and to implant a few old cannon. All together, the Government holds only 183 acres. Rep. John R. Foley, Democrat, Maryland, introduced a bill to have Congress authorize the purchase of an additional 1300 acres for $300,000. American Legion posts, Civil War Round Tables, and the nearby Hagerstown, Maryland, Chamber of Commerce have backed the measure, but it has not got far. Private enterprise, going ahead full blast on subdivisions, plans one or more super shopping centers where the fighting once raged hottest. These will serve a relative handful of suburbanites at a high aesthetic cost to Americans in general.

At the moment, in fact, many of our battlefields appear to have been reserved for profit rather than preserved for posterity. Federal financing is scarcely above the low point that it reached when a President of the United States vetoed a Congressional appropriation to buy 250 acres of the New Orleans battleground at the relatively low figure of $275,000. "This bill," he informed Congress, "is not in keeping with the well-established policy . . . that land for national monuments shall be acquired without cost to the Federal Government." And so Franklin D. Roosevelt, in 1936, struck a blow for economy.

In President Roosevelt's home state of New York, another of our greatest battlefields is split by private holdings, whose transformation for profit could spoil the whole historic aspect. This is picturesque Saratoga, a name more often associated with horse racing and potato chips than with history. In this area was fought the decisive Revolutionary War battle in the north. Few historic parks are as excitingly situated. Only twenty-eight miles north of the state capital at Albany, it overlooks the Hudson, whose scenic valley became one of the main corridors of the Revolution as the armies fought back and forth.

The name Saratoga, for all its enduring fame, is a misnomer. A two-phase conflict was fought in the vicinity on September 19 and October 7, 1777. The engagements are known in strict accuracy as the First and Second Battles of Stillwater, or Bemis Heights or Freeman's Farm—take your pick. Stillwater was the closest crossroads hamlet. The tavern handiest to the plateau battlefield was owned by one Bemis. And Freeman's farm consisted of an abandoned cabin in a clearing through which riflemen sniped.

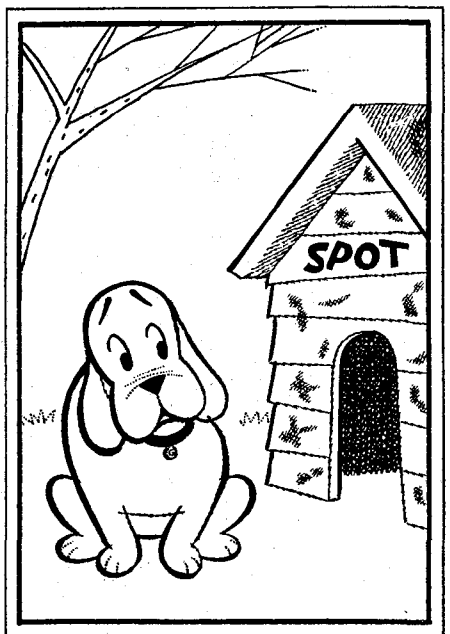
The British brought on the battle by marching down from Canada to seize the entire Hudson River Valley and cut off New England from the rest of the little nation. The Americans under Gen. Philip Schuyler made a slow retreat, retarding the enemy advance. Then fusty old Horatio Gates, later to disgrace himself by outrunning his defeated army at Camden, South Carolina, assumed command over Schuyler. Gates immediately snubbed Schuyler and antagonized Benedict Arnold, then an American brigadier. He did, however, order Thaddeus Kosciusko, the talented Polish military engineer on the American staff, to fortify the heights against the approaching redcoats.

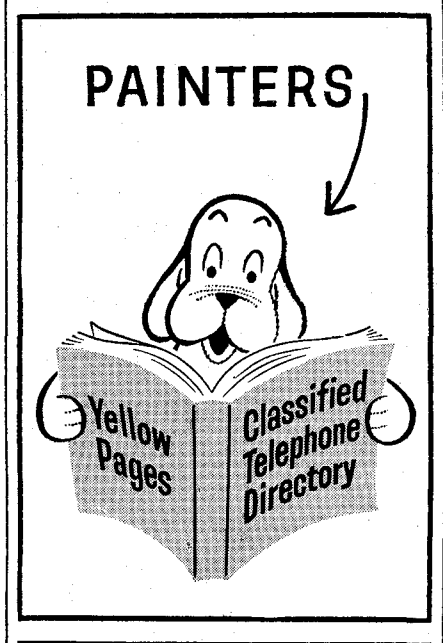
The British, under "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne, attacked the American position on September nineteenth, but were checked by forces directed by Arnold, with burly Daniel Morgan, the Virginia teamster, rallying his riflemen with a turkey call. Burgoyne next entrenched just north of the American lines, with Saratoga at his back. There he sat for nearly three weeks, while American raiders cut his long supply line from Canada behind his back and his redcoats and Hessians slowly starved. Desperate, he ordered a mass attack. His generals dissuaded him, so he made a "strong reconnaissance" with a third of his force and without any particular objective. The assault interrupted Gates' staff dinner. Arnold politely excused himself to see what the firing was about. Once on the field, he took charge and led the Americans with furious and foolhardy skill. The British lost more than a third of their force, including a general picked off by a sharpshooter. Arnold received a wound in the same leg which was hit earlier in the war at Quebec. Gates, who arrived at the scene of the victory after dessert, virtually ignored his services. Because Arnold later turned traitor, the monument to him at Saratoga is one of the nation's oddest. It shows only his twice-wounded leg, booted and spurred.

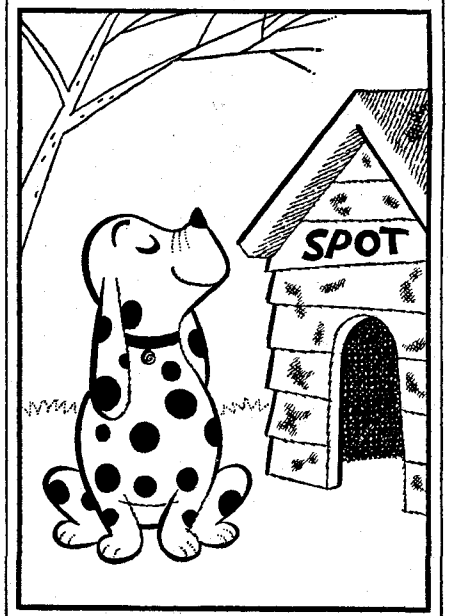
Congress first authorized a national park at Saratoga in 1938, but the project got off to a slow start. The park itself was not established (*Continued on Page 80*)

"Of course it isn't finished yet, but one of these days. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST







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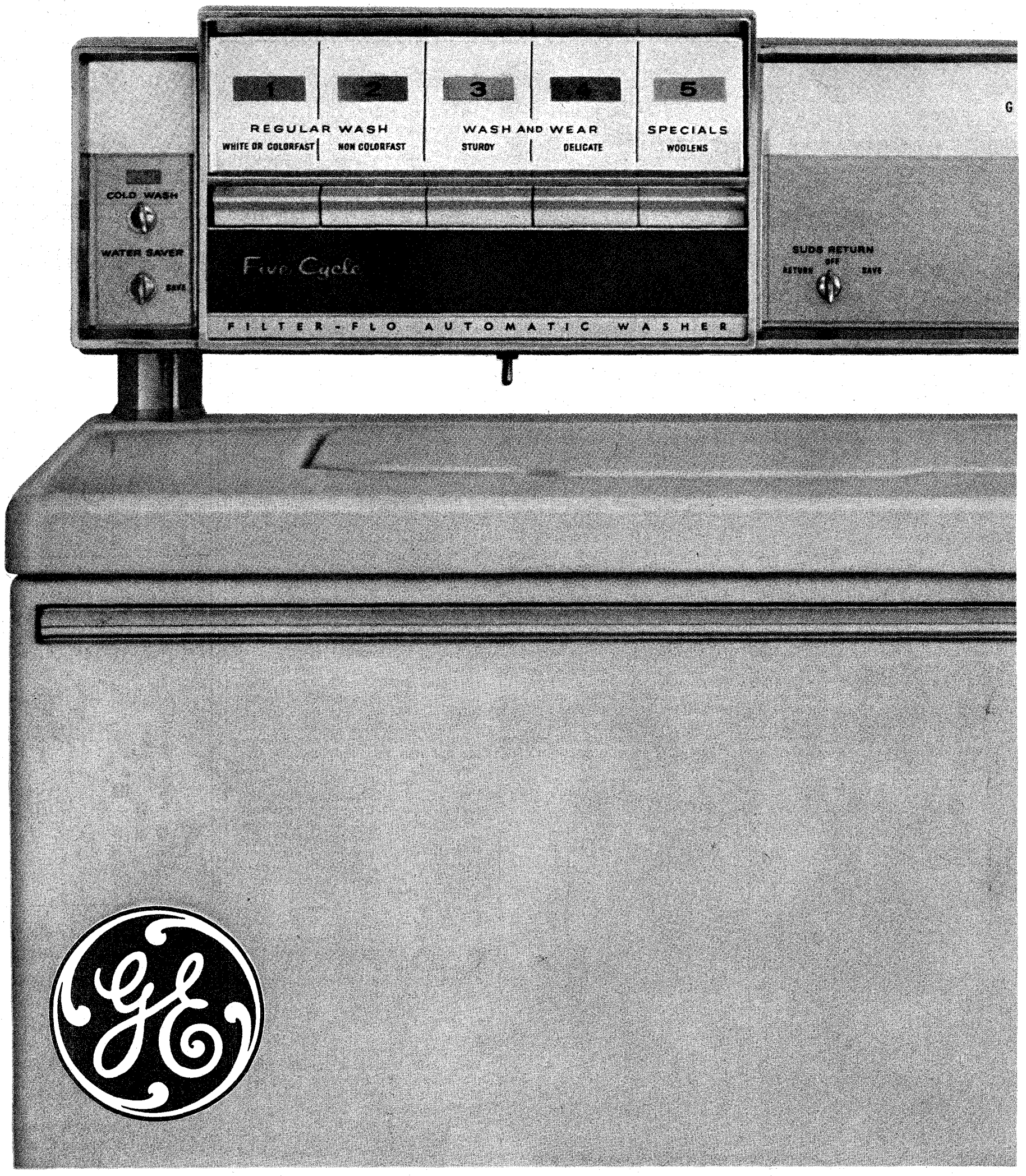

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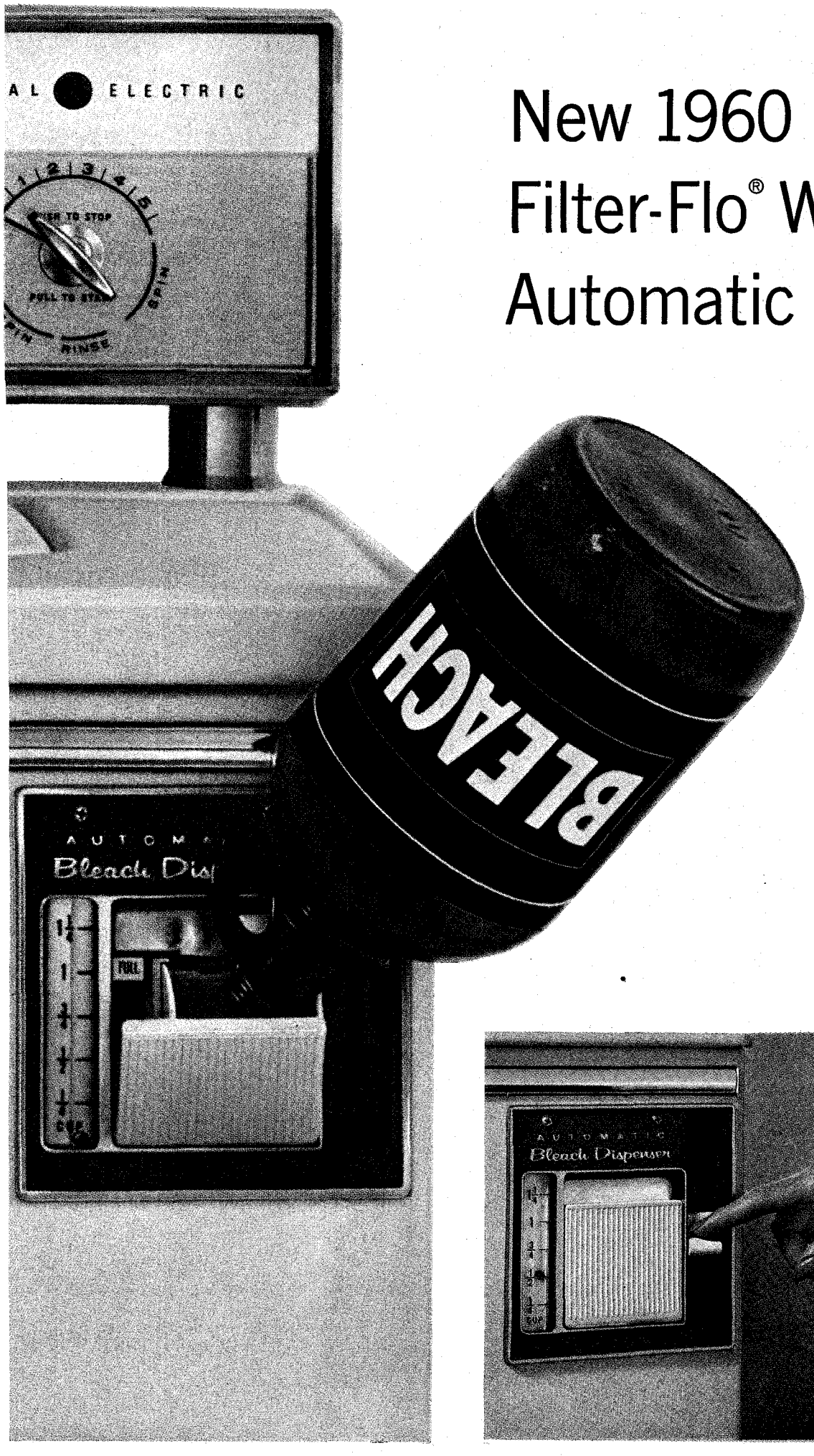
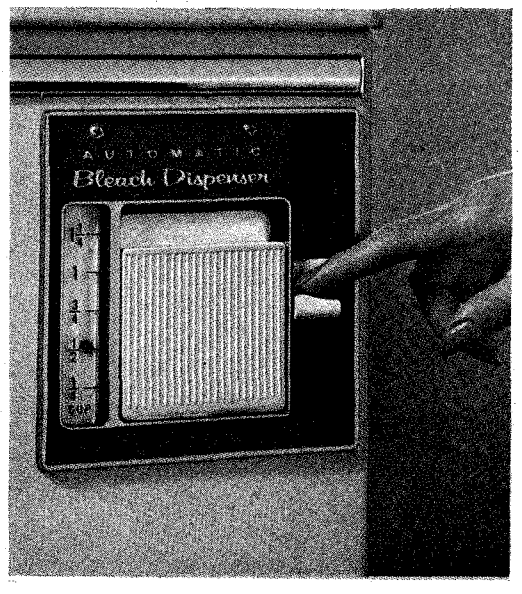
YOU BLEACH BY HAND!



New 1960 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer with fully Automatic Bleach Dispenser



1. Safely stores a month's supply—3 whole quarts
2. Measures, dilutes, adds the bleach automatically for you
3. Ends risk of clothes damage from undiluted bleach
4. Saves your time—no waiting around for washer to fill

No other washer does so much for you—so automatically! Washes clean as clean can be, removes lint and now does automatic bleaching, too. Now you'll never again hand-measure bleach, never again dilute it or pour it by hand!

STORES A MONTH'S SUPPLY of bleach. Just tip the economy-size bottle into the convenient spout, the dispenser stores 3 full quarts.

MEASURES, ADDS AND DILUTES the bleach automatically—when you want it. Press the fingertip pump to measure the bleach you need. Then—even before the bleach is added to your wash—it is diluted to safe solution.

NO LINT FUZZ on your clothes! The Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and recleans your wash water. Depend on it for bright, white, lint-free clothes, properly bleached every time.

5 AUTOMATIC CYCLES bring 'hand laundry' care to all your washables. Just touch a key, turn a dial to get correct water temperatures, correct wash and spin actions for every washable fabric.

PLUS: Extra-big 10-lb. capacity, Cold Water Wash Key, General Electric Warranty. *Only $3.30 weekly*, after a small down payment. Matching dryer. In white or color. See your General Electric dealer for prices and liberal terms. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

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AMERICAN CONCORD SPECIALLY SWEETENED NATURAL WINE.
Produced and bottled by MOGEN DAVID WINE CORP., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

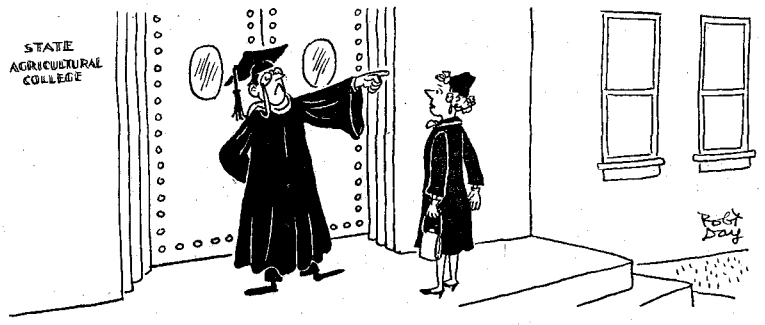
(*Continued from Page 77*) until ten years later, after the state of New York donated 1429 historically important acres. A helpful and heart-warming addition came in 1950 from individual landowners and St. Stephens Episcopal Church of Schuylerville. This gift consisted of the beautiful early-American summer home of General Schuyler and twenty-five acres. The Schuyler home, built not long after Burgoyne's surrender near what was Saratoga and is now Schuylerville, ranks as a rarity because it has been preserved in its original state. Washington, Lafayette and Alexander Hamilton are among those who "slept here."

Although Saratoga is in better shape than many other battlefields, two large key tracts remain in private hands. One embraces nearly half of the American line fortified by Kosciusko. The other lies between the American and British lines, almost at the point where Arnold was wounded in the moment of victory. Most land round about is used for farming or single-residence purposes. Any large-scale residential or business development on the two private holdings would detract from the battlefield vista as much as a motel between the Washington Monument and National Capitol.

In contrast to the turmoil and geographic disintegration which beset so many of our national battlefields, there is tranquil Valley Forge as an outstanding example of "how to do it right." Pennsylvania began buying up its 2033 acres near Philadelphia back in 1894. It took foresight to start a "country park" in those preautomobile days, but the state kept on. Most of the acreage was acquired forty years or more ago. The cost, including later acquisitions, averaged $932 an acre. But the result is a state park virtually unbroken by private holdings. It includes Washington's winter headquarters, obtained 90 per cent intact. All objects alien to the scene have been eliminated under a legislative mandate to restore Valley Forge as nearly as possible to "its original condition as a military camp, and maintain it forever as a public place."

The Works Project Administration and like agencies, during the years, rebuilt the log huts of the Continental Army, retrenched the crumbling earthworks, laid out scenic drives along the old roads, and cast replicas of the stubby field guns of the Revolution. Costs soon mounted to $2,505,425, not including maintenance, but they now prove highly worth while. Sentiment aside, Valley Forge brings into the general area an estimated tourist income of about $20,000,000 a year from several million visitors. And there is sentiment aplenty too.

One poetic city child, after touring Valley Forge with his school class, wrote of his visit to the green fields of history: "I liked it because I felt it was really MY country." THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Mrs. Markle, a serious young mother of three, was determined to get a degree in biology. As the state agricultural college was nearest to where she lived, she sought to enroll there. The dean of admissions, however, gave her a cold stare and a quick "no." He told her that the 1875 state law founding the college limited its enrollment to "male students." Mrs. Markle then sued for admission.

"We are not back in the dark ages of discrimination against women," she argued. "This college is supported by public taxes paid by both sexes. Therefore it should be compelled to admit qualified persons of both sexes regardless of what that archaic law says."

"The law can make reasonable classification of students even in state institutions," the college's attorney answered. "As an agricultural college is no place for a woman, Mrs. Markle should seek her degree elsewhere."

If you were the judge, would you rule for Mrs. Markle or the college?

... ...

Mrs. Markle lost. The court said: "Sex, as a basis for legislative classification, is used with considerable frequency in both the statutes of the United States and of the several states in such diverse subjects as jury service, voting rights, employment and minimum wages." It will be upheld, the court added, "unless wholly without any reasonable basis." For an agricultural college to exclude females, it concluded, is reasonable.

Based upon a 1958 Texas decision.

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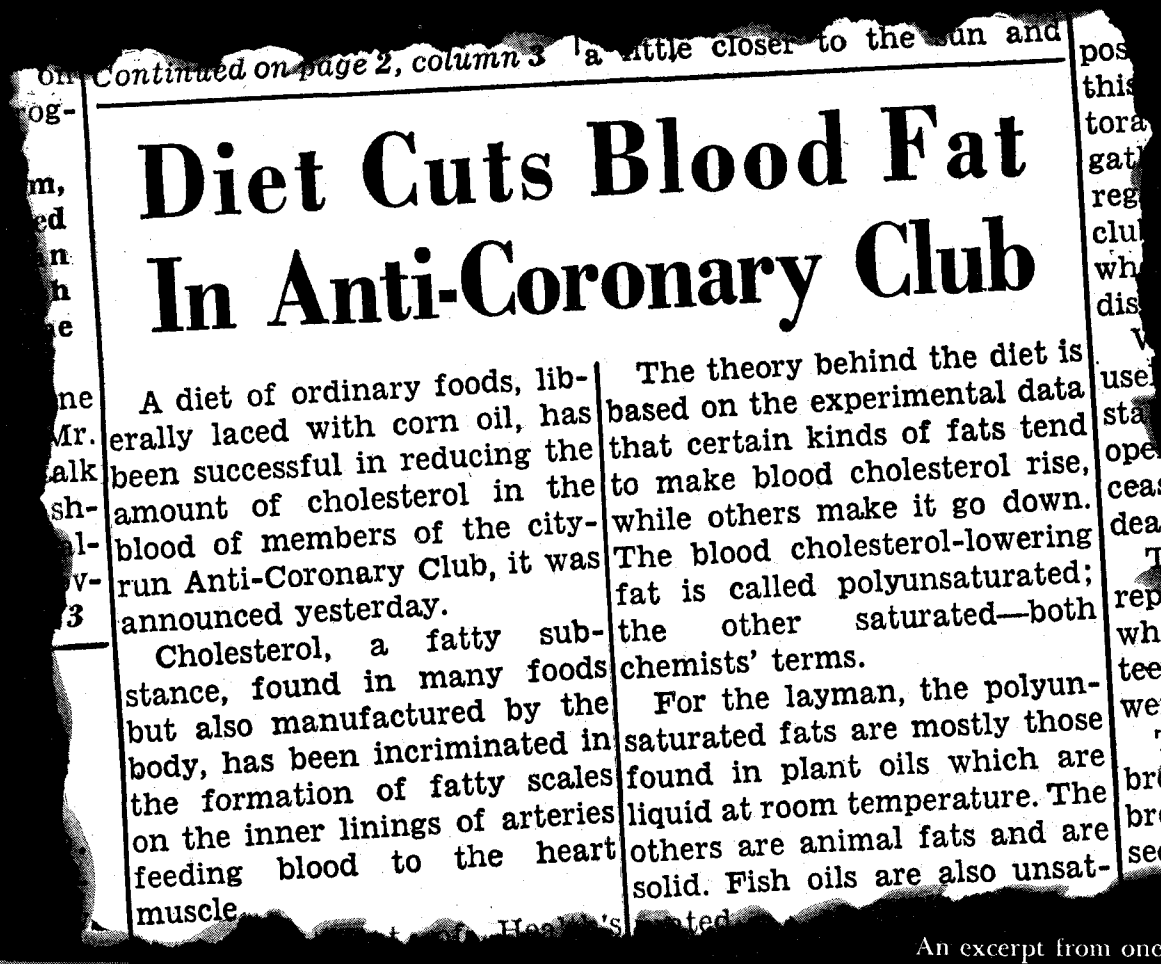
Latest findings again show
corn oil important to health



...Continued on page 2, column 3 ...a little closer to the sun and

Diet Cuts Blood Fat In Anti-Coronary Club

A diet of ordinary foods, liberally laced with corn oil, has been successful in reducing the amount of cholesterol in the blood of members of the city-run Anti-Coronary Club, it was announced yesterday.

Cholesterol, a fatty substance, found in many foods but also manufactured by the body, has been incriminated in the formation of fatty scales on the inner linings of arteries feeding blood to the heart muscle.

The theory behind the diet is based on the experimental data that certain kinds of fats tend to make blood cholesterol rise, while others make it go down. The blood cholesterol-lowering fat is called polyunsaturated; the other saturated—both chemists' terms.

For the layman, the polyunsaturated fats are mostly those found in plant oils which are liquid at room temperature. The others are animal fats and are solid. Fish oils are also unsat-

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Because Mazola is *unsaturated, not hydrogenated*—so rich in "L-plus" factor, many doctors recommend it be included in daily meals...replacing a substantial portion of the fats we now eat. In this way, control of blood cholesterol can frequently be accomplished without drastic restrictions in the diet.

There are many delicious ways to enjoy Mazola...and its health benefits...in your daily meals. Just use Mazola in salad dressings, for frying and cooking...as a shortening. Mazola is *good*—and good *for* you!

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Doctors believe that the combination of natural substances present in corn oil bring about this desirable effect. For brevity, we call this combination (including Linoleates) the "L-plus" factor. Mazola Corn Oil has a very high "L-plus" factor content.

Since the body cannot make the complete "L-plus" factor, it should be provided regularly in daily meals.

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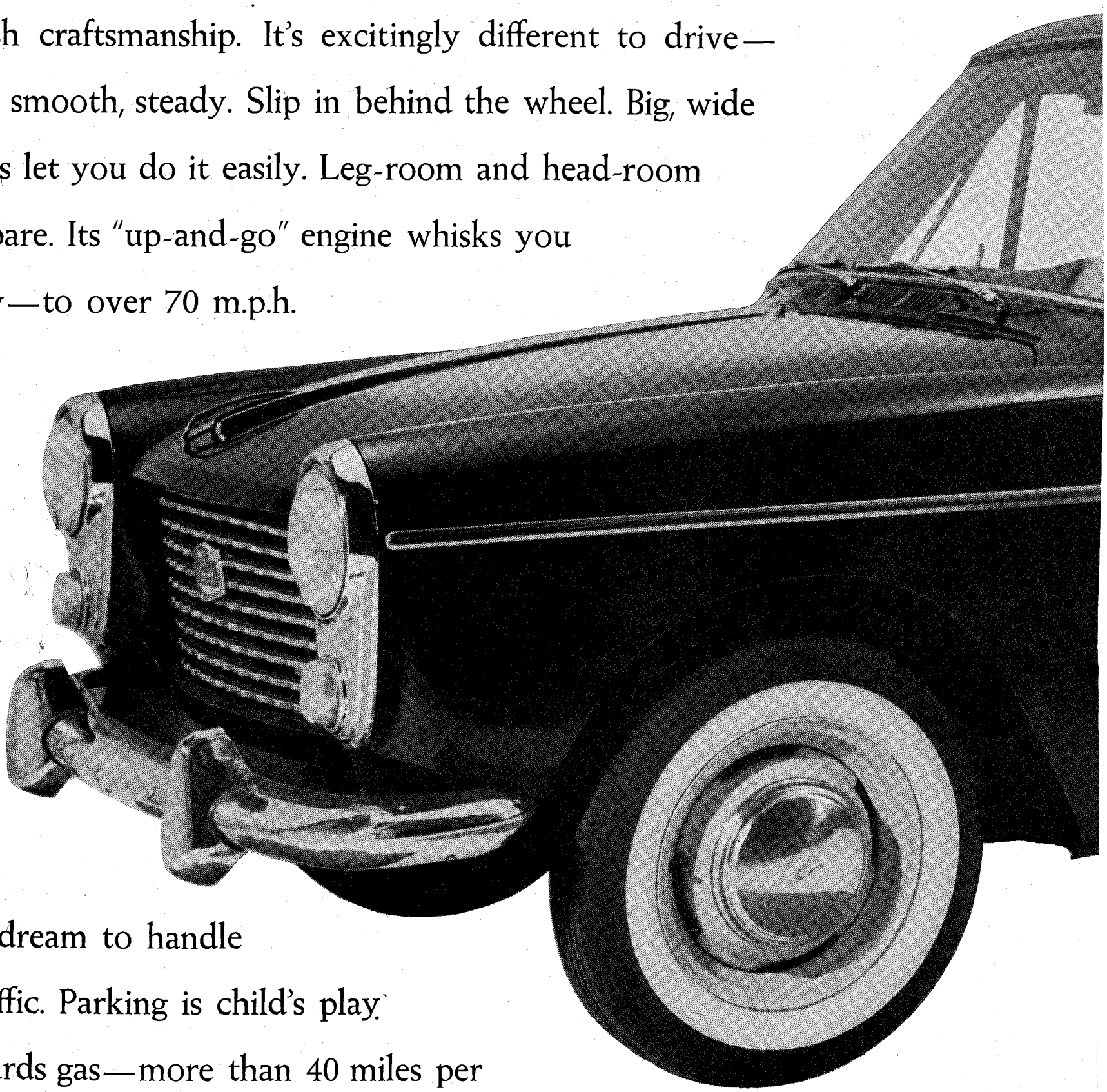

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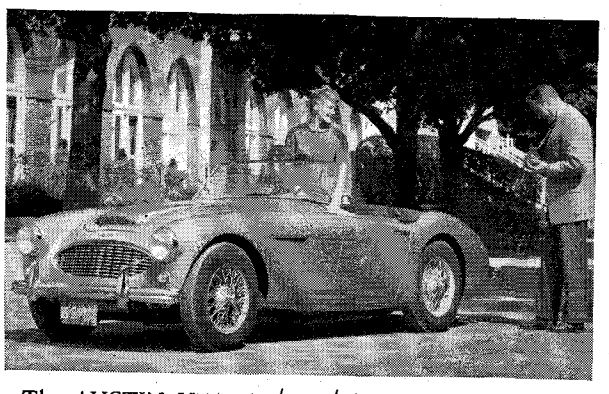

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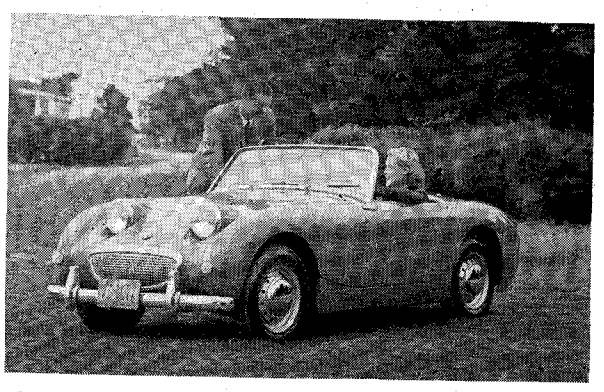

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The Case of the Waylaid Wolf

(Continued from Page 45)

something he's done before. If a witness is going to identify someone—if there is any possibility that you, for instance, might be called on to identify this young woman as the person you saw getting out of Loring Lamont's car when it was parked in front of the fireplug a couple of nights ago, Mr. Mason could bring her into your store where you'd see her casually.

"Then later on, when you get on the witness stand and identify her as the woman who got out of Lamont's car, Mr. Mason could smile fiendishly at you and say on cross-examination, 'Aren't you mistaken? Isn't this the young woman who was in your store with me when I was asking you about hi-fi equipment?'

"Now, Henley, I don't want you to get trapped. I don't want you to speak up until you're certain. Have you ever seen this young woman before? Is this the woman who got out of Loring Lamont's car?"

Mason said, "And don't let him confuse you, Henley. This is no way to make an identification. If this young woman is ——"

"She is!" Henley interrupted. "That's the woman I saw get out of the car. She was dressed a little differently, but that's the woman."

"Now be sure. Be absolutely sure," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"I'm sure that's the woman."

Tragg turned to Mason with a smile. "Won't you introduce me, Mason?" he said. "Or perhaps there's no need for you to do it. . . . Miss Arlene Ferris, I am Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide, and I'd like to ask you a few questions about where you were on the night Loring Lamont was murdered."

Madge Elwood stepped back with an exclamation of dismay so well done that even Mason was fooled. Her face actually seemed to go white to the lips.

"Come, come, now," Tragg said. "If you're innocent there's nothing to be afraid of, and ——"

Mason interrupted. "I'm afraid you have made a slight mistake, lieutenant. . . . Miss Elwood, permit me to present Lieutenant Tragg. . . . Lieutenant Tragg, this is Madge Elwood, a secretary from Santa Monica. She also happens to be interested in hi-fi equipment, so I brought her in here to listen to some of the latest equipment."

Tragg's voice suddenly was edged with sharp authority. "You're sure?" he asked Henley.

"I'm absolutely certain, lieutenant. That's the woman."

"I thought it would be," Tragg said. "We'll unscramble the names later. That's Mason for you! You can see the trap he was setting for you. He'd have asked you a question or two, then walked out. You are busy. There is no reason for you to remember two customers who make a casual inquiry. Later on, when you identified this girl, Mason would have convinced the jury your subconscious had played a trick on you, that you remembered her as the girl who had been in here with him."

"I see," Henley said, looking at Madge Elwood.

Tragg said harshly, "You've raised hell if this isn't the girl."

"Tut, tut, such language," Mason said reproachfully.

"It's the girl," Henley said at length.

Tragg turned to Perry Mason. "We can dispense with your company, counselor. Miss Elwood and I are going to take a little ride."

"You've got a warrant?" Mason asked.

"I don't need one," Tragg said.

"You need one in order to take her into custody and dispense with my company," Mason said. "If you're going to take a ride, I'm going with you. You can't take Miss Elwood away from me simply on your say-so."

"She has just been identified as ——"

"I have good ears," Mason said. "I heard the identification. I heard how positive it was. Just remember that when we get to court."

"I don't know what kind of a razzle-dazzle you're trying at the moment," Tragg said, "but I'm going to find out. . . . Come on, Miss Elwood."

"And I'm coming along," Mason said.

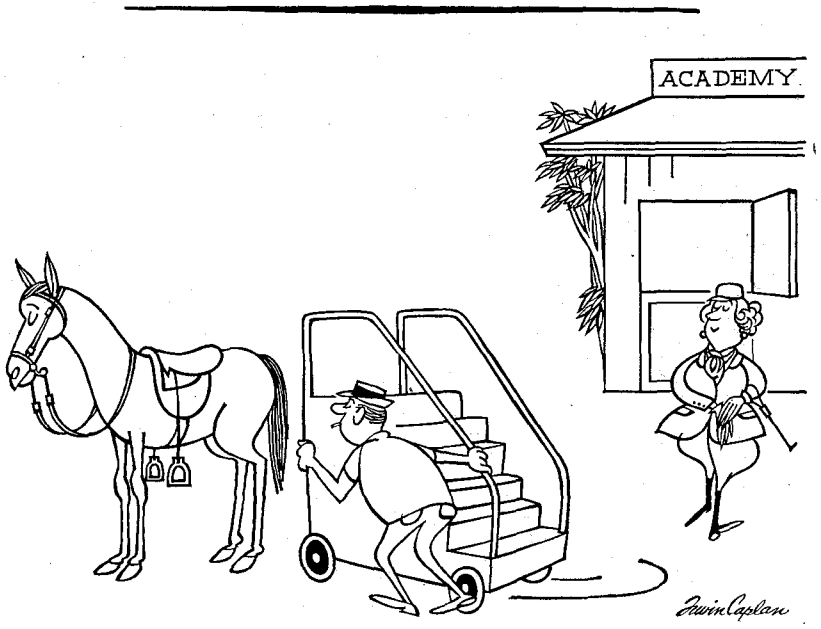
Tragg hesitated a moment, then yielded the point. "Very well," he said, "but you're not going to interfere in any way. You're going to keep quiet. I'm going to do the talking. If you try to confuse the witness I'm going to dust off a few sections of the penal code which you may have forgotten."

Mason's smile was urbane. "Come, come, lieutenant," he said, "I never forget any of the sections of the penal code. I can't afford to."

Tragg said to Madge Elwood, "We're going in a police car. Come on."

He led the way outside to where the police car with a driver was waiting at the curb. Tragg held the rear door open for Madge Elwood and the lawyer.

Mason, catching her eye, made a gesture for silence. They entered the car.



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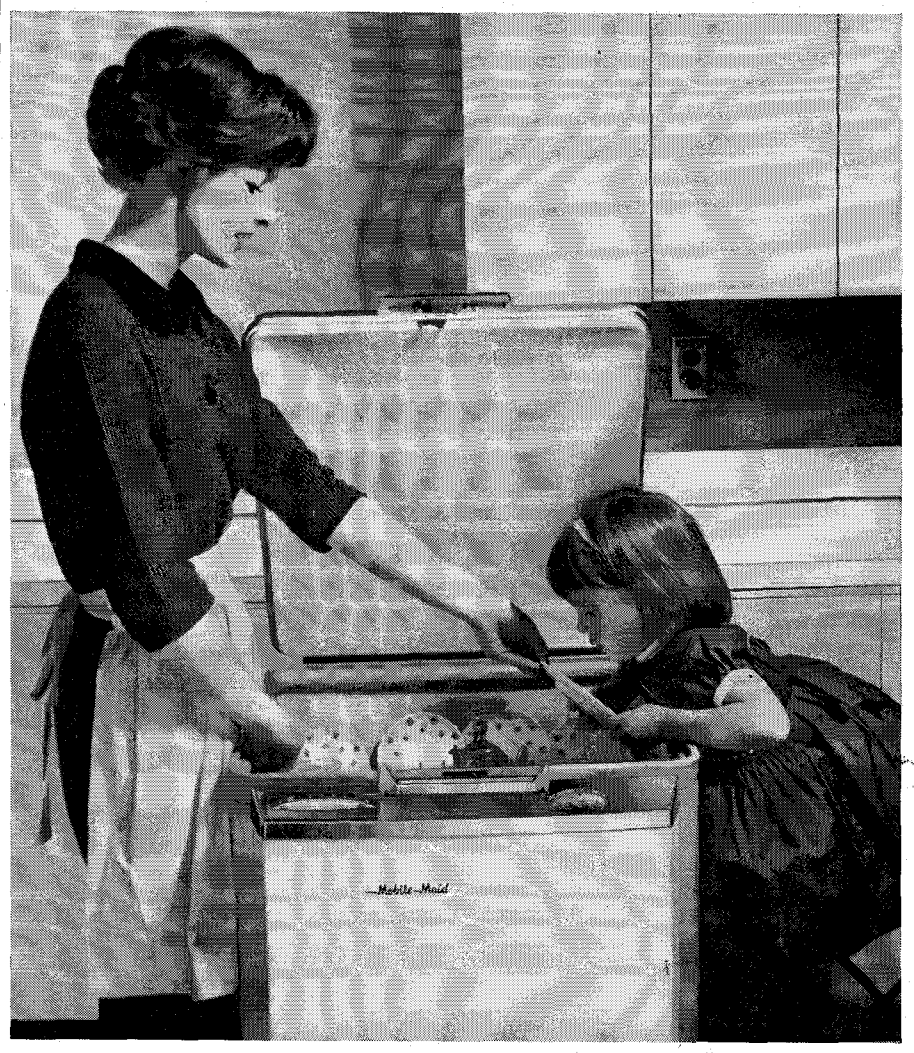

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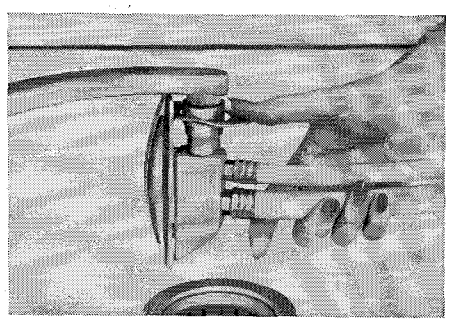

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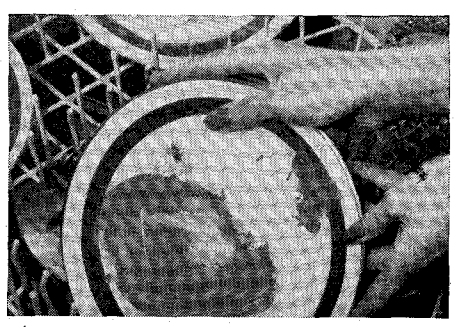

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Tragg said something in a low voice to the driver, and the car eased out into traffic, then purred into swift speed.

The car veered off into a residential district of rather modest houses. Tragg and the driver held a low-voiced conversation. Tragg indicated a street, and the driver turned to the left and stopped in front of a small bungalow.

Tragg said, "You folks wait here."

He went to the house, rang the bell and after the door was opened went inside. He was in for about five minutes, then came out accompanied by a man who walked with him to the automobile.

Tragg stood with his back to the car, the man facing him. They said nothing for a few moments, then Tragg said, "We'll try not to detain you. Look at the other side."

They walked around the automobile. The man apparently was inspecting the police car.

After a moment Tragg led the way back into the house. He was in there for another five minutes, then came out and said to the driver, "All right. Take them back to the music store."

"May I ask what this is all about?" Mason asked.

"I'll let you guess."

Mason said, "I suppose this car was in an accident somewhere and you wanted the man to identify it."

Tragg grinned. "Could be."

"Or perhaps the city is thinking of selling police cars as surplus, and this man wants to buy," Mason went on.

"Could be," Tragg said in a tone of voice which didn't invite further speculation or conversation.

They rode in silence back to the music store. "All right," Tragg said, "this is where we picked you up, this is where we let you out."

"Thanks," Mason told him. "Any time we can be of service, just let us know." The car moved away from the curb.

"Mr. Mason," Madge Elwood said in a panic, "you can't let them do that to me! This man in the music store—he has no right to say that he saw me getting out of a car. I was in Santa Monica and——"

"Take it easy," Mason said, "take it easy. I think Lieutenant Tragg didn't seem too happy as he drove off. Let's find out the cause of his unhappiness."

He went to the parking lot, got out his car and started driving.

"But this is the same way that the police officers went," she said at length.

"I know," Mason said.

"You're going back to that same house?"

Mason nodded.

"Why?"

"Just to check up," Mason said.

She started to protest, then lapsed into silence. Mason drove the car back to the bungalow, parked it, went up to the house and rang the bell.

The same man who had walked out to look at the car answered the door, started to say something, then said, "You're the man who was out here with the police a short time ago?"

"That's right," Mason told him.

"I told the lieutenant all I know," the man said. "I can't be sure. It looks something like the girl, but I can't be sure it's the same one. A man was out here with a picture. He asked me if I could identify the picture. I told him I couldn't. I think the girl with the police was the one whose picture I saw.

"I only had a quick glimpse as Loring Lamont drove his car out of the parking lot. There was a girl with him. I'm not certain this is the one."

"Thank you very much," Mason said. "I'm sorry I bothered you."

"Not at all. The police woke me up early this morning. I can't go back to sleep. I'd like to help, but I'm not going to say I'm sure if I'm not sure."

"I know exactly how you feel," Mason told him, "and I respect your feelings. What's your name again?"

"Tom Grimes."

"Thanks a lot," Mason said, shaking hands. "I'll try not to bother you again."

He walked back to the car.

"Now, let's not misunderstand each other," he said to Madge Elwood. "You're willing to do anything you can to help Arlene?"

"That's right."

"I'm going to mix you up in this thing."

"How deep?" she asked apprehensively.

"Not so deep that you can't get out," Mason told her. "They're going to drop you like a hot potato, but I want to be sure they get their fingers pretty badly burned before they do it. All right with you?"

"Anything you say is all right with me, Mr. Mason. The main thing I want to do is to help Arlene."

"All right," Mason said. "I'll take you back to the parking lot. Get your car and drive to your apartment. Newspaper reporters will be there shortly after you arrive. Go home now and fix yourself up for the photographers. I want you to take good pictures."

"Cheesecake?" she asked.

"Within moderate limits," Mason said. "Don't let them overdo it."

Mason returned to his office to find Paul Drake waiting. "The police have picked up Arlene Ferris," Drake said.

"Where did they find her?" Mason asked.

"Down at Santa Monica, in the apartment of a friend."

"How did they get the lead?" Mason asked. "What started them down there searching for her?"

"I don't know. They probably started checking on all of her friends."

Mason said to Della Street, "Get me Hamilton Burger, the district attorney, on the phone. I'd like to talk with him personally, but if I can't do that I'll talk with his chief deputy."

"Going right to the top, eh?" Drake asked.

"Going right to the top," Mason said.

He watched while Della Street relayed the call through the switchboard in the outer office; then, after a moment when she nodded and said, "He's coming on the phone," Mason took the phone.

"Hello, Burger," Mason said.

Hamilton Burger's voice was cautious. "Hello, Mr. Mason. What can I do for you?"

"The police are picking up one of my clients, an Arlene Ferris."

"Yes," Hamilton Burger said. "They want to question her in connection with the murder of Loring Lamont. Someone in my office may be present, but the police will conduct the interrogation."

"That's just dandy," Mason said. "Now, as soon as she's brought in I want to have it understood that I talk with her. A word from your office to the police might save us both a lot of trouble. I want to have the privilege of visiting her as her attorney as soon as she is brought into detention, whether she's booked or not."

Hamilton Burger thought for a moment, then said, "I'm quite certain you won't have any trouble visiting her as soon as she's brought in—provided, of course, you are her attorney."

"I'm her attorney."

"All right. Let me ask you a couple of questions. I happen to know something about this case personally. When she heard that Loring Lamont had been murdered, why didn't she come to the police and say that she had been out with Lamont at the scene of the murder the night that it occurred—that is, of course, assuming that she's innocent?"

"Well," Mason said, "that brings up a nice question. When did she learn that he had been murdered?"

"You're asking me questions in answer to my questions," Burger said.

"I don't know any other way to handle the situation."

Burger said, "I'll tell you this much frankly, Mason. If she's innocent, we don't want to drag her through a lot of publicity. If she's guilty, naturally we want to prosecute her—unless, of course, you'd like to consider entering a guilty plea. And if it was self-defense, she'd better come out and say so right now."

Mason said, "I'll discuss the matter with my client."

"All right," Burger said. "But I don't think the police (*Continued on Page 88*)

"Now, about that overdue bill from your last two affairs . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 86*) will bring her in until they've asked her a lot of questions."

"Quite all right with me," Mason said. "I take it you're personally familiar with the details of the case?"

"I'm getting familiar with them. The Lamont family is rather prominent. This is hardly a run-of-the-mill murder case."

"O.K.," Mason told him, "I'll rely on your promise to fix things up so I can see my client as soon as she's brought in. Thanks a lot."

Mason hung up and turned to Paul Drake. "Know anything else, Paul?"

"This much," Drake said. "Loring Lamont went out to that lodge. He had a young woman with him. They cooked up ham and eggs and a plate of hot biscuits, and then sat down and ate. Lamont was killed within a matter of minutes after the meal."

"Both of them ate?" Mason asked.

"Both of them ate."

Mason frowned thoughtfully.

"What have you found out about that place out there, Paul?"

"Well, it's maintained by the company as a place of entertainment."

"Any caretaker or anybody in charge?"

"Yes. There's a woman who lives about five miles down the road, who keeps the place clean."

"What's her name?"

"Sadie Richmond, a widow."

"What else?"

"The place is completely surrounded by a woven mesh, heavy wire fence, ten feet high, with strings of barbed wire across the top. You either get in through the gate or you don't get in at all. The gate is kept locked. They're very careful to keep it locked at all times because there's a swimming pool there and they don't want to be responsible for anybody who might blunder into the swimming pool and get drowned."

"There's no way a person could drive in except along that road through the gate?"

"That's right."

"No back gate, no back entrance to the property?"

"Nothing."

"What about Sadie Richmond?"

"She goes in every day, usually between ten o'clock and noon. She straightens the place up. Sometimes people will be out there and leave dirty glasses, dirty dishes and generally mess the place up. She keeps it clean. There are a couple of bedrooms in the place, and sometimes executives of the company or their friends will sleep out there. Sadie keeps the beds changed with fresh linen. A man comes in the afternoons and keeps the yard in condition. A pool company services the swimming pool, and their representative has a key to the gate. It's a heated swimming pool with a thermostat, and it's kept at an even temperature all year round."

Mason glanced at his watch. "How long ago did the police pick Arlene Ferris up, Paul?"

"I can't tell for certain, but it must have been nearly an hour."

Mason frowned. "They evidently got there just about the time Madge Elwood was leaving the apartment. Come on, Paul, we're going to take a run out and look the property over—the scene of the crime."

"We can't get in," Drake said.

"What'll you bet?" Mason asked.

"Now wait a minute, Perry, let's not try anything that's going to make trouble."

"The police are finished out there?"

"The police have finished, the newspaper reporters have been admitted and given an opportunity to take photographs, and now the place is closed up tight."

"That suits me fine," Mason said. "Let's go hunt up Sadie Richmond. You have her address?"

Drake nodded.

"O.K.," Mason said. "Let's go."

"Want me?" Della Street asked.

Mason hesitated a moment, then nodded his head. "Come on," he said. "A woman's eye may detect certain things that would escape a man."

"What are you looking for?" Paul Drake asked.

"If I knew," Mason told him, "I wouldn't have to go out. Come on, let's go."

The three of them went down to the parking lot, got in Mason's car, took the same route from the freeway to the paved road and onto the dirt road for a stretch, then turned onto a graveled road to a point designated by Drake.

"Sadie Richmond lives along in here," Drake said. Mason slowed the car.

"This is the place. Turn in here," Drake said.

Mason turned in to a neat little bungalow, stopped the car and said, "Now let's see if we get this straight, Paul. You can't get in without a key?"

"That's right."

"But there are several keys– the executives of the company have them, Sadie Richmond has one, the swimming-pool people have one, the man who takes care of the place has one."

"That's right."

"What's his name?"

"Otto Keswick."

"Where does he live?"

"About half a mile up the road here."

"All right," Mason said, "let's go see Sadie Richmond."

They left the car, walked up the steps of the bungalow and Mason rang the bell.

The woman who came to the door was in her early thirties, a rather large woman, but a woman who carried no extra weight and moved with lithe grace. She had a well-modeled figure.

Mason introduced himself. "I'm interested in the Loring Lamont case."

"Who isn't?" Sadie Richmond asked.

"Have you been in the place this morning to clean up?"

"The police didn't want it cleaned up, not for a while."

"Have you been out there this morning?"

"No, I haven't been out there yet. Police asked me to wait until they telephoned that it was all right to go in. They removed quite a few articles, I understand."

"You haven't been notified yet?"

"Yes, they notified me about half an hour ago and said it was all right, that they were finished with the place."

"So you're going in to clean up?"

"That's right."

"How would you like some help?" Mason asked.

She smiled and shook her head. Mason opened his wallet, took out a twenty-dollar bill. Sadie Richmond looked at the twenty-dollar bill. Her face became wooden. She said nothing. Mason took out a second twenty-dollar bill, then another and another. He smoothed them out, then folded them and folded them once more, making them into a compact packet.

"We wouldn't get in the way at all," he promised.

Sadie Richmond smiled and shook her head.

Mason said, "Look here, a young woman is accused of that murder. I'm representing her. The police are finished with the place. There's no more evidence out there. I'd like to get familiar with the place so I can represent this young woman intelligently.

"I don't know how much you know about Loring Lamont's personal life, but this young woman was lured out there and—and now she's charged with murder. I'm representing her. I want to see the place. I can get a court order letting me in, but that's going to take time. My time is worth money."

He handed Sadie Richmond the eighty dollars. She hesitated a moment, then closed her hand over the money. "I don't know about what happened the night of the murder," she said dryly, "but I've seen things sometimes when I was cleaning up that—well ——"

"Yes?" Mason asked, as she hesitated.

"I'm not saying anything," she said.

"Nothing?" Mason asked.

"Nothing. But you can come along. I guess there's no law against that, is there?"

Mason said, "I told you I could get a court order to let me in if I had to."

"You wouldn't need to tell anyone that I let you in."

"I'm the soul of discretion," Mason said.

"All right," Sadie Richmond said. "I'll go in my car, you go in yours. I'll go first and unlock the gate; then you can leave any time you want to. I guess I've got a lot of work to do out there this morning."

"Dirty dishes?" Mason asked.

"The police took the dishes."

"All of them?"

"All of the dirty ones."

"Well," Mason told her, "that'll simplify the job. All right, we'll get in our car and drive out to the road. You go right ahead and we'll follow."

Sadie Richmond, driving a rather beaten-up, old-model car, came out of the driveway, turned into the graveled road and sent her car into speed. The roadway had now dried out sufficiently so that there was a faint trace of dust behind the wheels, and Mason, following closely, had fine particles of gravel thrown up against his car by the speeding rear wheels.

Drake said dryly, "I guess they don't pay her portal-to-portal. She believes in getting on the job once she starts. My gosh, Perry, that woman drives like the devil."

Mason, concentrating on his driving to keep reasonably close to the car ahead, grinned and said nothing as she turned sharply onto the dirt road.

At length the woman braked her car to a stop, jumped out of the car, unlocked the big padlock, left the chain dangling, threw the gate open and drove through.

Mason drove through, stopped his car behind hers. She jumped out, closed the gate and locked it.

"We're supposed to keep it locked—always," she said.

"You have good brakes on that car," Drake observed.

She looked at him blankly.

"Otherwise you'd have wound up in the swimming pool."

There was no expression on her face. "We're not allowed to use the swimming pool," she said. She got in her car and swung around the driveway to stop at the back of the house.

Della slid to the ground with a quick flash of shapely legs. "Want me to bring a book?" she asked.

"I don't think so," Mason said. "Just a small notebook."

"I have one in my purse. There are some big notebooks in the glove compartment."

"The small one will be all right," Mason said.

They followed Sadie Richmond into the house. "Well, here it is," she said.

Mason looked around at the sumptuous rustic furnishings, the Navaho rugs, the kitchen with its electric stove, garbage-disposal unit, dishwashing machine, the array of copper-bottomed pots and pans hanging above the stove.

"Fixed up for cooking," he observed.

"Occasionally they have barbecues out here. Mr. J. P. Lamont is a very fine cook. When they have barbecues they have me out here to do serving and wash the dishes."

"A walk-in icebox?" Mason asked.

"No, just that one icebox there. They bring out steaks when they're having a barbecue. But they don't go in for cooking out here except when they have the barbecues. Then they bring out all of the food."

"You say Mr. Lamont is a good cook?" Mason asked.

She sighed and said, "Like all men cooks, he can dirty more dishes than anybody you ever saw."

Della Street laughed.

Mason looked at the chalked outline on the floor and the sinister reddish tinge. "I take it this is where the body was."

"I guess that's right," she said. "They told me to clean it up. I don't know whether old J. P. intends to give me a bonus or not, but my job certainly isn't supposed to include cleaning up the blood from dead bodies."

"I take it you've worked on parties given by Loring Lamont," Mason said.

"*His* parties were just for two," she said and turned abruptly away.

Mason nodded to Paul Drake. They started looking through the house, and when Sadie Richmond made no objection, began opening and closing drawers, looking in closets.

"No clothes out here?" Mason asked.

"No. J. P. Lamont keeps some coveralls that he uses when he's putting on a barbecue, and there are a couple of cook aprons up there on the shelf, but they don't keep any clothes out here except play clothes—shorts, swim suits, things like that. Down by the pool they have a few dressing rooms, where they keep a supply of swim suits for guests."

Mason moved over to a writing desk. "Why the writing desk?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "It's always been here."

"Anybody ever use it?"

"I use it."

"What for?"

"I keep my bills in there, things that I pay out for running the house, laundry bills and things of that sort."

Mason swung down the door of the desk which opened up to make a writing shelf, looked casually through the pigeonholes.

"Hello," he said. "What's this?"

Mrs. Richmond looked over Mason's shoulder.

"A checkbook," she said.

"Yours?"

"Heavens, no! I don't use a checkbook."

Mason said, "There are only four or five checks used out of it. It's on the California Second National."

Mason looked at the check stubs. "One a week ago to an automobile agency for seventy-eight dollars and fifty cents. One to (*Continued on Page 92*)

• •

Flight of Finches

by Sarah Howard

Golden wings departing cast
Brief shadows on the lawn,
Retelling on the sky the tale
Of every summer gone. . . .

Oh, it is not this flight alone
That hollows out my chest,
But all the farewells ever said
Echoing in my breast.

• •

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ANOTHER SPECIAL REPORT BY A. O. SMITH CORPORATION

Try telling the Ringgenbergs that they are

"VANISHING AMERICANS"

Lately, a lot has been written and said about the farmer — much of it proclaiming, "The family farm is doomed . . . all farmers nowadays are either subsidized profiteers or subsidized failures."

Like many thousands of others, the Ringgenbergs would beg to differ. They are a farm family — making a go of it on their own 200-acre dairy farm near Pierceton, Indiana. They are proving that an independent family unit can thrive on the farm . . . by applying creative methods to extend the range of their own labors.

We of A. O. Smith Corporation have chosen to tell their story here — in the hope that it will add to your understanding of the creativity and the freedom of the spirit that abounds on the land today.

THEY started in 1946 — late in the fall when the land was asleep. They started with 60 "good-for-nothing" acres; with a thousand-dollar debt; with a kind of simple, idealistic confidence that was supposed to have gone out of style with Horatio Alger.

That's how it was when twenty-two-year-old Gene and Sally Ringgenberg moved onto this land of their own — 60 worn-out acres near Pierceton, Indiana. Their son, Kerry, was just a baby, only six months old.

"And some people thought Gene was just a baby, too," Sally recalls. "Sure to be burned on a farm nobody'd ever been able to succeed with before. Corn crops so bad — they weren't worth picking."

Today, those 60 barren acres of 1946 represent a neat, alfalfa-covered corner of the 200-acre family business which the Ringgenbergs call "Green Top Farm."

The boy, Kerry, an eighth-grader now, has a sister, Karen, born in 1948 — the same year Gene and Sally completed (CONTINUED)

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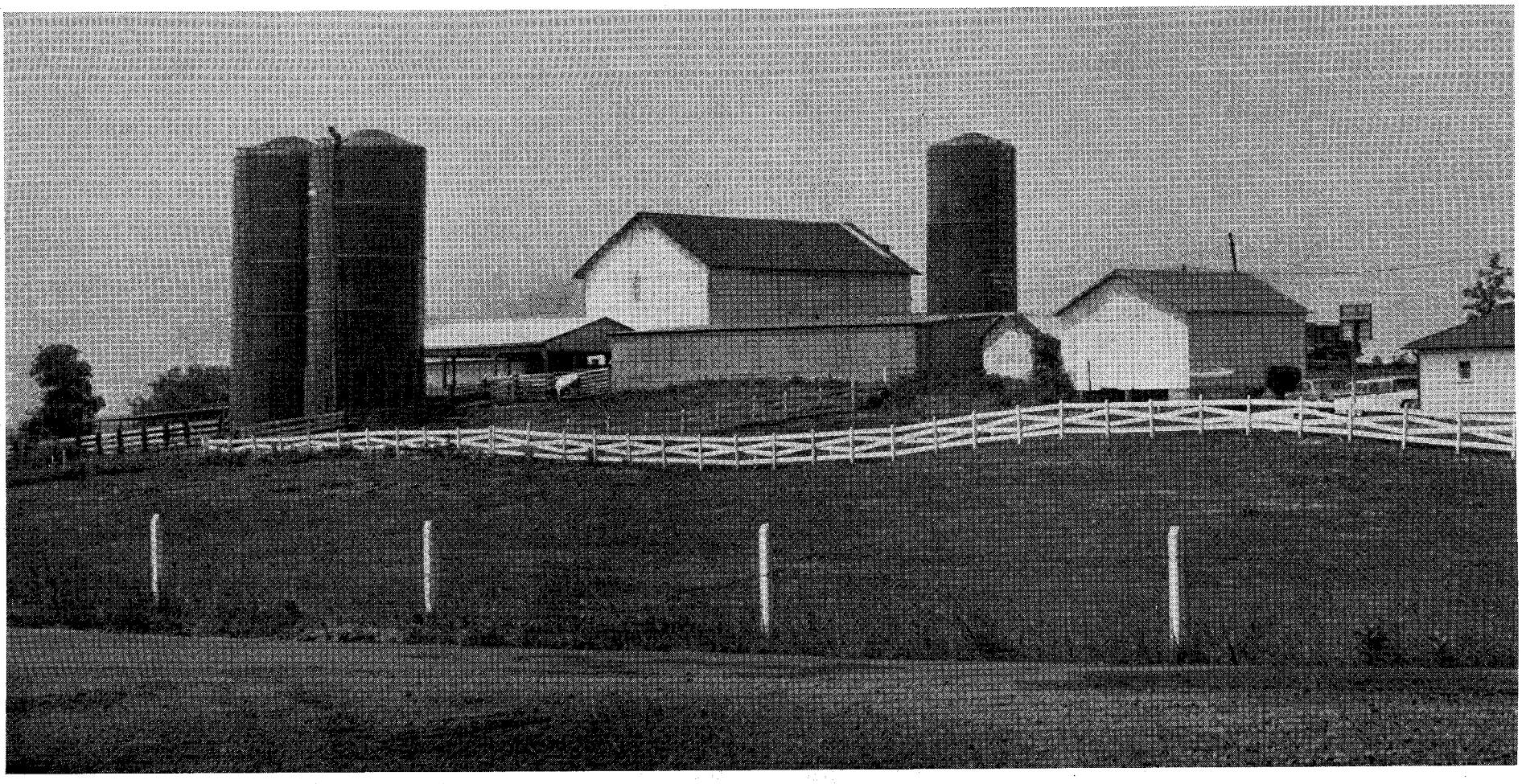
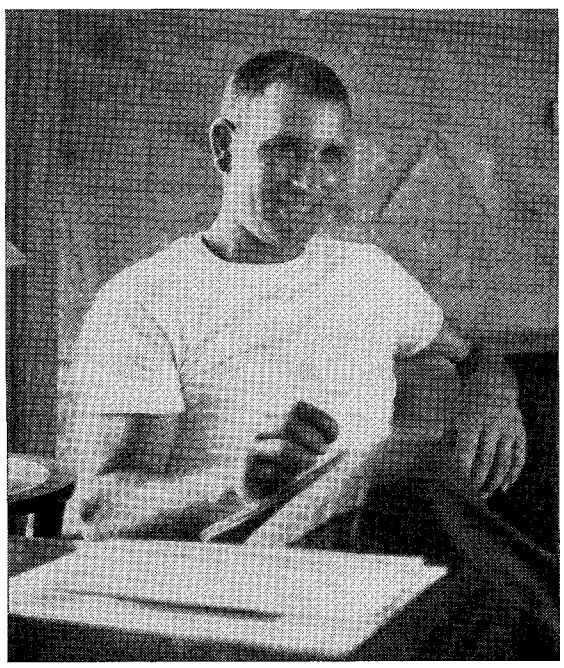


YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF A GOING CONCERN, A MODERN FAMILY BUSINESS — THE RINGGENBERGS' GREEN TOP FARM

"VANISHING AMERICANS" (CONTINUED)

the land-buying portion of their drive to make a go of it on the farm.

And on this farm today, the Ringgenbergs are feeding a herd of 90 Holstein, 60 of them milk



GENE RINGGENBERG
Some doubted he could make it.

cows, the rest young stock. Production last year — ten to eleven thousand pounds of milk per cow — a total of over one-half-million pounds.

"You know, the doubters of 1946," says Gene, "would've been convinced we were crazy, if we'd told them these 200 acres could feed more than 30 or 40 cows. No telling what they'd have thought if they knew the plans we have today. I believe we can build this farm without buying more acreage — build it so, when Kerry and Karen grow up, there'll be a living here for three families, not just one."

Certainly these aren't words you'd expect to hear from the head of an economic unit — the family farm — which is supposed to be on the way out. Certainly the Ringgenberg record to date lives up to the promise of Gene's words.

Confidence verified by record

And there's even more bite to his words when you think of this — there are no hired hands at Green Top Farm. All the work is the Ringgenbergs' own. Last year, for example, the investment in outside labor was just $12.00 (far less than a city family might spend on baby sitters).

What's their secret?

"No secret to it," says Gene. "Lots of farmers are doing as we are. It's a matter of managing the farm as a business — using the new tools and ideas and methods that'll help you produce more efficiently.

"When a farm fails, I figure it's like any business failing. Maybe they didn't plan sensibly . . . or maybe they let themselves get old-fashioned and inefficient."

"Do-for-yourself" planning preferred

"Some people say we couldn't exist without being propped up by the government," Gene continues. "I think they're wrong. I think we can lick our problems by working to a businesslike plan . . . by using the latest, most efficient methods for producing at the lowest possible cost. You've got to do for yourself — not with props and hand-outs. That kind of help carries direction right with it. I'd rather do my own thinking . . . plan my own future."

Such are the attitudes of Gene Ringgenberg at age 35. Attitudes shaped by a drive that started when he was a boy — raising his own cows on his father's farm . . . fabricating his own tractor from an old pick-up truck.

Sally recollects, "He's always worked toward goals . . . in everything. Back in high school, he was the shortest man on the basketball team, just five-seven. Well, the scientific way he developed his game, by senior year he'd won All-Sectional honors . . . and that's not easy here in Indiana. One of his records still stands — 70 games played without once fouling out . . . and that's not easy anywhere."

The quickest way to appreciate the Ringgenbergs' progress is to join Gene on the job . . . any day of the year, about 4:45 in the morning.

With the night as yet untouched by any fringe of pink in the east, you'll find Gene driving the milk cows into the dimly lighted holding pen outside the milking parlor. He's built on the order of a broad-shouldered fireplug — short but exceedingly solid. Surrounded by the mooing, pushing "ladies of Holstein," he has the look of a man fording a river, up to his chest in waves of black and white.

Push-button milkhouse

The cows enter the milking parlor five at a time. The milking is performed by electric units — with the milk being piped automatically, direct from cow to stainless steel cooler in the Grade "A" milkhouse.

How's this for mechanization? Altogether, the milking of 60 cows takes just about an hour and a half *(about seven minutes per cow)*.

Sally generally arrives on the scene in time to supervise the cleanup of the milking apparatus. And supervise it she does — by pushing a button on an electric control box to start an automatic cycle of washing, rinsing and sterilizing.

By this time, Gene is likely to be doing two jobs at once — feeding the herd and scrubbing down the milking parlor. "It's easy to do both," says Gene, "because the feeding is automatic."

Just fifteen minutes to feed the herd

He simply pulls a switch on one of his three mechanized Harvestore feed processing units — the tall, blue towers that are more than symbols of success for the Ringgenbergs. And as the switch turns, a bottom unloader begins to hum — unloading the sweet-smelling feed called Haylage onto an auger-conveyor that feeds the cows automatically. It takes just fifteen minutes to

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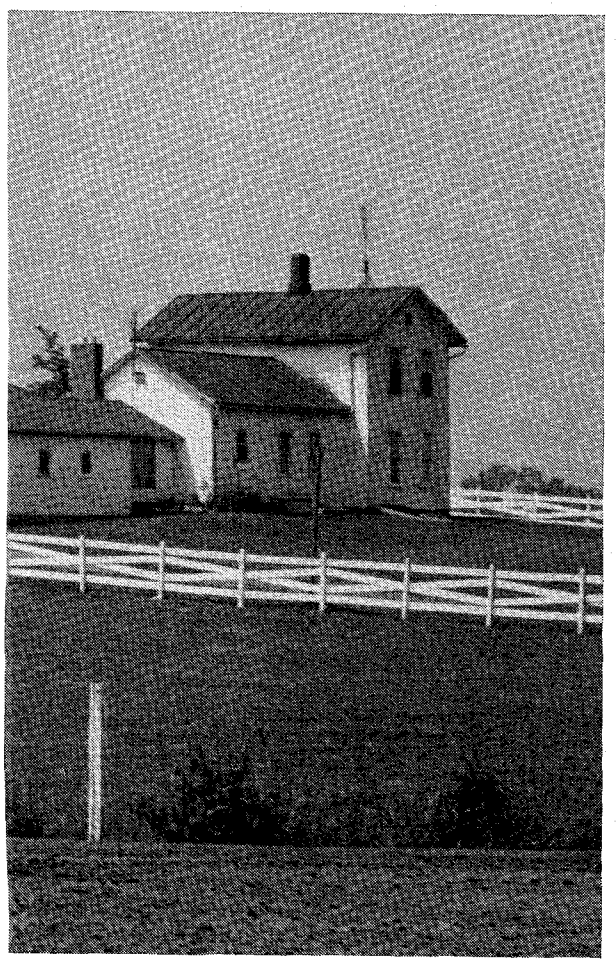


serve the Ringgenbergs' entire herd their first big meal of the day.

"And this is the way they get every meal," says Gene. "There are no pastures on my farm. Too much waste that way...too much feed value lost."

Process their own high-value feed

"Everything my cows eat is processed through the Harvestores. To a stranger, these units may look like nothing more than big, blue silos — but they sure mean a whole lot more than that to me. They're the key to my feeding program. And next to land and livestock, that's the most important part of an efficient dairy farm."

As Gene explains it, the Haylage from his Harvestores compares *favorably* with any complete cow ration he might buy. And the raw material for Haylage is alfalfa grown right on his own land.

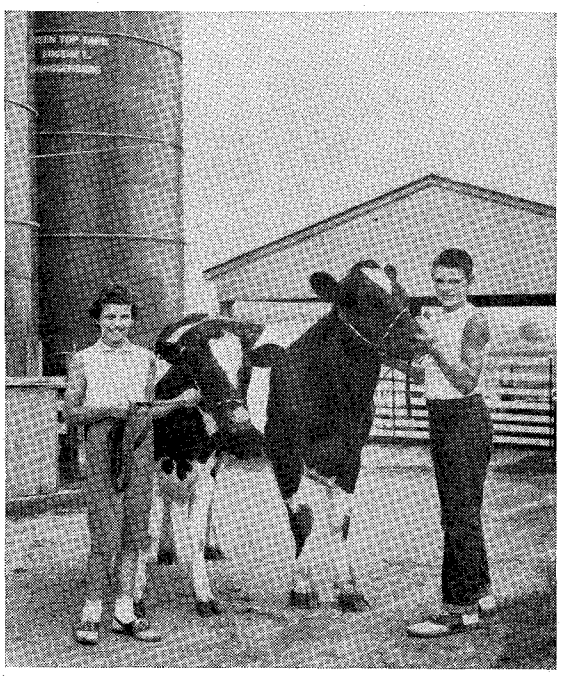
The alfalfa is mowed as it might be for hay, but that's where the similarity ends. Instead of the old way of baling and drying — a wasteful method that often cost him as much as half his crop — he now runs it through a mechanical chopper at 40 to 50% moisture, then blows it up and into the top hatch of one of the Harvestores.

Gene says, "We haven't had to worry about rain spoiling hay ever since the first of the three units went up. But that's just part of the saving. The real difference is in what happens inside the Harvestores. You see, they're sealed to keep out oxygen. There's no spoilage. And the feed values are preserved. No matter how many months it's stored, the Haylage we get is moist and sweet-smelling. The cows love it."

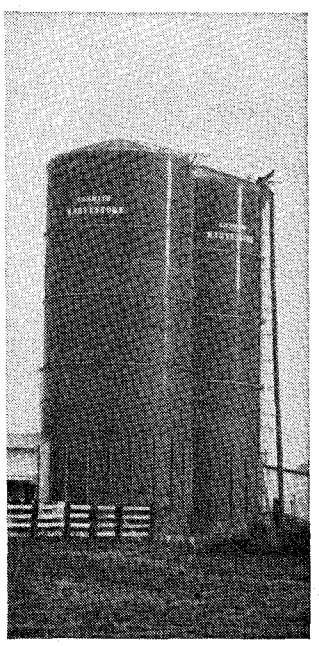
Creative production key to future

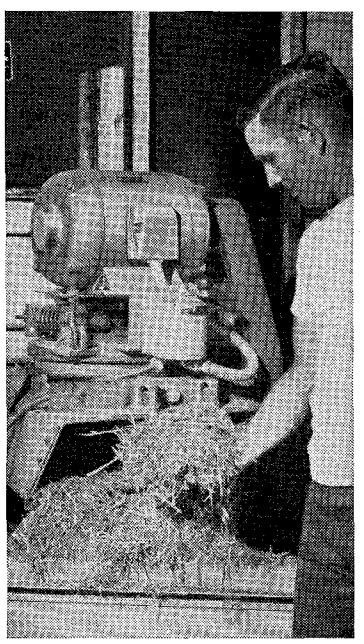
As you go through a day on the farm of Gene and Sally Ringgenberg, you appreciate the truth and validity of Gene's statement — "We can lick our problems by working to a businesslike plan — by using the latest, most efficient methods for producing at the lowest cost."

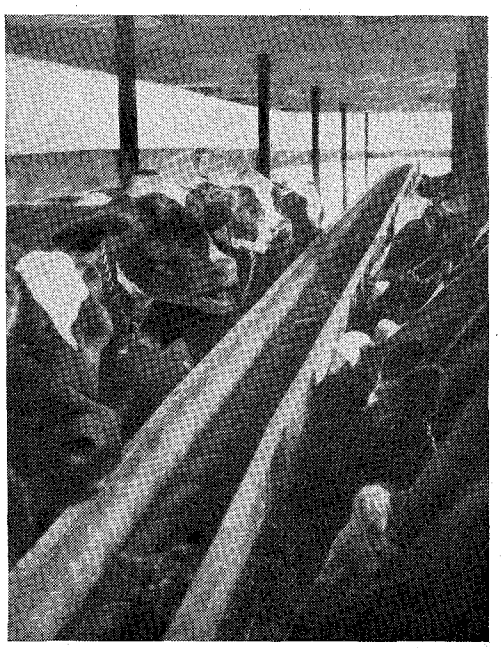
Everything you see is the result of intelligent, creative planning — the kind of planning designed to get the most value from every ounce of work. You see it in the push-button milking operation . . . in the storage and mechanized feeding system . . . in the modern tractors and wagons, the chopper and blower. You're seeing a healthy, productive business — a business being built to insure a family's future on the farm.



KAREN, KERRY AND FRIENDS
Cleo and Hannah — their 4-H calves.

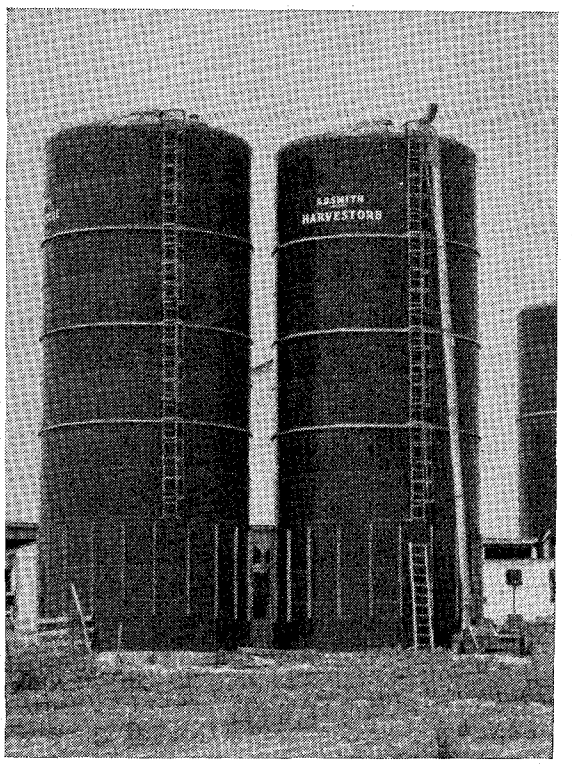






HARVESTORE SEALED STORAGE, with mechanized bottom unloading, is a key to the new way of farming that makes the Ringgenbergs self-sufficient. Untold manhours are saved on feeding alone.

The Time, the Promise and the Idea . . .



To help insure the future of the family farm,

A. O. SMITH CREATIVE RESEARCH UNLEASHES THE FORCES OF CREATIVE PRODUCTION

The right idea, advanced at the right time, can change the whole course of events. The A. O. Smith Harvestore idea is a notable example.

A product of research, in the laboratory and on the farm, the Harvestore (glass-coated steel inside and out) embodies a wholly new concept in livestock feeding. Instead of costly, back-breaking storage of hay, corn and other crops, it gives farmers a better way — sealed oxygen-free storage that preserves nutritive values — making high-profit feeds of grasses and grains the potential of which had never been truly realized. And Harvestore mechanization brings labor costs down. Power unloading, from the bottom, ends the need for dangerous climbing . . . makes possible automatic push-button feeding *(and the first crop in is the first crop out)*.

A variation of the Harvestore idea has been adopted by industry. These *Permaglas* mechanized storage structures are bringing new economies to bulk materials-handling and storage of a wide variety of products. A request to the address below will bring you the complete story.

Through research A.O. Smith *. . . a better way*

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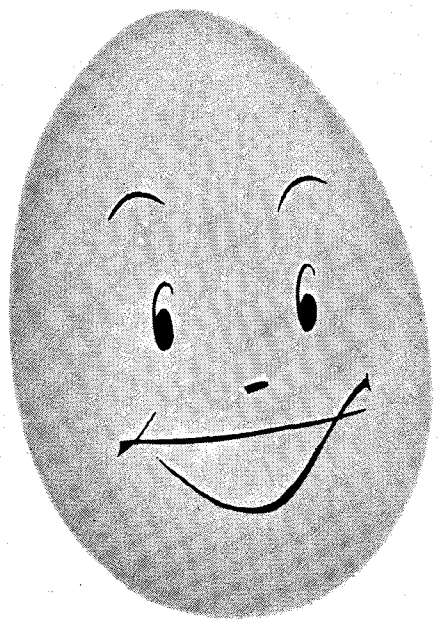
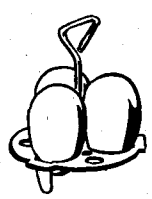


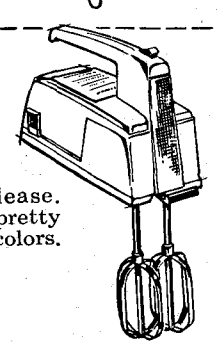
I love to get boiled in a Dormeyer

Handiest appliance ever is the Dormeyer Hurri-Hot. It warms, heats, boils—and in a *hurry!* Ideal for eggs, soups, gravies, instant tea, coffee, baby's bottle. For home, office, vacations. Chrome finish. 4-cup capacity. Egg rack and cover included.

Removable aluminum egg rack makes boiled eggs easy to handle.



Dormeyer's lightweight portable mixer does any job a larger mixer can do. Detachable cord, automatic beater release. Lifetime finish in pretty kitchen-matched colors.



Dormeyer

Dormeyer Corporation, Chicago 10, Ill.

(*Continued from Page 88*) the Endicott Arms Holding Corporation for six hundred and twenty-five dollars. One for five hundred to Orval Kingman. That was dated—that was dated on the day of the murder. Here's another one for five hundred—the last one in the book. The stub says simply 'O.K.'"

Mason looked at the figures on the side of the stub. "There's a balance of twenty-five hundred seventeen dollars and thirty cents."

"Where was it?" Mrs. Richmond asked.

"In this pigeonhole with all these papers," Mason said, spreading out some receipted bills and some bills which hadn't been receipted—one from the company which serviced the pool, marked "O.K.," and another from the laundry, marked "O.K."

"What are these?"

"Bills that are to be picked up and paid," she said. "Whenever anyone comes out here they pick up the bills."

"And the O.K.?" Mason asked.

"That's what I put on them when they're to be paid."

"What about this check stub?" Mason asked. "Did you put the O.K. on there?"

She shook her head, "I wouldn't O.K. check stubs. Why would I?"

"That," Mason said, "is a fair question."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I was just wondering why you would O.K. it."

"Well, then, why did you ask?"

"Simply because you had marked 'O.K.' on bills and I wanted to see if you had put the 'O.K.' on this."

"Well, I told you," she said. And then suddenly, with her manner changing, said, "You wanted to get in here in order to see the premises. You've seen them—nothing was said about you going around opening drawers and desks and looking at papers."

"We'd like to look around," Mason said, "just to familiarize ourselves with ——"

"Well, you've done it now. You're acquainted with what the place looks like."

Mason said suavely, "As I understand it, Loring Lamont was stabbed with a butcher knife. I wonder if you could tell us where that knife came from, if there's one short here in the kitchen, or ——"

"I couldn't tell you a thing," she said. "You wanted to get in and you've got in. The more I think of it, the more I think it might be worth my job if anyone knew about this. Come on, you're going out."

She marched determinedly toward the door.

As she had her back turned, Mason slipped the checkbook into his inside coat pocket. "All right," he said, "if you feel it might jeopardize your job, we certainly won't want to do that."

"I'll let you out the gate," she said, "and lock the gate behind you when you go out. I don't think Mr. Lamont would like the idea of me letting you in here—in fact, I know he wouldn't."

She marched out through the door and on toward the gate, took out a key, unlocked the big padlock, swung the gate back and stood waiting.

"Well," Mason said, as they got in the car, "there seems to have been an abrupt change in her manner."

"The soul of cordiality, isn't she?" Drake said.

"You can't blame her," Della Street said. "Personally, I think you swept her off her feet with that eighty dollars, and she decided to take a chance. But the more she thinks of it, the more she realizes she can get into trouble, and ——"

Mason started the car. "It was that checkbook that changed her manner," he said.

"Sure," Della Street told him. "She suddenly realized that you were uncovering evidence and that you might use it, and then people would want to know how you happened to know about it."

"Where's my camera?" Mason asked.

"The little 35-mm. is in the glove compartment."

"We've got an adjustment on there for close-ups?"

"There's one in the case," Della Street said. "Do you want it?"

"Maybe we'd better have it," Mason said.

Della Street opened the glove compartment and took out the camera. Mason held the checkbook up in the sun. "Put on the close-up attachment, Della. We can take a picture at a hundredth of a second, and —— Just be sure it's in focus."

Della Street adjusted the camera.

"Come on, come on, hurry up," Sadie Richmond called from the gate. "I can't stay here all day."

Mason held the checkbook in the sunlight. Della Street, holding the camera only a few inches from the checkbook, snapped one picture after another as Mason turned the check stubs.

"Got it?" Mason asked.

"Got it," Della Street said.

Abruptly Sadie Richmond left her position at the gate and came striding toward them. "Now look," she said, "I told you to get out. I don't want anyone to catch you here. You've been here long enough."

Mason said, "We appreciate your position, Mrs. Richmond. Here, incidentally, is the checkbook, which I held onto because I wanted to study it. You'd better put it back in the desk where it was."

"You didn't have any right to take that."

"We didn't take it," Mason said. "Now, may I suggest, Mrs. Richmond, that you call this checkbook to the attention of the police. I think it's evidence."

"Evidence of what?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I," Sadie Richmond said, literally snatching the checkbook out of Mason's hand. "Now will you please get going."

Mason raised his hat. "Thank you very much," he said.

"Don't mention it," she snapped.

The lawyer started the car and they drove out. Behind him Sadie Richmond swung the gate shut and snapped the padlock into place.

"Now, Paul," Mason said, "it's up to you to find out whether that checkbook was the property of Loring Lamont and who Orval Kingman is."

"You think it's his checkbook?" Drake asked. "The way she acted, it looked as though she might have something to do with it. It might be that she's got an account she doesn't want anyone to know about."

"It could be," Mason said, "but whoever wrote that last check, it was apparently written on the day of the murder, and it was written after the check to Orval Kingman was written. The check may well have been payable to cash and—well, it's a strange thing that Sadie Richmond puts 'O.K.' on the bills that are to be paid and that someone put 'O.K.' on the stub of a check made for five hundred dollars and apparently written after a check that had been dated on the day of the murder. If that checkbook should turn out to be Loring Lamont's checkbook, it's a valuable piece of evidence."

"How come?" Drake asked. "Perhaps he keeps it there in the desk and ——"

"He couldn't, Paul—that is, I don't think he did. It was taken from his pocket. The checks were checks that had been made over a period of four or five days and included a check for a garage bill and apparently a check for the rent on his apartment. Now, he wouldn't have kept his checkbook in the desk out there in that rustic retreat and driven out there in order to have picked up the checkbook, written the check to the car agency that serviced his car, then written a check for his apartment rental."

"Suppose it's somebody else's checkbook."

"Then," Mason said, "it's the checkbook of someone who lives in the Endicott Arms Apartments."

"Well, anyhow," Della Street said, "we've got a clue."

"To what?" Drake asked.

"That," Mason said, "is the thing which interests me. You get to work on that, Paul. I'm going to talk with my client and see if she can give us any information that will be of any help."

TO BE CONTINUED

"I don't mind neurosis, Al, but when it comes to psychosis I'd just as soon you handled it."

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Wheels of Death

(Continued from Page 39)

automatically into left breast pocket of his gray-and-white striped jumper. Just as automatically he put the brake handle in his right hip pocket.

Back in the kitchen, he kissed Ginny, gave her the familiar affectionate pat, glanced at his watch and said, "*Adios*, honey."

"Bye now. Take care," she said. Ginny came from Vermont originally, and that "Bye now. Take care" had always fascinated him.

He took the automatic elevator down seven stories and admired, as always, the beautiful lobby with the Old English fireplace. He carefully thought about that unsullied fireplace so he wouldn't think of anything else. Quite a place, this, quite a place. Of course, when and if a baby came along, they'd have to move. Because then Ginny would have to give up her job, which paid fourteen dollars and fifty cents a week more than his. But they'd decided on this; it might be foolish and all that, but for the first year or so, they'd live it up swell. And if he made train dispatcher—well, a TD with one baby and with such a smart manager as Ginny might still be able to swing that rent.

The sun didn't shine on the sidewalks of Saint Eden's Lane—the tall, new apartment houses cut it off. He felt a little sorry for the people who lived on the lowest floors. Some had to keep lights on even on the brightest days.

At the subway entrance he glanced at his wrist watch again. He had plenty of time, after all. It was only a trifle past 7:42 A.M. The next northbound train wasn't due until 7:43½. Down on the mezzanine he waved to the railroad clerk, young Moynihan, as he walked through the slam gate. Nice young fellow, Moynihan. Not one of them, really. He was wangling for a midnight-to-eight shift at some unbusy station, so that he could go to Columbia by day, sleep from afternoon until eleven at night, and have nearly the whole of his shift to study his fat law books. Not a transit man, really. The RRC job was just something for a living. But a real nice fellow.

The 7:43½ boiled into the station. Dave stuck out the flat palm of his hand to say hello to Gilroy, who was at the controls. Gilroy nodded as his cab whisked by.

It was only a few stops to 207th Street. Dave walked through the terminal to the dispatcher's booth. Judson, the assistant train dispatcher, said, "Hi," yawning, as he pushed the sign-in sheet over to him. Dave initialed it, thinking that Jud, who was soon to knock off, was too tired for the purpose of this ritual, which was that, if anything went wrong, the ATD would have to certify that David Carman was sober and fit for duty when he signed in. "Morning, Jud," he replied absently.

The 8:06 rumbled out while he stood there. He watched its taillights growing smaller as it rushed away from 207th, watched the first signal turn from red to orange, then to green, as the second signal turned to orange. Then his train came rumbling in, with Pop Meloney in the cab.

And the sick feeling hit then—the feeling of wanting to throw up, the sudden drying of the mouth, and the tense, numbing stiffness of his muscles. And he was back to that May afternoon, and that agonizing moment at Thirty-fourth Street when the figure of a man detached itself from that row of faces and went down to the tracks. To that moment when it seemed the brakes had failed—which they hadn't, because eleven passengers later filed claims for injuries resulting from the sudden stop, and had to be paid off, which didn't bother motorman David Carman at all.

But the feeling as the wheels went over a man did bother him. Actually, you couldn't feel anything that could be proved by cold mathematics. Each car weighed forty tons. In addition, there were about a hundred passengers in each car on that trip, which meant an additional seven or eight tons per car. And the body of the man on the track was, compared to this weight, a trifle of a hundred and fifty pounds or so.

So you couldn't feel anything, really. And yet he had felt it. For a fleeting particle of time, which seemed interminably long, he felt as if there were a carpet instead of steel rails beneath the wheels of the train. And he knew that carpet was made of living flesh and bone.

He was throwing up, even as the brakes gripped hard and fast. The brakes didn't do any good. It was the fourth car that had to be jacked up to recover the mortal fragments of somebody.

The delay had been forty-four minutes, but nobody blamed him—not even himself. When it was over, Jinson, the motorman instructor, said, "Feel O.K., Dave? Enough to take her into Euclid light? If not, I'll take her."

"I'm all right," he said. "I'll take her in."

Maybe that was a big mistake. Or maybe it wouldn't have made any difference if he'd taken up Jinson on that. But he really did feel all right at the time. A little shaken, but that was natural. A little queasy in the stomach, still feeling the sensation that common sense told him couldn't be felt. But generally he was all right then.

He got back in the cab, plugged in the electrical brake circuit, tested his brakes, slipped the controller over to switching speed. He cut off the power, pulling out of Thirty-fourth, listening for the faint clanking that would indicate one or more flattened wheels. That often happened in a skid on locked wheels. But there was none.

He shoved the controller up to multiple, and the twenty 190-horsepower motors drove the ten-car empty train at top speed through the tunnel. He flashed by Twenty-third Street, feeling better, but this was a local stop and no passenger platform bordered the express track.

He barreled through, feeling better all the time, until the platform at Fourteenth Street came into view. Then he began to get the feeling. The platform was black with people—that was natural after a forty-four-minute delay. But how close to the edge they were standing! Dammit, practically leaning over the track. He shut off the power, coasted a few feet, braked sharply. The familiar row of faces turned toward him—familiar, yet unfamiliarly frightening. They were packed so close to the edge! If somebody shoved a little from the back —— He found sweat running down inside the loose collar of the striped jumper. He braked down hard, and crawled through the station at two miles an hour.

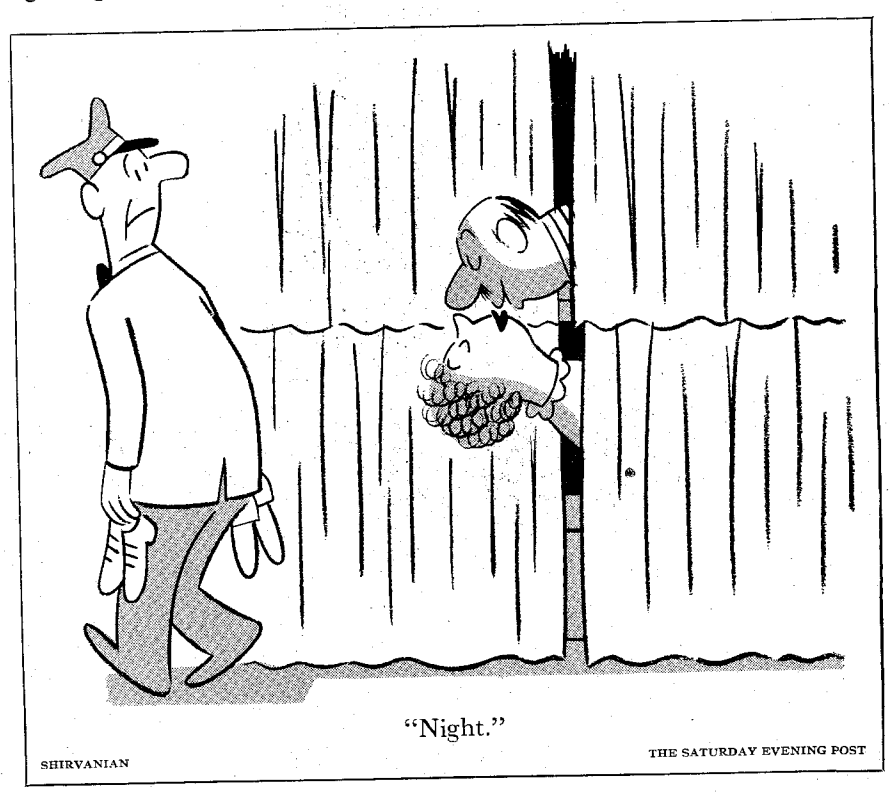
He went back to multiple immediately after clearing the station. But he didn't feel better; he felt worse—all tight and shaky, and that queer taste in the mouth.

At West Fourth Street it was much, much worse. He shut off power a hundred yards before the curve leading into the station, and panicked because he couldn't see the platform until he was a few yards away. And when it did come into his vision it was just as crowded as Fourteenth Street—worse, it seemed. He wished he'd taken up that offer of Jinson's. He glued his eyes ahead, straining. Half way through the station, he saw somebody start over the platform edge—and he slammed the brake hard into emergency. At that low speed the locking of the brake smashed his body forward into the controls. But the figure—a girl this time—was back from the edge.

"Nerves," he muttered. "Just nerves. Quit imagining things, Dave." Lucky the rule had called for passengers to be disembarked after a fatality like that.

The clear part of his mind kept insisting that what happened at Thirty-fourth happened only once in a lot of years—maybe never. The disordered part kept remembering Billy Benson, who had two in three days. Oh, Billy took it well. Firmly declined even being dismissed for the day. And his body answered that part of his mind; it grew rigid, oddly numb, and his eyes strained as they had never strained before.

He crept through West Fourth, through Canal and Chambers and Broadway-Nassau, looking forward to the long run under the East River, where there wouldn't be any row of faces, any platforms black with people, and he could rest up and relax. He dragged past stations at two and three miles an hour, knowing he was delaying maybe twenty thousand people more than they had to be. But he couldn't help it. Under the river, on the long sweep down, then up, (*Continued on Page 96*)



"Night."

SHIRVANIAN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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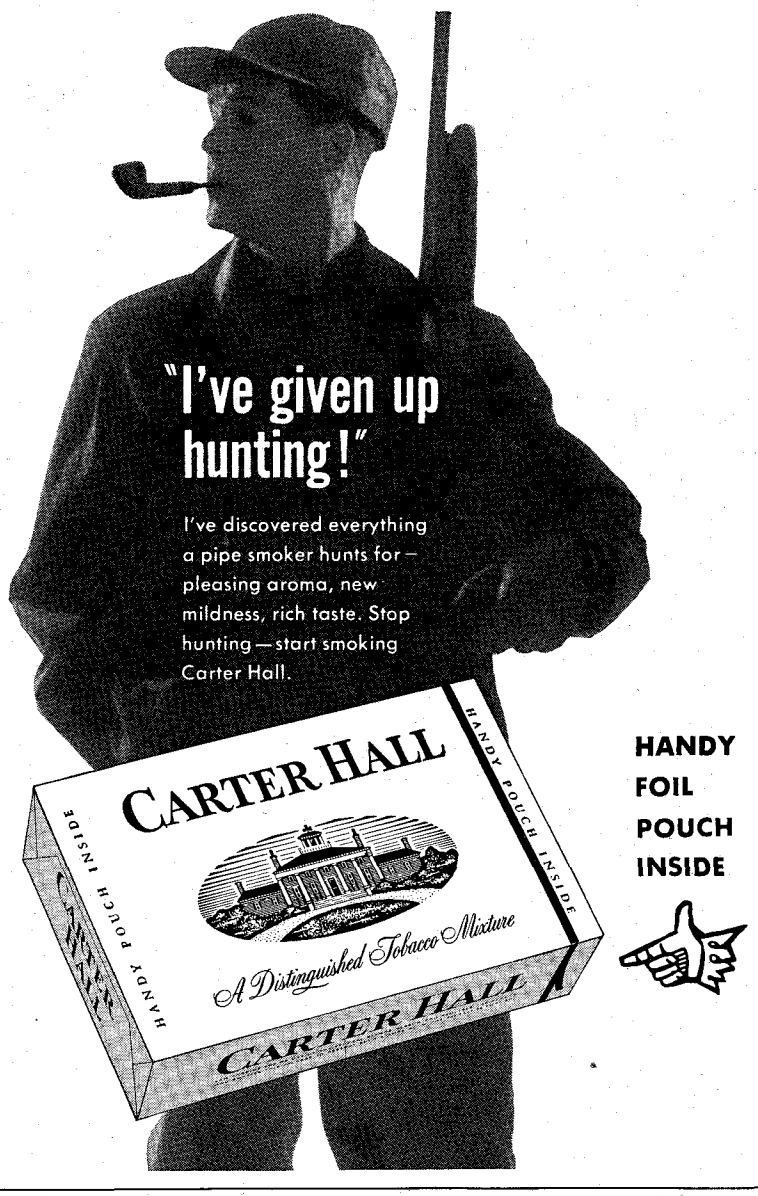
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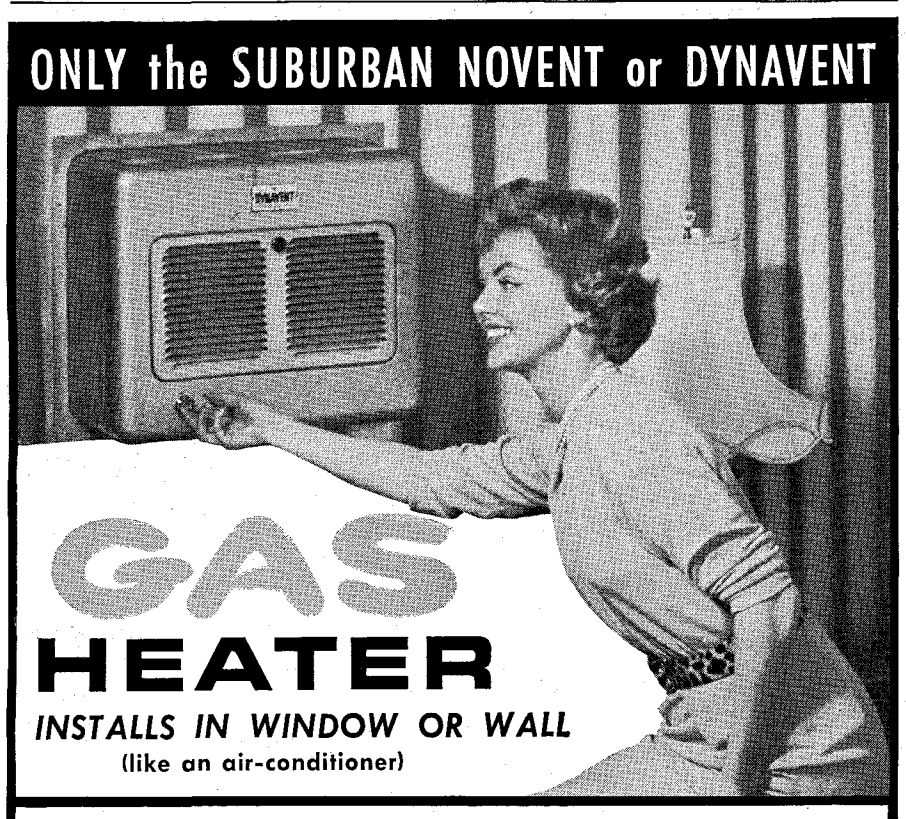
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(*Continued from Page 94*) he'd get back his nerve, he told himself. He got into the tube finally, after an endless time, but he didn't relax and he didn't recover. Crawling through High Street station, he thought only of the long, deadly run through Brooklyn, through fourteen stations black with people, and rows of faces turned toward him; and any one of them might come tumbling down in front of him.

He never did find out what time he got to Euclid. All he remembered was Hamblett, the trainmaster, standing there, looking dark and angry. He swung the brake handle to emergency and lifted it off, dropping it into his right hip pocket, took out the electrical brake circuit and dropped it with the chain and controller key into his left breast pocket. Then he stepped out of the cab.

Hamblett said, "Those fools told me you were cleared out of Thirty-fourth at two-five. What the hell were you doing?"

He stopped suddenly, staring at David's face. "Look," he said, "you'll feel all right tomorrow." His face and tone changed. "You'll feel better tomorrow, Dave. Hits some men like this, it does. Doesn't mean a thing. How's the bride?"

"She's fine," David said.

"Well, this is one way to get an afternoon off at company expense. Just don't make it a habit, eh, Dave?" His humor was heavy-handed, but his heart was good. "You just got time to make the three-forty-one back. You'll feel better tomorrow, Dave."

But he didn't. He felt worse.

Pop Meloney, stepping out of the cab, waved to David and flashed that unreal white smile. Pop was sixty-nine. He'd be retiring in a few more months.

Walking toward the head of the train, David wished he had enough seniority to put in for a switching job. But mostly the switching jobs went to old-timers, like Pop, who'd grown uneasy about handling a train with two thousand persons aboard, knowing they were racing one train ninety seconds ahead and another ninety seconds behind. It would look queer, if David Carman, at twenty-nine, even mentioned wanting a switching job.

He found himself in the cab, with that sick feeling in his stomach and the tension building up to numbness. Automatically he fitted the brake handle and controller key, plugged in the brake relay. He heard the familiar sigh as the compressed air ran through the brake hoses, then the busy little chatter of the compressors as they renewed the charge. When the air gauge showed "seventy," he tried the brake and watched the gauge sink to fifty. Everything O.K. there. The light winked on over the air gauge, showing the doors were closed. A second later the conductor buzzed twice, and he released the brake, eased the controller to switching speed and then cut off the power. Already it was an effort of concentration, as he coasted briefly, to tell that all the brakes were properly free—something he should have sensed instantly without trying. He couldn't feel any drag, and he shoved the controller to series, held it there briefly, and then went into multiple. The 8:10 was on its way out of 207th for Far Rockaway with a tortured man at the controls.

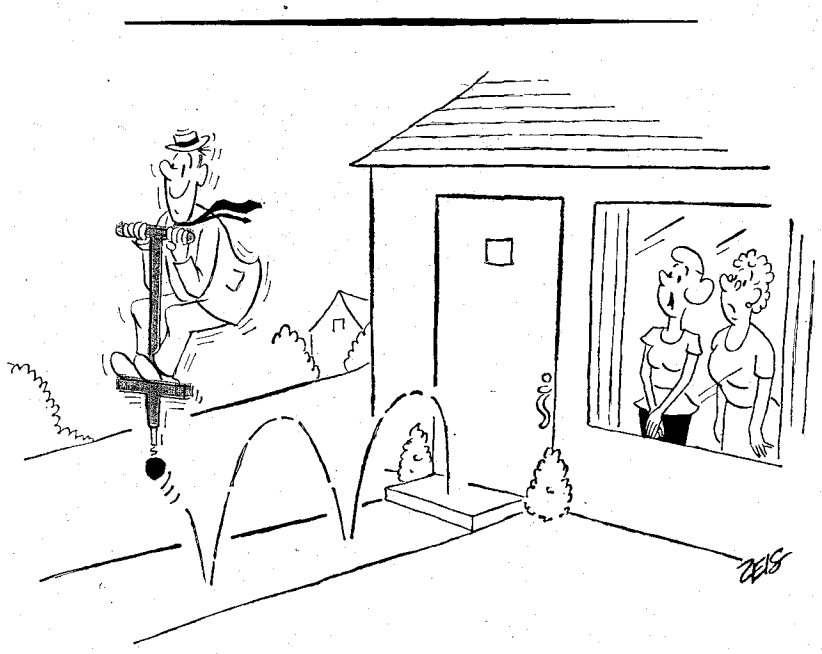
He tried to think of other things than the crowded platforms that lay ahead. The start had been gentle and smooth. Pausing briefly in switching and again in series before going into multiple did that. Not really necessary; some of the men just slammed into multiple, and were off with a lurch. But Dave always thought that was a crime. It was just as bad as rushing up to a red light and stopping dead, not caring that some passengers always got uneasy when a train stopped in a tunnel, between stations. Yet they didn't feel uneasy as long as the train was moving, no matter how slowly. Dave had always braked down to slow speed, a couple of hundred feet away from the red signal, and made as few stops as possible between stations.

He tried to recapture the feeling of beauty he'd had, before that May afternoon, of watching, on the straightaways, the red signals fleeing from the yellow signals and the green lights pursuing the yellow lights down the long, dim tunnel, of the polished rails flowing underneath him, of the power of the twenty motors so responsive to his hands.

But then the platform of the Dyckman Street station was in view and the people standing on the edge, so foolishly close to the edge. He took the power off, eased the brake handle over. Oh, hell! What beauty was in this game when you might feel your wheels biting through flesh and bone any minute, and the knowledge of it made you as sick as this.

He made a bad stop—at least eighteen inches over the ten-car mark. You were allowed a three-foot leeway, but he wasn't kidding himself. It was a rotten stop. He was getting worse all the time.

The doors-closed light flashed on, and he released the brakes and slipped into switching. Just south of Dyckman Street he saw the shattered lights of a northbound express flickering toward him. He used to think that was beautiful, too—the lights of a (*Continued on Page 98*)



"Somehow Richard just doesn't seem ready to settle down yet."

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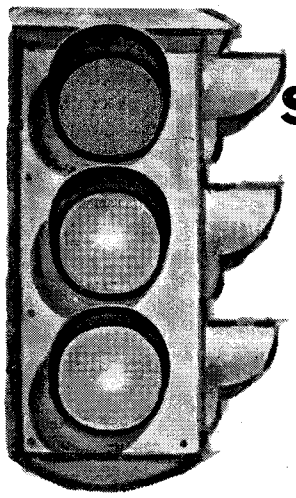

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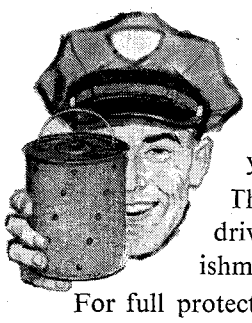

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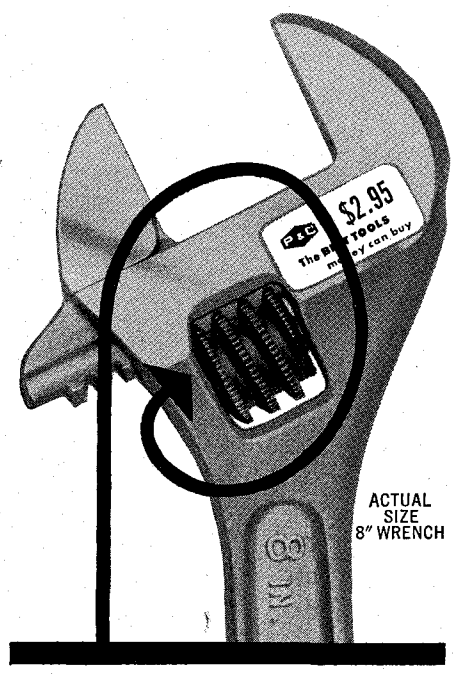

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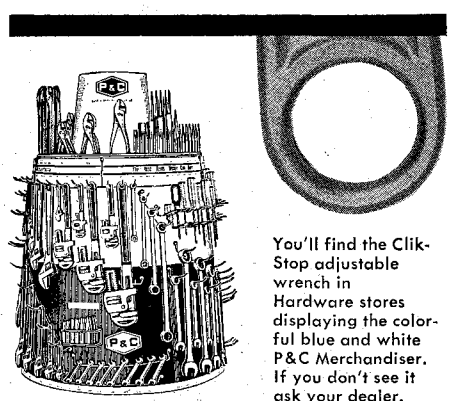

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(*Continued from Page 96*) train, shattered by the line of girders, flickering toward him at eighty miles an hour, the combined speed of both trains. Now there was no beauty in anything, except Ginny and the apartment on Saint Eden's Lane.

Now 190th was in view. He'd been in the cab four minutes, and it seemed like an hour. He made a bad stop there, too, at least fifteen inches short. But eight minutes later, at 168th, it was much worse. He actually started to throw into emergency, halfway through the station, when a man leaned far over and seemed to teeter. He just barely caught himself in time and got the handle back.

I'll quit, he thought to himself. *I just can't take this any more. Ginny will understand that. All very simple, Dave. Then what? You're twenty-nine, and what do you propose to do? Live on what Ginny makes? That won't do. Maybe take a month or two off and give yourself a chance to get over this? Maybe that would do it. A slim maybe.*

The 8:10 out of 207th nosed down after leaving 168th and slid into the lower tunnel under the local tracks. The green signals vanished as he entered the area of time control. The near signal now was always yellow, the next red. Hit the yellow at the predetermined speed, and the next red turned to yellow. He tried to concentrate on speed and forget Billy Benson. Billy could take it anyway.

One hundred and forty-fifth Street station was jammed to the edge of the platform, as always at this hour. He glanced at his watch—thirty seconds late. That could make trouble at Fiftieth, where the Washington Heights trains meshed with the Jamaica trains, and the intervals narrowed to ninety seconds. He forced himself to maintain speed, fought down the impulse to brake to a crawl, so he'd have a chance in case one of those figures detached itself and fell. He held off braking until the last minute; his shirt was sticky with sweat when he stopped.

The platform at 125th was jammed, too, and again he fought off the craving to brake until the last necessary second, and again paid the price in sweat. He moved out of 125th Street for the long run down to Fifty-ninth.

It happened perhaps a mile or so south of 125th. He was in another time-control zone. At the power break, when the lights flicked off for an instant, he shut off the power, knowing the train's momentum would carry him clear into Fifty-ninth Streeet.

Far ahead he saw the shattered light of a northbound train sweeping toward him, picking up the glitter of his own rails. And he saw, or thought he saw, the figure of a man standing in the middle of the tracks, picked out for an infinitesimal instant in that broken light. In that brief flash of time he slammed into emergency and held it there, his hands frozen on the controls.

There was that incredibly long moment again when nothing happened. Then compressed air spat. The train rushed ahead, seemingly without feeling the brakes. Four hundred tons of metal and almost a hundred and fifty tons of humans rushed on down the tunnel. The shattered lights of the northbound train grew brighter; they were flashing by the 8:10 out of 207th before he really felt the bite of the brakes.

He was still frozen at the controls when the train came to a halt, frozen, waiting for the awful feeling of a rug under the wheels. It didn't come. There was no figure. He stared ahead into the gloom of the tunnel. There was nothing.

Suddenly he knew it was all up with him. He'd report sick at the end of the run—if he couldn't get a relief before that. And he'd never take a train out again. It wasn't fair to the passengers. It was just sheer luck that he'd been doing thirty-six or thirty-seven miles an hour when he slammed into emergency. At least, nobody got hurt when you went into emergency at that speed. But if his imagination had played that trick when he was doing three or four or five miles an hour, if those brakes had bit abruptly, there'd be injured passengers behind him right now.

He felt sicker than ever, and faint. He leaned forward, closed his eyes and let his forehead rest against the cool glass. It would take a moment or two for the violent trembling to stop.

Inside the cab the voice came faintly, "Hey! Hey you!"

It seemed to come from a strange, unfamiliar source. He opened his eyes and looked ahead at the familiar, empty rails.

"How do I get outta here?" The faint voice was vaguely terrified.

He saw it then—not more than three or four feet ahead of the train and far below him—a shadowy blob, a pale blur that must be a face.

He opened the door of the cab, stepped into the vestibule into a knot of passengers, slid open the front door and opened the chain guard. The shadowy figure moved uncertainly into the yellow rectangle of light coming through the door, moved with a shaky, stumbling walk.

It was a man all right, and the tension drained out of David Carman like water from an inverted cup. He stooped, put his long arms under the figure's armpits, and lifted it up and into the train vestibule.

The reek struck him in the face. Not the reek of honest liquor either. This one had been drinking bazoo, or smoke, or cooking alcohol. Something like that.

He was just about sober enough to be frightened. Not one of the track crew, David knew immediately. It was one of those poor derelicts who'd gotten off a platform down to the tracks, and whose bodies usually take a track crew a long time to collect and piece together.

He stood there in the vestibule, swaying a little on his feet, a soiled, gray little man with reddened, misty eyes, three days of beard, in greasy, dirty clothes.

"You almost ran over me," he said accusingly to David.

One of the passengers said, "Well, I'll be ——"

"Wouldn't dream of running over you, sir," said David. He laughed a little, and the sound of his laugh was sweet in his own ears. Not shaky at all. A confident little laugh. "The brass gets darn mad when we run over passengers. We're losing too many as it is. Here, let me get you a seat."

He took the greasy elbow and steered him inside the train. There weren't any vacant seats, but two men and a woman passenger got up and offered theirs. The soiled little man sank shakily to the red-foam cushion.

He was getting his nerve back. He glared up belligerently at David. "I got a good mind to sue," he said. "Gotta good mind to."

"Don't blame you, sir," said David. "But now you just rest a bit."

He turned back to his cab. A young man suddenly turned garrulous and tagged beside him. "Say," he said, "I was looking out the front window all the time, and I'll be darned if I could see anything. You fellows have eyes like cats, don't you?"

"Oh, we've got to stay on our toes," said David lightly.

"But can you always figure to stop that close?"

"Got to. Like I said, the boss'd be sore if we killed off any passengers, considering how we're losing 'em anyway."

There was a little titter from the other passengers as David closed himself in the cab. He released the brake, heard the compressors chatter as they rebuilt the air pressure. He buzzed the conductor twice to say it was all clear, got the answering double buzz, and went into switching. Glancing at his wrist watch he saw he was two and a half minutes late, and went directly into multiple.

At Fifty-ninth Street the platform was thick with people. He held it in multiple, saw the row of faces turned toward him and chuckled. Like he often told Ginny, "So many people are glad to see a motorman—even if they never really see him."

The yellow dispatcher's light, midway down the platform, blinked impatiently on and off, on and off, signaling in the uncoded talk of a dispatcher to a motorman, "You're late—get the lead out of your pants."

At precisely the last possible second, he put on the brakes. He never made a better stop in his life. THE END

"I've been wanting to bring you two together—Mr. Vincent here is a barber."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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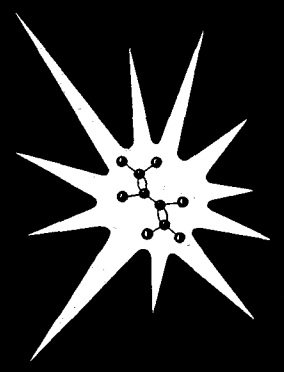

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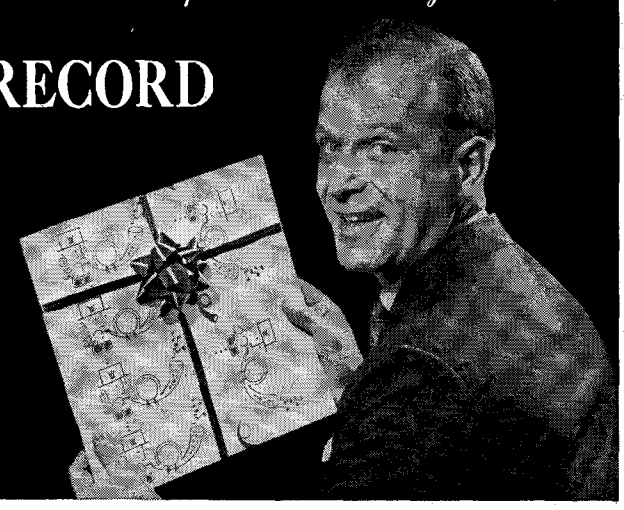

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The Town That Can't Wait for Tomorrow

(Continued from Page 41)

then myself, just for a midwinter change. It may be thirty below zero, but auto heaters and the highways are good enough so that I don't even notice the cold.

"Right now, I'm not enthusiastic about statehood, and I think Anchorage is mad to build a nine-million-dollar dock on an ice-choked harbor, with no prospects for important cargo to move out over it. But I keep my mouth shut. You can't go on sounding like Cassandra all your life, when Cassandra never is right."

The conservative's dilemma is almost typical of Alaska and its most important city. In theory, a bumblebee can't possibly fly, as any aeronautical engineer knows; but the bee takes off anyhow. Just so, Alaska is in serious economic and legal trouble even before its new laws are coded; Anchorage shouldn't be as big as it is, let alone growing 25 per cent per decade, and a whole new state is dreaming wonderful pipe dreams on an economic base which would horrify a junior-high financial expert. But the bumblebee just goes ahead, flying his head off.

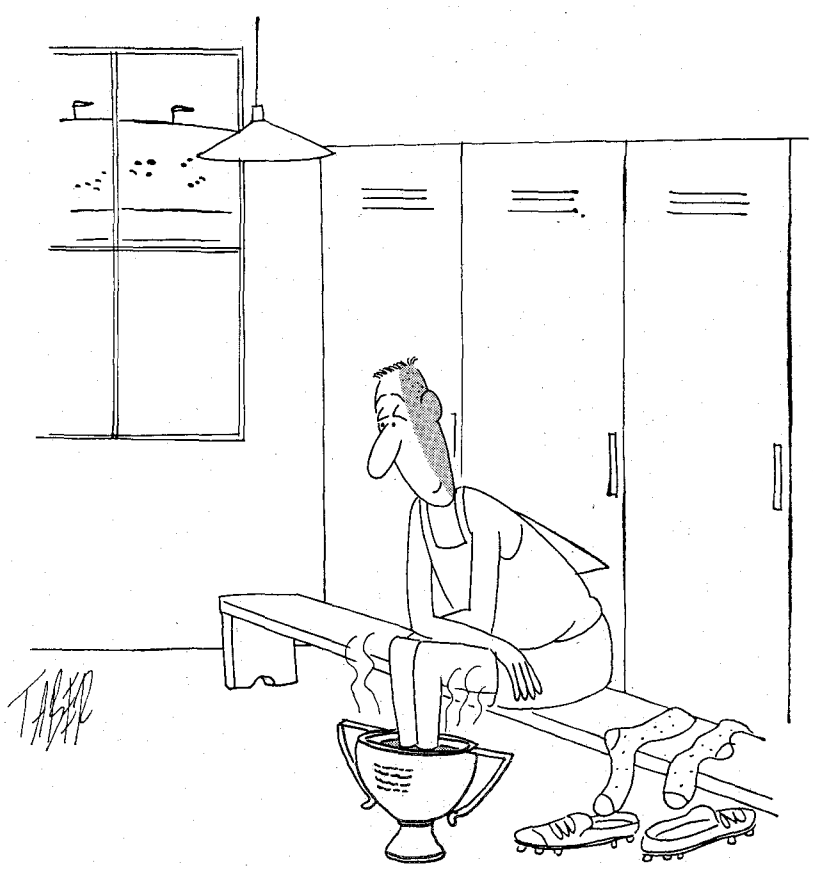
Nothing up here is so rare as a neutral. On the one hand are the wild-eyed enthusiasts to whom nothing is impossible, nothing even unlikely. To bolster them is the history of two decades when nothing stood still, and Wednesday's bear trail was Thursday morning's suburb. On the other side are the unreconstructed, the economists who know this simply can't be true, and the up-the-creek loners, unwashed, bearded and convinced that two people constitute a crowd. Somewhere in the middle vacillates the new state and its biggest city, brawling, naïve, brash, simple, childlike and loving 10 per cent interest. For the outsider, this is a place impossible to hate, difficult to love, and too big to spank.

Sunday afternoon is a good time to walk Anchorage streets, even in the months when the mercury drops toward zero and a frigid breeze cuts in from Cook Inlet. Mount McKinley may make one of its rare appearances to the north, and the lesser peaks of the Chugach Range move closer, crocheting the edges of the city's flat landscape. The streets are neither crowded nor dusty then, and the curious patterns of city and state are easier to see in detail.

An Eskimo woman, wearing sealskin mukluks, blue jeans and a knee-length cotton parka trimmed in dirty fur, comes along one sidewalk, but ignores wolf traps displayed in a hardware store and huge roasts turning on an infrared rotisserie in a restaurant window. Only once does she stop, pausing in front of a men's clothing shop to stare, her dark face intent at a single display—a man's ten-dollar derby hat. Her puzzled frown still is with her as she turns back toward a big, native service hospital in the suburbs.

In a hotel lobby oilmen and lease promoters take time from their mysterious operations to sit back—their cowboy boots well out in front—while they swap tales of other oil booms and dry holes in a dozen odd corners of the world. On the main street—4th Avenue, paralleling the lip of the plateau—a covey of Scandinavian Airlines crewmen crowds around a pretty stewardess, deciding what to do with their stopover time on a transpolar flight from Copenhagen to Tokyo. Most of them never have seen any other American city, but they know Anchorage well. Soldiers and airmen from nearby military bases wander between the garish theaters and the stores with magazine racks. In a lunchroom, a buxom German waitress smiles at a Negro customer, and tries her halting English after he has left. "Yes," she says, "there are many colored people here. As I see it in the year I am here with my soldier husband, they are not just tolerated, they are treated like anyone else. It is very good."

Of such things—Eskimos homesick for the Arctic slopes, derby hats, foreign visitors, wolf traps, oil wildcatters, escapists, airmen and get-rich-quick artists—is this town composed. It is a town with little history, a confusing present and very possibly a (*Continued on Page 103*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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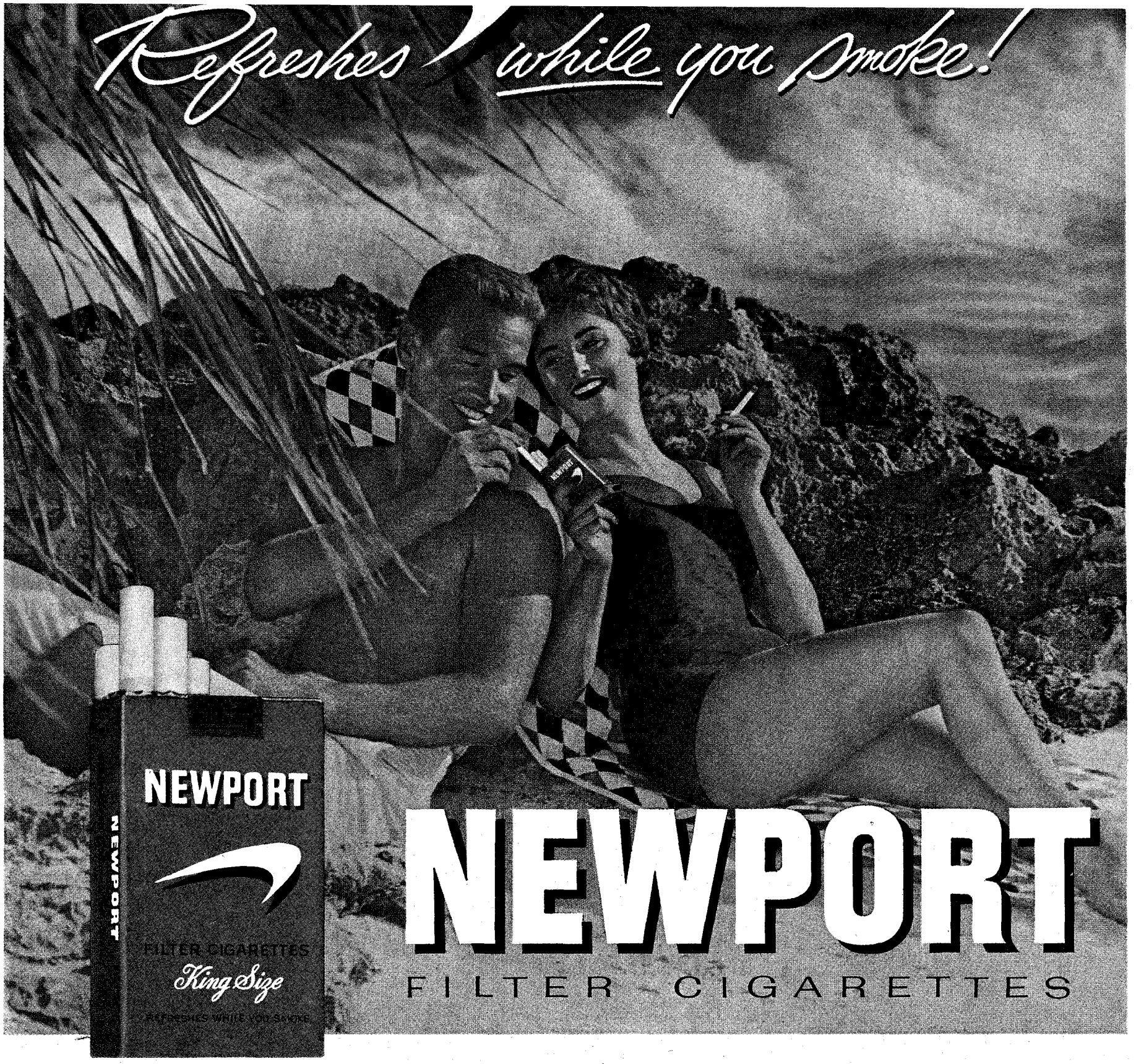

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(*Continued from Page 100*) wonderful future. It doesn't remember exactly where it's been, doesn't know exactly where it is now, but can't wait to get to tomorrow. By any standards it's wonderful.

Alaska long has suffered from snap judgments. Read about millions of acres under oil lease in this new state, 40,000,000 acres of commercial timberland, $28,000,000 annual mineral production and $244,000,000 gross personal income; absorb such figures, and enthusiasm is hard to escape. Depending on just how the count is made, and who makes it, this city today claims 67,000 to 90,000 people, civilian and military, within a ten-mile radius. And serious predictions are made that 1980 figures will be between 112,000 and 277,000. Splitting its corporate seams repeatedly, the town has run up and down nearby hills and valleys so fast that 1948 landmarks are hard to find. A spate of new business blocks and store fronts is exceeded only by the elaborate plans for more.

The schools, which are good, are jammed with 11,000 pupils, and enrollment increases 10 per cent a year. A choral group and a symphony orchestra flourish; little-theater casts play to capacity houses; a ski bowl is crowded in winter, and beaches on nearby lakes are jammed in summer; and an international airport—considerably more impressive than those in Chicago—sets new records almost daily on its runways and in its handsome restaurants.

This is heady stuff for any investigator. He may stop investigating any minute to go buy an oil lease or a building lot.

But snap judgments just as dangerous can be made with a reverse twist. Gold was the most important thing in early Alaska; and the words "gold" and "Alaska" still are inextricably linked in many minds. But the visitor to a gold mine today must come away with a sick feeling. Here is a tired industry, its equipment and its men old and slowing down, its future dark. For all the romance, there just isn't enough money in gold mining now. So wind moans through the empty houses at Ruby and Tetlin; Nome huddles amidst the refuse of a thousand abandoned claims; rain drips from the echoing tipples of the once-great Alaska-Juneau Mine. Silent gold dredges, like so many leftover dinosaurs, stand alone in the cratered valleys. Last year sand and gravel produced more income—$8,799,000—for Alaska than did gold—$7,541,000.

Talk to a fisherman, and the Alaska picture is sadder still. The salmon catch is down from 500,000,000 pounds in 1938 to less than 200,000,000 in 1958; boats lie idle; canneries are closed and the remainder of an industry faces what it calls extermination by the demand of the new state legislature that fish traps must go. Closure of Bristol Bay fishing by a March, 1959, order of the United States Department of the Interior dealt one more blow, nearly fatal. Crab, shrimp, cod and bottom fish offer some commercial possibilities, but are not yet important in dollars and cents.

Only the grizzled fur trappers have a sadder story—fur receipts halved in a decade, beaver and mink and wolf in shorter and shorter supply, fur-coat prices in Anchorage higher than in New York. At an Anchorage "Fur Rendezvous" this year, all the trappings of a civic festival were present; but sponsors had to scramble wildly to find live seals or even sealskins to be used in the program. More raw fur probably was present in the sea-urchin beards grown by taxi drivers and businessmen for a contest than in the packs of any trapper who happened to come to town for the show.

But this is a digression. Economically, Anchorage proper has a side as dark as that of the state. The 539-mile, government-owned Alaska Railroad, which created the original excuse for the town in 1915, annually goes further and further into deficit spending. For the railroad, statehood can do little or nothing. For Anchorage streets—the paving program years behind—it can do nothing. Whether it will do anything for the lasting future of a town chiefly dependent on military spending—16,000 personnel, an $80,000,000 annual payroll, $57,000,000 in purchases and $121,000,000 in operating costs—remains to be seen.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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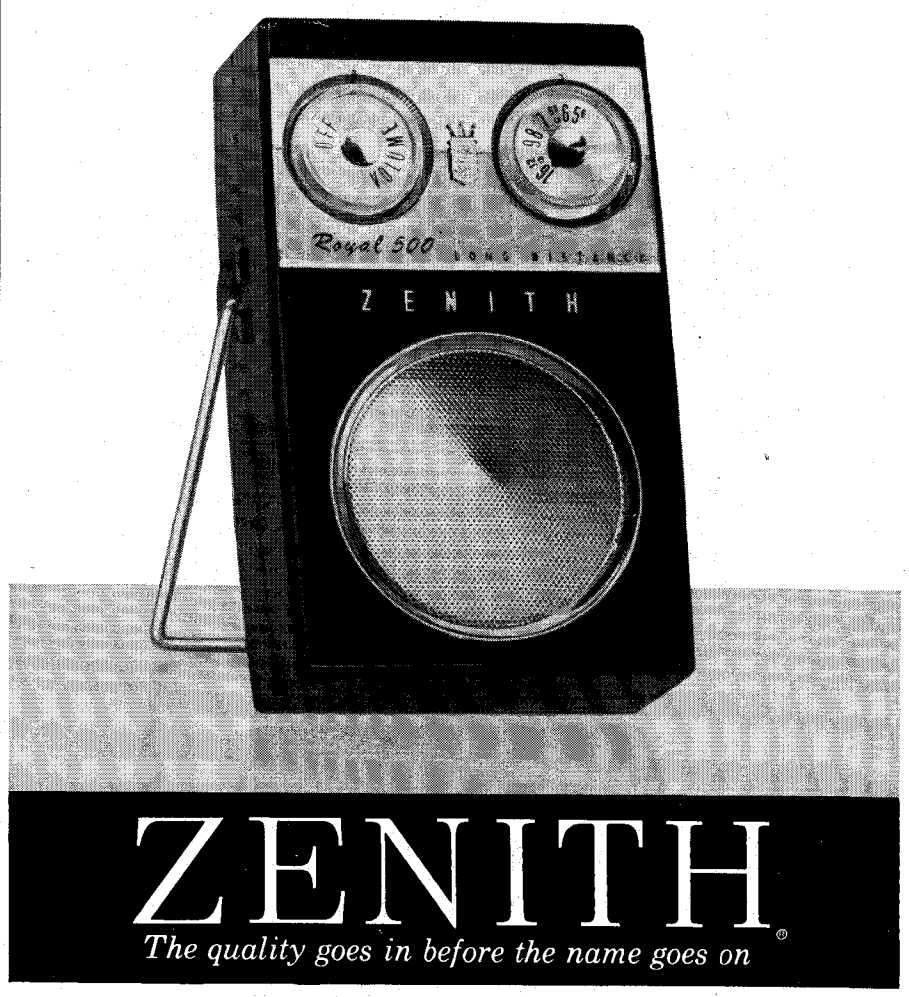

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Older Alaska industry cannot begin to support the population now present. Anchorage has mushroomed without a manufacture more important than a shop making airplane skis. Agriculture, with only 19,000 acres under cultivation in the entire state, is far from able to feed even a measurable part of the people. City facilities—water, power, telephones and sewers—were built for a small town and lack finances or taxing authority for their own expansion. The city water system, for example, legally may not invoke the local improvement-district method, and can extend its mains only by charging for actual connections.

City growth has been possible only because of constant blood transfusions—more and more money pumped in for military and air-base construction, Federally financed communications, warning systems and assorted defense projects. The screaming questions about the whole state are whether such military expenditures will continue, and whether this economy can hold up if they do not. A 25 per cent personnel reduction a couple of years ago gave Anchorage a bad scare. Complicated factors are involved: Is an Alaska-based Air Force or even an arctic early-warning system still needed in view of missile and long-range-plane developments? What role would this area actually play in a war involving intercontinental missiles, nuclear submarines and assorted new and horrific hardware?

On the civilian side, do jet airliners bode good or ill for this intermediary stopping place? Anchorage has lost its importance in Seattle-Tokyo air travel, but made up for it as a stop on transpolar flights between Europe and the Orient. For commercial jets it will have no trans-Pacific importance, but is roughly halfway between New York and Tokyo. But what would happen to the transpolar business if Russia decided to permit foreign civilian flights from Europe to the Orient over its territory? The distance by such a route is so much less that Anchorage might lose its foreign business almost as fast as it was acquired.

The man with these answers will get an Alaska hearing; but if he craves real attention he can try the really tough category: Can oil, timber or other potential products of Alaska ever contribute enough to make up for Federal expenditures now gone or going, and the huge outlays of the military, who may be here for generations, or may fold up their airplanes and missiles and go away tomorrow? These answers mean the difference between a state that is self-supporting and attractive to settlers, and one that faces a desperate northern poverty.

> A diplomat is one who is expert at turning the other tongue-in-cheek.
>
> FRANK G. MCINNIS

A negative feature of Alaska city business districts is the absence of the better-known national chain stores. Understandably, the average Anchorage resident is interested in whether these high-volume, low-margin concerns presently will arrive to free him from his mail-order catalogues. But he's likely to say only "Huh?" and move to the other end of the bar when asked about the one-way freight-haul situation. Nevertheless, both he and the chain stores are affected by it. Up to now, mainland Alaska has no important cargo for ships, trucks or airplanes to carry away. Fish ordinarily is carried in cannery boats, and there is less fish year by year. The timber export is negligible; very little of the coal has found outside markets since United States Navy ships stopped burning it.

Ninety-six per cent of the cargo moved over docks at Seward, principal civilian rail-served port, is inbound. Operation of ships which must move one way empty is so expensive that freight service constantly has declined. A freight-truck line which charges ten cents a pound to move fresh meat north from Seattle via the Alaska Highway to Fairbanks will take any backload it can get, at a fraction of that price. Businessmen and consumers suffer. The Anchorage cost-of-living index is 140.8 per cent of Seattle's prices, and costs of bulky merchandise are astronomical. A hamburger in Anchorage is eighty-five cents, still on the steep side although not as much above "outside" prices as the same sandwich was twenty years ago.

Commercial logging could help this situation, and some Japanese interest has been shown in Alaska coal. The Japanese, however, have little or nothing to bring to Alaska from their home ports and are prevented by the Jones Act from moving on a triangular run—Tokyo-Seattle-Alaska—with cargo between United States ports. This, plus the cost of reopening old coal fields, for the time being has blocked any sales to Japan.

But much more important, potentially, is the oil which may or may not lie in commercial quantities under the tundra and mountains. The history of oil in Alaska has been a history of frustration, although its presence has been known for generations, especially in the true arctic. This great basin, from the Brooks Range of mountains to the Arctic Ocean, was set aside decades ago as a Navy oil reserve. From 1946 to 1953 the Navy spent some $60,000,000 on a full-scale exploration at Point Barrow, Umiat, Gubik and other bases, but closed out the program on the theory that the minor strikes and oil and gas showings did not merit development. Some of this reserve now has been opened for private investment.

Similar results came from civilian drilling which began at Katalla, near Valdez, in 1901. Eighteen wells there coughed up 154,000 barrels—a trifling production—in the thirty years before they were shut down. The late Russell E. Havenstrite, a widely known oil prospector, drilled at Iniskin Bay, near Anchorage, but closed down in 1955. When friends went with him to an airport, he shook hands all around, then pulled a small bottle of crude oil from his pocket and grinned at it. He said, "Take a good look. There's three million dollars' worth."

In all, Navy and private drillers spent nearly $100,000,000 in drilling 109 wells in half a century, without an important strike. But this is a country where bumblebees can fly, no matter what anybody says. On the heels of Havenstrite's failure, an oil boom promptly began and today is the one most important economic factor in Alaska, after the military program. Land under lease or offers to lease now approach 50,000,000 acres—exact figures change daily. Most major oil companies have interests and give every indication of going ahead. Four ninety-foot seismic-exploration vessels, jointly financed, are conducting a $1,000,000 study of tidal waters around the Kenai Peninsula. On the peninsula, two producing wells have been brought in, one at 500 barrels a day, the other at 900. These are modest and do not in

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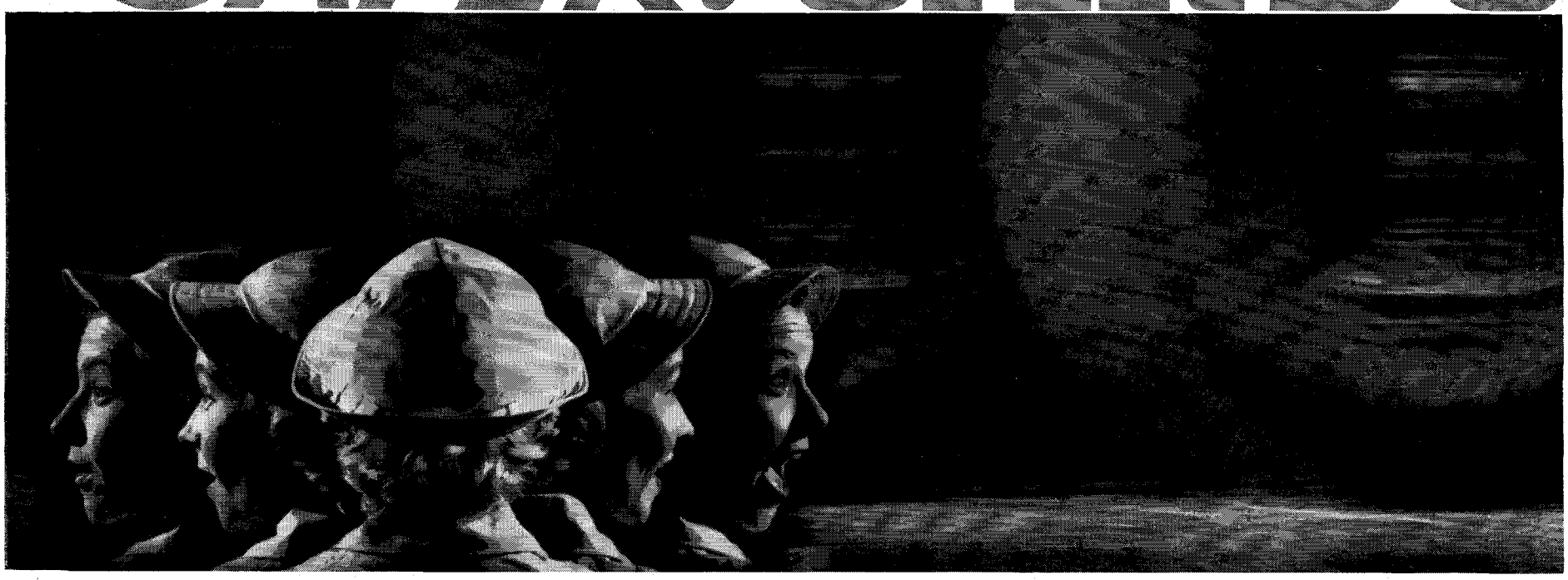

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themselves justify much development. But drilling goes on, and the money already has started to flow in. From fifty-cents-an-acre leases alone the state now can expect an annual income of $2,750,000 during the next decade, according to an estimate by James W. Dalton, who prepared an elaborate study for the Anchorage Chamber of Commerce. Because the new state foresees annual revenues in 1960 of only $23,000,000—approximately a third of Rhode Island's receipts—the importance of oil is obvious. A major strike, with royalties and higher leases, would make that figure only a fraction of the total. The American Petroleum Institute Quarterly says twenty-eight oil companies have earmarked $100,000,000 for Alaskan exploration and may spend another $200,000,000 if current exploration is successful.

To Anchorage right now oil means merely that office space is harder to find than housing, although a man still pays through the nose for a house. It also means that a few dozen extra jobs are available in the oil industry itself, and with airplane, barge and truck lines supporting the exploration crews. Banks have loaned little money directly for wildcatting, but it's a rare businessman who does not have at least one little oil lease, just as insurance. The new state legislature—in which William E. Beltz, a forty-six-year-old Eskimo carpenter from the Bering Sea village of Unalakleet is senate president—hasn't passed a blue-sky law, so oil-stock promotion schemes are flourishing. On the Kenai, animal conservationists have lost a battle to keep drilling rigs out of Alaska's principal moose refuge; and some 500 homesteaders are battling to save mineral rights.

For the average Anchorage resident, all this muddled economy means little. This is a new town, and most residents have arrived since 1945. A typical householder might be employed on one of the military projects or by an airline. If he's very new, he still may be living in a house trailer. His pay check would be about 50 per cent higher than for a similar job "outside," but his bills might dictate that his wife also have a job. They'd live rather well, but would save little money. Probably two out of three men drawn to Alaska put down "hunting and fishing" as a reason; but from Anchorage the employed man would go fifty to two hundred miles, often by bush plane, to find real sport, which comes high.

High point of living, from the family standpoint, might be the schools, which are the city's pride. The seventeen-school physical plant has been built almost entirely since 1945. The high school, a sprawling affair, includes top athletic facilities, a fine theater and excellent classrooms and laboratories. The combination of $6000-to-$8400 salaries and hope for adventure has lured a good teaching staff, and Anchorage students do well in college-entrance examinations. Hillis K. Idleman, superintendent, says, "We never have scholarship help available for all the graduates who are well qualified."

But the press of enrollment has forced the high-school building to a triple shift—high school in the morning, junior high in the afternoon and a community college with 1200 enrolled keeping the building alight until midnight. A bus fleet rolls up 2400 miles a day. Territorial funds not received caused a $275,000 deficit in the school system last biennium, when the Alaska department of education was going $1,100,000 into the red. The future is complicated by the district's inability to increase a ten-mill tax levy and the unsolved question of whether school districts may cross political subdivisions when the state finally gets its laws straightened out. Unincorporated Spenard and Fairview are now included in the district, and the high school is outside Anchorage city limits.

The city has parallel problems. In the last decade Anchorage has purged itself of some undesirable police and of the more obvious sins. The "line," which was an open prostitution center just off the main street before World War II, has been replaced by legitimate businesses, and the many bars—there are more than 200 bartenders, compared to about fifty doctors and fifty ministers—now are regulated, and closing hours are enforced.

But the more obvious strip-tease joints and "clubs" merely moved out toward the military bases. One area, Fairview, resisted incorporation and finally became an island surrounded by the city. Although in a recent month Anchorage police made no arrests for prostitution or soliciting, half a dozen places in Fairview were plastered with Off Limits signs by armed-forces police. Fairview's bare-to-the-belt girlie shows happily run all night, to the delight of the taxi drivers. The new constitution divides the entire state into towns and boroughs—not counties—without overlapping, but whether it also will force elimination of such islands as Fairview remains undecided.

Of course Anchorage is not all bars and girlie joints, any more than it's all pure. A young doctor's wife says, "It's more fun to live here than it ever was before," and this appears true. The visitor may find himself entertained in houses better furnished than his own. Fragile teacups and fine silver are common, and the outsider feels himself badly read by comparison with his hosts. Education levels are high. In two weeks the community college turned up enough people qualified to teach its night classes—many businessmen and housewives who'd never bothered to tell anybody they held advanced degrees.

Robert Shaw, director of the chorale carrying his name, has led Anchorage music festivals, which feature a fifty-to-sixty-piece orchestra and a 125-voice chorus. Directors commissioned Jacob Avshalomov, of Portland, Oregon, to compose Phases of the Great Land, a two-part suite, for one festival. Another attracted 1400 persons for a performance of Bach's The Passion According to St. John, which isn't exactly popular program music. A city auditorium is named in honor of Sydney Laurance, Alaska's best-known painter. And the trappers who once brought stinking, raw beaver skins to Anchorage in the late winter might be a little nonplused by a feature of the 1959 "Fur Rendezvous" program—it was a contest for ceramics makers.

... ...

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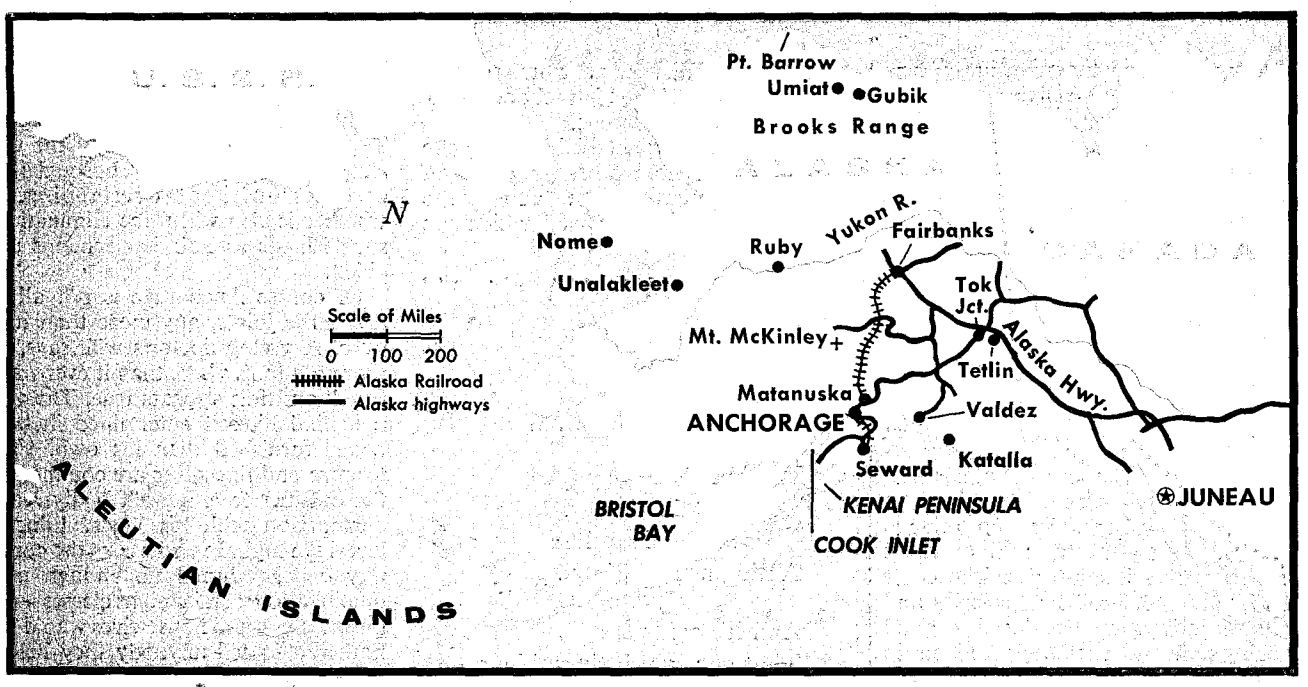

Alaska, the 49th state; 586,000 sq. miles, virtually untapped resources. The U.S.S.R. is a mere 56 miles away across Bering Strait.

Anchorage, midway along transpolar routes, serves as an airline refueling point. Above: passengers deplane from a Tokyo flight.

The most-repeated Alaska story concerns a man—almost any man—who arrived twenty years ago with his extra shirt in a paper sack and today is a capitalist. There's just enough truth to keep the legend alive and to keep on luring simple souls north with the dream of riches in their eyes. Nobody does more to discourage this, naturally, than the man who arrived in just such fashion two decades back; but he has some right on his side—opportunities for sudden riches are not on every side. Free land still can be had, via the arduous homesteading route. Recently some fifty Michigan families, calling themselves the Fifty-niners, came north to found new homes on the Kenai Peninsula in defiance of economics as well as unneighborly bears. But within a few days they were so discouraged that several went home, and the few remaining families started clearing homesteads north of Anchorage and miles from the Kenai. One Alaskan says, "Someday we'll have to decide whether that place is for people or for bears." Two other families, well supplied with publicity, children, dogs and a cow, worked their way north from Everett, Washington, with the same dreams. These are only examples. Canadian customs officials annually turn back at their borders scores who cannot prove that they are financed well enough to get through Canada, let alone to find Alaska homes. But still they come, by trailer, by airplane without a return ticket, by truck—people bearing bright dreams in place of money, bravery in place of skills. Most of them end in Anchorage, adding to the squalid shacks in the raveled suburbs.

But Robert N. Baker, Anchorage banker, complains as bankers did twenty years ago, "Alaska needs more capital, more than anything else. This is a country from which a lot of people have taken a lot of money to build nice homes in Palm Springs. The man who reinvests in this area and lives out his life here still is the rarity."

The want ads—those wonderful measures of just what sort of a town any town is—carry curious promises, "Wanted, $10,000. Will repay $1000 plus 1 per cent of unpaid balance monthly. More than ample security by Bank Escrow Collection" or, on the other side of the coin, "Texas man with $50,000 to invest in Alaska. Write Details."

Those same columns give many a clue to Alaska life. Criticize the Alaska Highway—as I did a couple of years ago—and Alaska enthusiasts will thirst publicly for your blood, in addition to calling you a liar. But a typical auto-for-sale ad declares, ". . . 25,000 miles, fine condition. NO ALCAN"—which means that this fortunate vehicle never has fought that particular windshield-and-spring-breaking 1500 miles. The ads attest that old Alaska is not entirely gone. One wonderful offer under AIRPLANES FOR SALE suggests, "Ford Tri-Motor, Model 4 . . . Have chairs for it, $32,500." If you've always wondered where those fine old 1926 airplanes went, now you know.

Another ad, for which the angry client paid display rates and included a picture, spoke the ultimate insult:

> $50 reward will be paid for the recovery of the above (mountain) sheep head, which was obtained under false pretenses by man . . . who posed as taxidermist. . . . This probably was disposed of between Anchorage and Dawson Creek . . . may have been traded for merchandise . . . registered with the Boone and Crockett Club.

Woe and more woe to the absconder if the wronged hunter ever catches up with him!

Not all trophies are held in such high esteem, and another advertiser recognizes it. His ad: "Hunters, get your moose and caribou horns out from under foot. Trade for hand-carved jewelry or sell for cash."

It's no more reasonable to draw hard conclusions about 80,000 people in Anchorage than to make flat pronouncements about everybody in Sioux City. All sorts are here—bush fliers and accountants, bassoonists, skiers, short-loan sharks and men who pretend to like *muk-tuk*, the dried meat that the natives once ate when they could get nothing else; bar girls and priests, the chronic poor and the chronic rich. They live, as in any other city, the lives they want to live, oriented to good music and art exhibits, to canned TV shows, or to the bars where beer bottles still are broken out back—as always in Alaska—because it's not worth while to turn them in for deposits. A schoolman says, "These youngsters are smart—smarter than most, and more willing to work. If I have a criticism, it's that they're a little uncouth. Too many of them live in trailers, and it shows." A banker says, "We're desperate for people who really want to work and know how to do something—and plagued by those who don't know and don't want to work."

All these things are true. Also true are the wonderful opportunities, whether to fish for incredible trout and fly-loving salmon in the fabulous Katmai streams far to the westward; to surround oneself with the well-educated; to meet celebrities, or to live precisely as one pleases, without worrying about the neighbors—because if he so chooses, a man still can find in Alaska a place where there are no neighbors.

Only a true enthusiast can ignore Anchorage's summer dust, the flies and mosquitoes plaguing any back-country expedition, the winter cold or the sword-of-Damocles economy. But enthusiasts there are, each convinced that the beauty is worth the price.

The state's problems are just beginning. Nobody knows exactly what will happen to the courts, the schools, the public-works program, hospital plans, workers' compensation, election laws, fish traps, highway policing or a hundred other items—few of them ever mentioned in the long battle for statehood, but all vitally affected by it. Alaskans always have had a whipping boy—the United States Department of the Interior—which they held responsible for every ill up to and including the weather. Now a legislature in Juneau is the only candidate for similar abuse—and it, unfortunately for the complainers, is composed of Alaskans. The most vociferous are almost as confused by this as by their own inability to remember always that this now is a state.

As for Anchorage—well, nobody knows whether important oil will be found or refineries built, but virtually everyone believes it. Meanwhile, the old Alaska still is present. The visitor in a restaurant listens only a little while until he hears the familiar sounds: "Sure, I was up the creek awhile. It got so lonesome that some mornings I'd just lean out of the cabin and kiss a moose; for company. . . ." Or, "There I was, coming through the pass, and that old engine just gave out, all at once. I looked around for a place to land. . . ."

This is the old Alaska speaking, and it's reassuring. The outdoors still is vital, and even this excited city has not yet grown away from the things Alaskans once thought all-important. You can be sure that most houses still have, carefully prized and stuck away in a closet, a few pairs of mukluks, like the soft footgear of the Eskimos, to be worn when the wind really is cold and the snow blows in from Iliamna, a day when most of the new is obliterated, and Alaska is again as it always was.

But I also did a little checking with a man in a store. So I know that Anchorage men also own at least a couple of dozen derby hats. One of these days, they'll work up the nerve to wear them outdoors. THE END

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Johnny's crackup is only a ten-minute tragedy. Soap and water for skinned knees, a spot of paint for the battered wreck, a cookie for morale and he's back on the road.

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Someone to take care of all the details involved in filing reports and settling claims.

Someone you know personally and trust.

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America's great fire and casualty companies selling insurance through independent agents

Moment of Indiscretion

(Continued from Page 29)

"I am going fishing, my dear Bedelia. I should have thought that was obvious," roared the general.

"But you don't like fishing, Chubby."

"I detest fishing, my dear. It is a fatuous waste of time, to say nothing of being dashed uncomfortable. Furthermore, I never catch anything edible."

"Then why go?" queried Bedelia.

"Because," roared the general, "I heard you ask the Blennerhassetts in to play bridge this afternoon, and I'd rather drown worms and get soaked to the skin. He's a pompous bore and she cheats. Ask the Carling woman to make a fourth—she bears watching too."

For the remainder of the afternoon, huddled miserably in a fishing punt, the general remained in full view of the bridge players, but mercifully inaudible except when he hooked a discarded boot and his pungent monosyllables carried crystal-clear across the river.

At five-thirty, when Lady Chubb-Dalrymple-Chubb bellowed, "They've gone home—it's all clear!" the general lifted anchor, paddled across to The Grange's private landing stage and thence strode thankfully homeward.

Changed and with a long whisky and soda in his hand, the general appeared depressed. His moustache drooped, a sure sign that his spirits were low. He glanced listlessly at the current issue of one of the shiny society weeklies until he came to the picture of a tall, graceful, gypsylike girl gazing soulfully into the eyes of a pleasant but weak-faced young man. The caption caused him to leap from his easy chair like a startled deer. It read:

Miss Dorcas Maidlow, one of Mayfair's undisputed belles, relaxing at Canuto's fashionable night spot with Lord Charles Ffolliot-Ffoulkes, second son of the Duke and Duchess of Camberwell. Those who should know hint at an early announcement. Orange blossom?

"He looks rather a nice young man," observed Bedelia mildly in reply to her husband's violent reaction to the picture.

"His father looked a nice young man, too," said the general, "but if he hadn't married the daughter of Henry Granet, the American railway tycoon, his affairs would have landed him in the Bankruptcy Court—and a very dirty case it would have been. I don't like it, Bedelia. Dorcas should be able to do better than the second son of a shop-soiled duke."

"You talk sometimes, Chubby," said his wife sadly, "as though Dorcas were your daughter ——"

"She very nearly was," retorted the general grimly as he retired into silence with his memories.

"I've often wondered about that myself," remarked Mrs. Carling on the floor above.

"A duke's son, eh?" observed Admiral Flemming as he emptied the rain gauge on the roof.

The general, his eyes closed and with a smile playing lightly across his face, lay back in his chair. He had put the clock back. Simla in the 1930's. From the darkness of a long veranda he was again looking into the brilliantly lighted ballroom, where a band was playing the Missouri Waltz. A couple stood framed in the French window. They were in violent disagreement about something. The girl, who was dark, with shining blue-black hair, had the lithe grace of a gypsy. The skin of her face tightened across raised cheekbones as her whole body became taut with rage. The general—he had been a captain then—did not hear what the man said, but the slap the girl delivered in reply was heard across the ballroom like a pistol shot. The man went inside, and the girl came out onto the veranda. "How dared he! The filthy beast!" she stormed.

"Are you always as lovely as that in a temper?" the general had asked, announcing his presence from the darkness.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"My friends call me Chubby," he replied, coming out into the light.

"Can you dance?" she asked.

"With you I could dance all night."

"Well, what's stopping you?"

She was light as a fairy and quite tireless. When the band played the national anthem and the lights went out, he took her into a scented garden where the Indian moon hung like a lantern to guide them until the dawn came as a reminder that it was time to go home.

Her name was Dorcas.

For the next eleven days, Dorcas and Chubby spent every waking hour together. Chubby, to whom declarations of love did not come easily, for he was the prisoner of his own reticence, did not believe that any declaration was called for. Their love was a self-evident thing.

Then Chubby made his fatal blunder: he brought together the two people in all the world who meant most to him, by introducing Dorcas and Henry Maidlow, his best friend. That same day Chubby was recalled by telegram to his regiment. He left Simla at once, happy in the belief that he and Dorcas had been destined for each other since the beginning of time. But he had omitted a formal declaration of love, or a proposal, and by these omissions put what she considered a mortal affront upon the wild-tempered Dorcas.

Two weeks later Chubby read in a newspaper that Dorcas and Henry Maidlow were engaged. With his upper lip stiff but quivering, he later went through the agony of officiating as Henry's best man. The look he and Dorcas exchanged in the church told them that if they valued their future happiness, there was still time—a few seconds—for the groom and best man to exchange roles. On the rebound from this tragic misunderstanding, Chubby met and married Bedelia, who for more than twenty-five years had been his loyal wife and helpmeet. They had been happy together, but his steel and her flint had never created the pure, brilliant spark which had come so naturally at his meeting with Dorcas and which even now the memories of her evoked.

A daughter, Dorcas, was born to Henry and Dorcas Maidlow. When Henry was killed on a Normandy beach, his will made Chubby sole executor and trustee, and when Dorcas died less than a year afterward, Chubby became the guardian—he was already her godfather—of the girl he might have fathered.

Bedelia knew that miraculously it had all happened without disloyalty to herself, so she was able to understand and forgive Chubby, regarding him as a fellow victim of the unkind trap in which Fate had caught them all. Somehow, and in a way women will understand, this had deepened her love for him which, against all the probabilities, she extended to embrace the young Dorcas. Few people, on seeing this mountainous woman or hearing her stentorian voice, suspected that beneath her unprepossessing exterior lay a tenderness and an understanding so wide and so deep that her own sorrows and disappointments became endurable.

Dorcas telephoned from London three days later to (*Continued on Page 110*)

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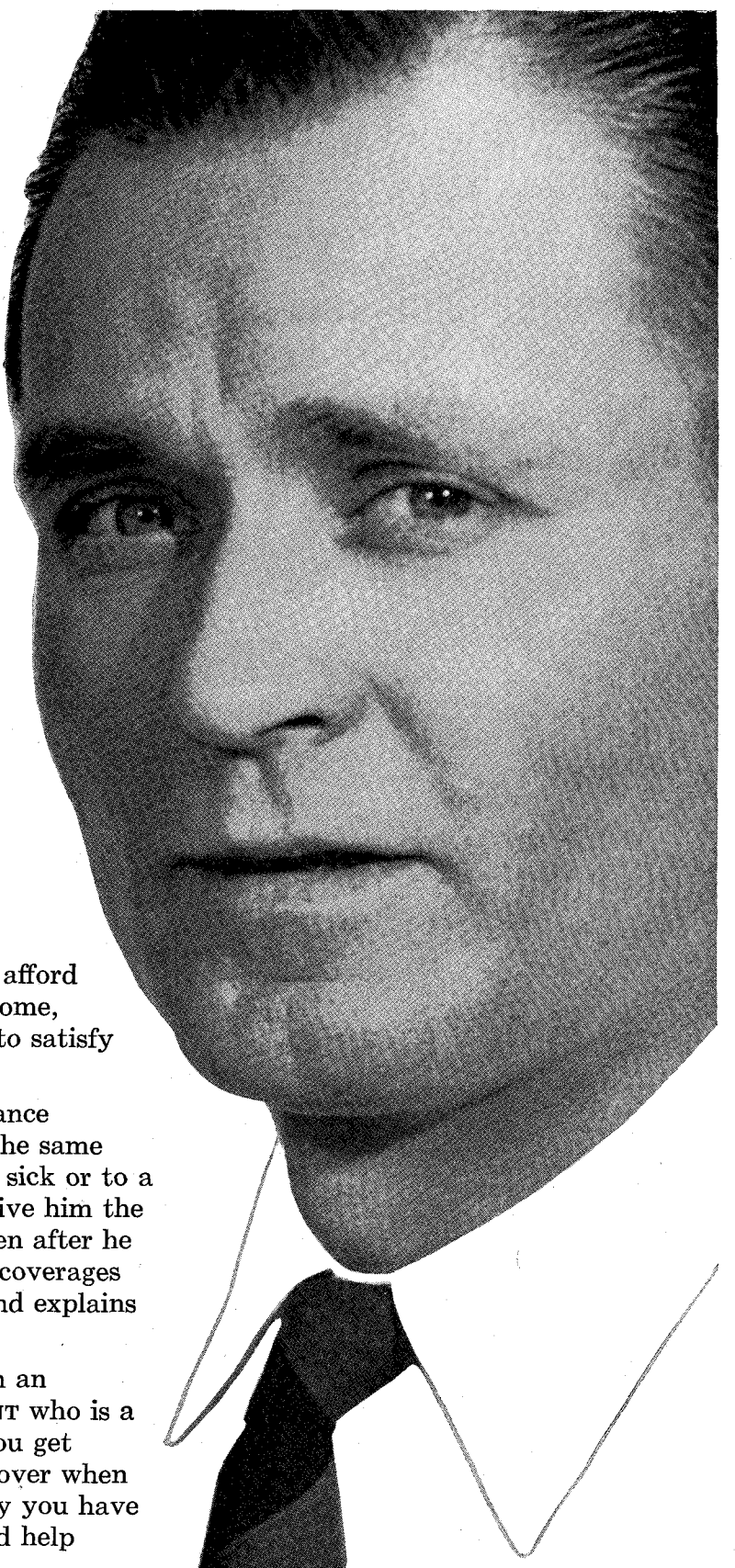
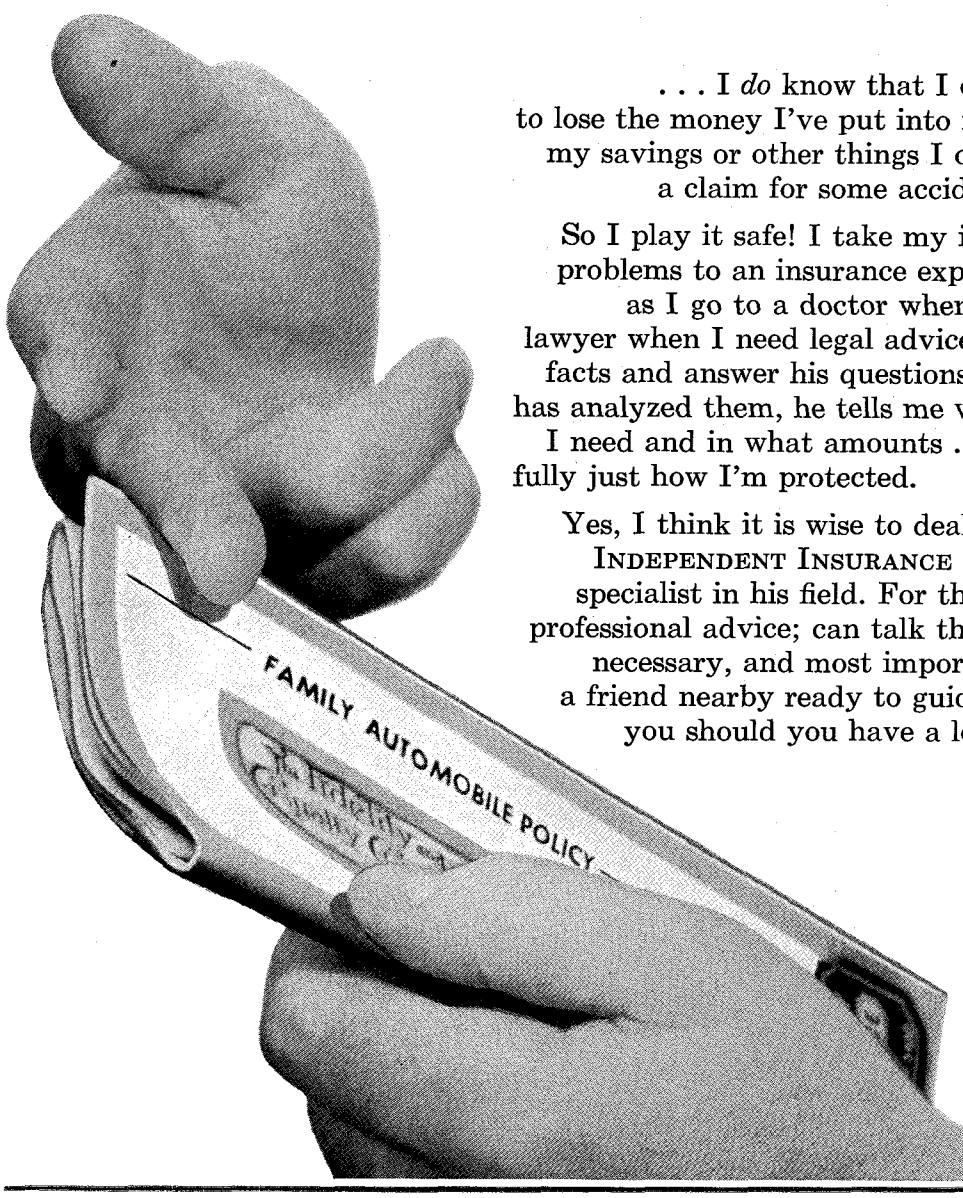
I'll admit it...

I know little about insurance, but—





. . . I *do* know that I can't afford to lose the money I've put into my home, my savings or other things I own, to satisfy a claim for some accident.

So I play it safe! I take my insurance problems to an insurance expert, the same as I go to a doctor when I'm sick or to a lawyer when I need legal advice. I give him the facts and answer his questions. Then after he has analyzed them, he tells me what coverages I need and in what amounts . . . and explains fully just how I'm protected.

Yes, I think it is wise to deal with an INDEPENDENT INSURANCE AGENT who is a specialist in his field. For then you get professional advice; can talk things over when necessary, and most importantly you have a friend nearby ready to guide and help you should you have a loss.

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America's great fire and casualty companies selling insurance through independent agents.

(*Continued from Page 108*) invite herself down for the weekend. "She's in trouble of some kind," said Bedelia, who in taking the call had caught the note of urgency in the girl's voice.

The coming of Dorcas, who bore an uncanny resemblance to her mother, helped to dispel the sense of futility, which is the child of retirement and old age, from the ground floor of The Grange. There was an urgency about everything Dorcas said and did which gave a spice to life.

Dorcas chose the peaceful after-dinner hour to launch her recital of woes. For several long minutes there had been a silence in the drawing room, broken only by the soothing click of Bedelia's knitting needles. She spent hours daily knitting baby garments, gazing wistfully at nothing and wondering why, with motherhood so strong in her, she had never been a mother.

The upstairs tenants, conscious of the lull below, wrapped themselves in the luxury of silence. "I hope Bedelia and Chubby are all right," said Mrs. Flemming. "Do you think I ought to inquire?"

The admiral, fathoms deep in meteorology, merely grunted. By all his calculations it should still be raining, whereas a glance outside revealed the sun setting in a clear sky.

"Charley is taking me to stay with his father and mother next weekend," said Dorcas, ending the silence. "I suppose they want to give me the once-over before any announcement is made."

"Well, don't forget, my dear," said the general, "that I want to give this Charley the once-over. If he's anything like his father, he's a spineless nincompoop."

"I suppose you realize, Uncle Chubby," said Dorcas severely, "that Charley's older brother is crazy about motor racing."

"What in blue blazes has that got to do with what we're discussing?" roared the general.

"Everything," was the calm reply. "If he busts a tire at a hundred and twenty miles per hour, I stand a good chance of being the next Duchess of Camberwell. Besides, I love Charley—he's sweet."

"That's what I feared," said the general. "What woman in her right senses wants a sweet husband? In addition to being sweet, what is he? What does he do?"

"Do?" echoed Dorcas bleakly. "Are dukes' sons supposed to do anything? Charley breeds pouter pigeons—yes, and he's captain of his own polo team."

"All of which, doubtless, at the expense of that old bandit, his American grandfather, who must now be wishing, wherever he is, that he might have done something better with his money than support a pack of useless dead beats. Surely a girl with your brains and personality could have dredged up something better than this—this Charley?"

"Wait till you meet him before judging him, Uncle Chubby."

"I can't wait," replied the general.

After this bad start there was another silence, gratefully noted by those on the upper floors, although their curiosity was by now at boiling point.

"Uncle Chubby," said Dorcas when the chandeliers had ceased to dance, "I'm in a mess. I need some help."

"Let's hear the worst, my dear. All of it—not just carefully selected snippets. What have you been doing?"

"Well, you remember when I used to model for photographers?"

"Will I ever forget it? You practically exiled me from my own club," replied the general. "Every time I went into the reading room it was full of dirty old men sniggering over your pictures—wearing less all the time. You've not done any more of that, I hope."

"You didn't mind a bit when I was a sweet little housewife posing in front of kitchen stoves and washing machines. It was only when the swimsuit people discovered what a nice figure I've got that you turned nasty. I don't know what you would have said if I hadn't turned down the brassière contract when I saw the proofs."

"I can never remember the difference between a brassière and a *brasserie*," said the old soldier. "One of them is a brewery, isn't it?"

"Yes, Uncle Chubby, but I had nothing to do with breweries."

"The child is referring to what I believe are called 'uplift garments,'" said Bedelia, "which seem to be worn these days by young women who don't need them, whereas women of my age who really need them can't be bothered. I've always thought that if Mrs. Blennerhassett wore them she'd look less like a sackful of jellied consommé."

"Really," observed Mrs. Blennerhassett, turning on the radio, "this is too much. Surely," she added, turning to her husband, "you're not just going to sit there grinning while that woman insults me?"

"You know, my dear," said Colonel Blennerhassett, "old Robbie Burns knew something when he wrote:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Do you know what day this is? This is the thirty-first day of our thirty-day guaranty."

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"'*Oh wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us*
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion. . . .'

"Living within rifle shot of the Chubb-Dalrymple-Chubbs, if you ask me, is a most salutary lesson in humility. And you know, my dear," he added, "we say far worse things about them, but not so loudly. The only difference between them and us, when you reflect upon the matter, is one of volume. They say loudly and without shame what we whisper furtively, and of the two, I dare say, the Recording Angel prefers their way. It's a thought, anyway."

"Well," continued Dorcas, "I posed for a brand of what Aunt Bedelia calls uplift garments. The studio which took these pictures played tricks with the camera, and the photos came out not at all like I had expected. I hit the roof ——"

"Why?" asked the old soldier, who liked his *i*'s dotted and his *t*'s crossed.

"Because they weren't decent, Uncle Chubby, if you must have it. They were too—too revealing, I suppose is the word. Anyway, George Carliss—he was the head of the studio, but was away on holiday when the photos were taken—agreed with me that the photos should be suppressed and promised to do so at once."

"Well, thank God for that," said the old soldier. "No need now to resign from my club."

"Don't thank God until you've heard it all," said Dorcas. "I haven't finished yet. You've seen those pictures of me and Charley in the shiny weeklies, haven't you? Well, so has somebody else. Two days ago a man who wouldn't give his name telephoned me. If he is to be believed, he has a set of those photos and—well, I think he wants to sell them."

"Now, my dear," said the general, "either the chap does want to sell them or he doesn't. Which is it? How much is he asking for them?"

"It isn't as simple and straightforward as that, Uncle Chubby. This is what he said, 'I was wondering, Miss Maidlow, whether the Duke of Camberwell would like a set for the family portrait gallery. What do you think?' I said I didn't think he would, or something equally silly, and the man said, 'Perhaps we'd better have a chat about it one day soon. I'll call you again.' Then he rang off. He said it all in a nasty, threatening tone of voice."

"Undoubtedly blackmail," said the general. "Did you recognize the voice?"

"I'm not sure," replied Dorcas, "but I think I did. His voice reminded me of a nasty, scruffy little man who had something to do with the studio. He asked me one day to go to a movie with him, but I wouldn't. Then he said I was treating him like dirt. It was all very unpleasant—and now, I just don't know what to do. It would be simply dreadful if he did send the photos to the duke and duchess, because I'm sure they'd never agree to Charley's marrying me."

"I'm not sure, my dear," interposed the general, "that it would be an undiluted misfortune. All the same, I can understand how you feel. Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough? The only other thing is that a friend has lent me a tape recorder, which I've attached to my telephone, so the next time the man calls I shall have a record of the whole conversation. When I have that, I shall play it over to George Carliss and to all the other people I knew at the studio, and I'm sure one of them will recognize the voice. Then, once I know who he is, I thought perhaps you'd frighten him off and get the photos."

The general needed time to digest this new thought. He had, of course, heard of tape recorders, just as he had heard of man-made satellites. But neither figured in his life. Hearing Dorcas talk so casually about this new device made him realize how outmoded he was and how little fitted—less probably than Dorcas herself—to deal with a slick blackmailer.

Lady Chubb-Dalrymple-Chubb, from whom few things which happened in her husband's mind were hidden, hastened to his moral support, "As you say, my dear, once you have ascertained who the man is, the rest can be left to Chubby. I don't know any man better fitted to tame a blackmailer. I remember once in Secunderabad ——"

There followed a somewhat involved story about an anonymous letter writer whose malice had caused two suicides. The nub of the story was that, although the police had been baffled, Chubby had not and that, thanks to his vigorous action, all had come right in the end. Bedelia knew that Chubby was thinking of that other Dorcas, worrying lest in his fumbling old age he was going to fail her daughter in the hour of her need. There had been times when Bedelia had hated that other Dorcas because of her power, even from the other side of the grave, to make the old soldier straighten his shoulders, throw out his chest and go forth to tilt at windmills in defense of his old love's daughter. But there was no longer any sting to Bedelia's musings—and little resentment. A man was as he was. Most memories died, but a few were imperishable. She did not know, or even wish to know, what a generation previously Chubby and the other Dorcas had whispered under the Indian moon, but she sighed once again at the realization that, whatever it may have been, it had become and would remain until death the

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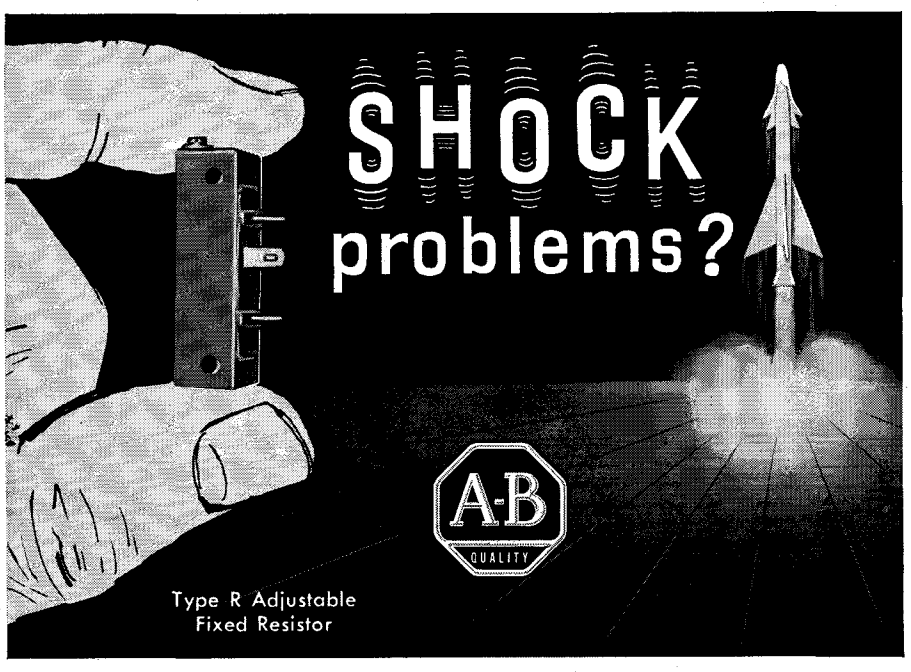

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mainspring of the old soldier's life. He was not very astute, but he was steadfast and loyal, and because of this their lives had been placidly happy—never deliriously so—and free of all bitterness.

"If only that girl would speak up," said Admiral Flemming, scrubbing his false teeth in preparation for bed, "we should know who was blackmailing whom. The wind's shifted a couple of points—I think we shall have rain. Well, my dear, it's time to turn in. As soon as Bedelia's finished saying her prayers, we'll be able to go to sleep."

"Her way maybe is right," said Mrs. Flemming sleepily. "I've often thought that God must loathe mumblers."

The short stay at The Grange did much for Dorcas's morale. She knew that her guardian would not be a very effective champion in her predicament, but her comfort came from the warming knowledge that the old soldier, even if he used outmoded weapons, would fight for her until death. There were not many people of whom she could say the same. She was tired of the slick people who knew all the answers and who oversimplified problems they were not prepared to face.

Dorcas heard nothing more from the blackmailer until after her return from being inspected by the Duke and Duchess of Camberwell at their splendid country seat, where subtly she was made to feel that, as Charley was a second son and not therefore the heir, his choice of a bride was not a matter of great consequence. Having satisfied themselves that she was housebroken, knew which implements to use at table and did not shake hands with the butler, they appeared to lose interest. In a brief heart-to-heart talk with the duchess over a cocktail in the boudoir, Dorcas was given to understand that Charley had brought other girls down for inspection, none of whom had been "quite suitable."

"Charley is a dear boy," explained the older woman, "but emotionally unstable. My advice to you is to hold out for a long engagement—if it really comes to that. Then you will know that it is no mere flash in the pan—and, by the way, there is one thing I feel I should mention before we go down to join the others. Don't, however pressing the invitation, allow the duke to show you his etchings. No, don't laugh! He *really* has a magnificent collection of etchings. That's what makes the invitations so dangerous. There have been several—er—incidents and—well, my dear, I would hate anything like that to happen to you."

No official announcement of the engagement had been made, but the chit-chat columnists intimated pretty plainly that this would not be long delayed. Then the blackmailer phoned again. Dorcas, with the tape recorder running, kept him on the line as long as possible, so as to make the identification by voice easy. Letting him believe that she was frightened, Dorcas agreed to wait for another call and to keep any rendezvous made. There were the usual warnings about what would happen if she were so misguided as to call the police.

With the help of George Carliss and the studio staff, the would-be blackmailer was soon identified. Three people recognized his voice as that of a darkroom worker—which explained how he had obtained a set of prints—dismissed some months previously for drunkenness. Although British courts, except in certain circumstances, will not permit the use of tape recordings as evidence, there was no doubt that, if called upon to do so, the police would act. The blackmailer, whose name was Smith, was traced to mean lodgings in the Notting Hill district of West London, and there matters stood

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until Dorcas should hear from him again with a definite blackmail threat. Meanwhile, feeling the strain of waiting, Dorcas went down to The Grange for the weekend.

The general, when he heard the story, was profoundly shocked. Despite his wife's protests and Dorcas's pleadings, he announced his unshakable intention of calling upon the miserable Smith armed with a loaded riding crop. "I refuse to allow you to return home to your flat," he told Dorcas, "to sit there, waiting like a tethered goat being used as tiger bait, for this fellow to telephone you with his disgusting demands. I am your guardian, and I should be wanting in my duty if I allowed you to be subjected to any more. It's unthinkable."

This was a Friday evening. On the Saturday morning, with his riding crop wrapped in old newspapers, the general caught the early London train. Indignation helped him to shed the weight of his years. His blue eyes blazing and white mustache bristling, his fierce demeanor was enough to strike terror into the heart of any malefactor. When Dorcas, fearful for the consequences to the old soldier, wanted to accompany him, it was Bedelia who restrained her. "Don't you see, my dear," said this wise and understanding old woman, "he must go, if not for your sake, for his own. It is stronger than he is, for not to go would be, as he sees it, to fail in a trust. He loved your mother very dearly. It is her battle he goes off to fight."

"And knowing that, Aunt Bedelia, you let him go?" asked Dorcas in wide-eyed amazement.

"Of course, dear," was the gentle reply. "I love him and I know—who better?—what fools love can make of us. Nor would I have it otherwise. Besides, how can one be jealous of the dead? I never knew your mother, Dorcas. I wish now that I had known her."

"Why, Aunt Bedelia?"

"Because I have often wondered whether her memory merits the loyalty my man has given it."

Dorcas went to her own room, there to take refuge in tears.

The general made his triumphal return shortly before dinnertime, making light of the whole affair. "As one might expect of a blackmailer, the man turned out to be a lily-livered cur," he reported. "I didn't even have to hit him. Handed me the photos when I showed him this." He waved the riding crop. "I wasn't there more than five minutes."

"Where are the photos?" asked his wife.

"Here they are, my dear, safely in this envelope. While you're pouring me a whisky and soda, I'll put them in the garden incinerator. Then we can forget them."

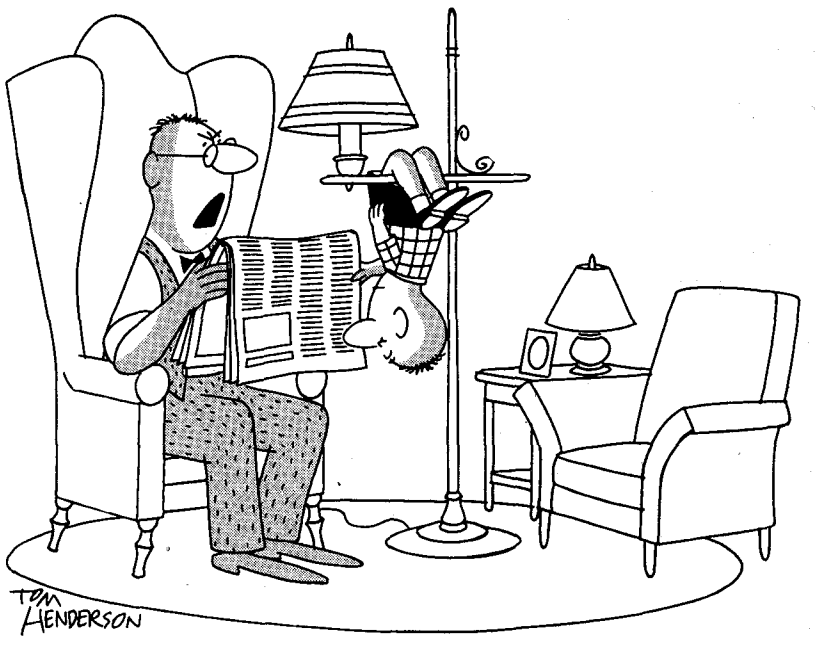
"Chubby," bellowed Bedelia, "you'll do nothing of the kind. If there's any burning to be done, let Dorcas do it. I insist upon seeing them."

"I'd prefer that you didn't, my dear," said the general, his face suffused with a deep blush. "I had to see them merely to verify what was in the envelope, but I tell you frankly," he added in an embarrassed voice, "I wish it had not been necessary." He turned to Dorcas. "I don't mind telling you, my dear, that I'm horrified—yes, mystified and horrified—that in such a state of undress you permitted yourself to be seen and photographed by a lot of gauping yahoos. If your Aunt Bedelia wants to see them, I hope she will respect my wishes by doing so in the privacy of her own room. And now"—he marched toward the door, leaving the envelope on the arm of his chair—"I am going off to wash and brush up before dinner. When I return, let it be understood here and now, we will make no further reference to what I find is a most distasteful subject."

"They truly aren't as bad as all that," whispered Dorcas when the old soldier had left the room. "It was just that I would have been horribly ashamed to have seen them reproduced in magazines. See for yourself, Aunt Bedelia, and you'll understand how I felt."

The old woman spent two or three whole minutes studying the photos before she spoke. "Yes," she said at length, "I suppose it would be rather embarrassing to have them staring at you from every newspaper stand. But"—her eyes and voice were wistful—"to have a figure like yours, my dear, one would be prepared to endure—at least, I would—a horrifying amount of embarrassment. I was built on more substantial lines. I remember, when I was thirteen or fourteen, feeling I would die of shame when an uncle, of whom until then I had been very fond, nicknamed me Helen and went on cruelly to explain that he meant Helen of Avoirdupois, not Troy. It was a long time ago, but even now I detest his memory —— Well, my dear," she said, a warm smile lighting her face, "that's one worry the less for you. Let's hope you never have a greater."

There was great excitement at The Grange when, at the general's insistence, Lord Charles Ffolliot-Ffoulkes made a



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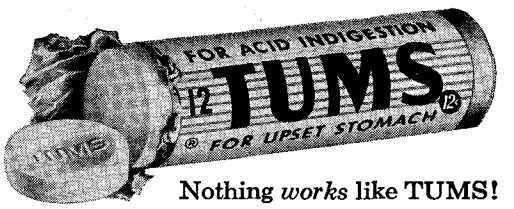

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formal call on the general, as Dorcas's guardian, to ask for her hand. For the tenants on the upper floors the visit was a disappointment, for a southwesterly gale—as predicted by Admiral Flemming—was blowing at the time, with the result that much of the enthralling dialogue was missed. The general's firm stand on the matter of a proper marriage contract and settlement met with unqualified approval, but a consensus of the tenants felt that he was going a trifle far when he was heard to say, "I should be a great deal happier about it all, my boy, if you were to learn to do something useful. Being the son of a duke is an accident of Fate, rather than an occupation, and we mustn't lose sight of the possibility that if these socialists get the upper hand again, there won't be much future in being a duke."

A bottle of champagne was opened to celebrate the event and that was that. Dorcas's future seemed to have been arranged to everyone's satisfaction. Charley and Dorcas returned to London, while the placid life at The Grange slipped back into its normal groove. Mrs. Blennerhassett rang the ground-floor doorbell to present Bedelia with a Madeira cake made from her grandmother's recipe. Mrs. Carling—far more subtle in her approach—came seeking advice on a matter of etiquette and precedence. Did the wife of a rural dean rank above the wife of the local bank manager?

"My dear Mrs. Carling," replied Bedelia, delivering her considered judgment, "I would say that it depends entirely on how much you owe the bank." Admiral Flemming called in person later in the day to report that a high-pressure area was moving in from Scandinavia. As Bedelia well knew, all three callers were agog with curiosity, hoping by ingratiating themselves to be invited to the wedding.

The first hint of a rift in the lute to reach The Grange was a gossip-column item reporting the arrival on the French Riviera of Lord Charles Ffolliot-Ffoulkes. No mention of Dorcas. The next was a splendid action photo of Charley on water skis, traveling at high speed, with a scantily clad girl sitting on his shoulders, her elegant legs clasping his torso. The girl was identified as "Mlle. Mireine Pontarlier, of the Folies Bergères, whose sensational success at the Monte Carlo Summer Casino is the talk of the Riviera."

"I don't think," observed the general, with the understatement of which he was an acknowledged master, "that Dorcas will be too well pleased by this. Let's hope she doesn't see it."

"My dear Chubby," said Bedelia witheringly, "kind friends will insure that she receives at least a dozen copies."

"Yes, I suppose so," her husband assented gloomily. "She's a smashing little filly, isn't she? Well, all things considered, I dare say Dorcas is well out of it. But you know"—he held the offending magazine at arm's length, the better to admire the picture—"you've got to hand it to Charley that he knows how to pick 'em."

"Put that down, you lascivious old goat!" bellowed Bedelia in one of her rare bursts of anger. "Dorcas needs help, while all you do is sit there gloating over the picture of this Parisian chippy. You profess to be fond of the child. Well, now's your chance to prove it."

Dorcas herself arrived at The Grange that same evening, her eyes red with weeping. "Don't take on so, my dear," said the general in an attempt to be helpful. "There are more fish in the sea, you know, and if you ask me you're well rid of him."

"But I love him, Uncle Chubby, I love him," wailed Dorcas. "I've sent back the ring and—I'm so unhappy I'd like to find a hole and crawl into it. It's so unkind—so humiliating ——"

Dorcas went off to bed, unable to face any more sympathy.

"If you think it will do any good," the general offered hopefully, "I'm prepared to go down to the Riviera with a horsewhip ——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Chubby. I don't want to see photos of you on water skis with half-naked girls steering you by the whiskers. I wouldn't trust you a yard with them."

For several days Dorcas moped, unwilling to return to London and the laughter of her acquaintances. Her misery communicated itself to all floors of The Grange where, thanks to the remarkable acoustics, the story was being chewed to death.

On the evening of the fourth day after Dorcas arrived, a long raking sports car pulled up at The Grange in a cloud of dust—the admiral's high-pressure area having materialized—and from it stepped Charley.

Charley found Dorcas picking forget-me-nots on the riverbank. The admiral, reporting from the roof with a powerful binocular to help him, maintained a blow-by-blow running commentary. Dorcas at first was unfriendly, turned her back on Charley, but he finally managed to get the ring back on the correct finger. Then from the roof came a shout, "Charley's in the river. Looks as if the fool can't swim—no, it's all right, he's only stuck in the mud. He's out and climbing up the bank. They've gone into a clinch! Damn! They've gone behind a clump of bushes—and anyway, the light's fading ——"

How Charley made his peace with Dorcas and how she responded have, surely, nothing to do with us. Suffice to say that by midnight, when Charley's clothes were dry enough to wear and he had driven off to London, all had been forgiven and forgotten.

With considerable pressure brought to bear by Charley, the duke and duchess agreed to the advancement of the wedding date. The happy pair were duly married in early September at St. Bartholomew's Church, Totterdell-on-Thames. The reception was held at The Grange afterward. It was graced by a large and distinguished company, which included Admiral and Mrs. Flemming, Colonel and Mrs. Blennerhassett and the Carlings.

It was a truly splendid affair, which almost bankrupted the general. The bridal couple disappeared in a cloud of confetti to catch the night plane for East Africa. The honeymoon was a costly safari, the gift of the groom's mother.

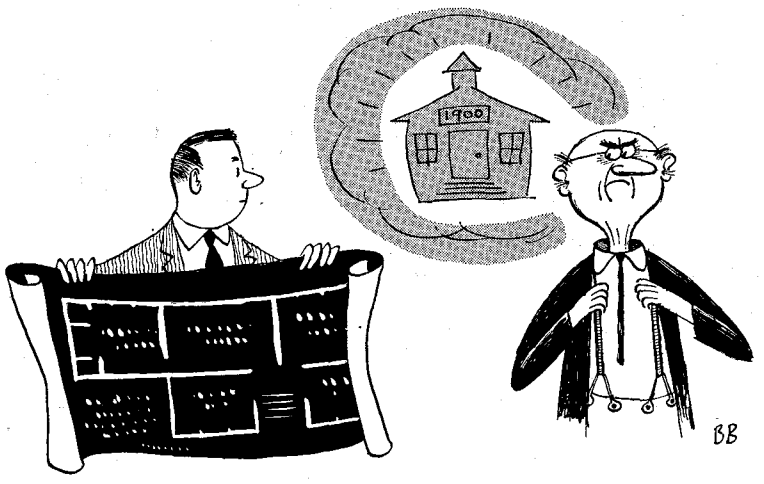
Then peace—peace a trifle tinged with sadness descended upon The Grange. "I don't mind admitting now," said the general from the depths of an easy chair, "that my biggest surprise was when Charley came back from the Riviera. That little French filly was a smasher."

"I wasn't going to allow poor Dorcas to be humiliated like that," replied Bedelia. "I made sure that Charley came back in a hurry."

"*You* made him come back?" asked the general incredulously. "What in blue blazes did you have to do with it?"

"Everything!" replied Bedelia mistily. "You great stupid lummox, Chubby. I air-mailed him the set of photos of Dorcas in the uplift garments that you thought were a brewery and wanted to put in the incinerator. That's what brought him back. Bah! You men are all alike—not a spark of originality among you!"

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

The population of the small town had doubled in twenty years, but its school facilities remained the same. A special town meeting was called to discuss the erection of a new school. The chairman of the school committee gave a carefully prepared statement of facts and figures. Throughout, he was heckled by the town miser, Joe McGrudge. As the chairman neared the end of his talk, McGrudge, an elderly bachelor who hated to spend a cent on anything, interrupted again.

"These same schools that we got now I attended fifty years ago," McGrudge said. "And I got a good enough education."

"Please consider Mr. McGrudge's last remark," the chairman quickly concluded, "and I believe that you will fully realize the urgent need for a new school."

Jeanne Harmon

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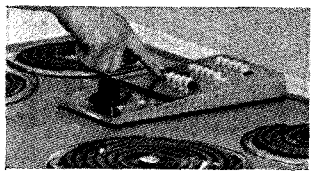

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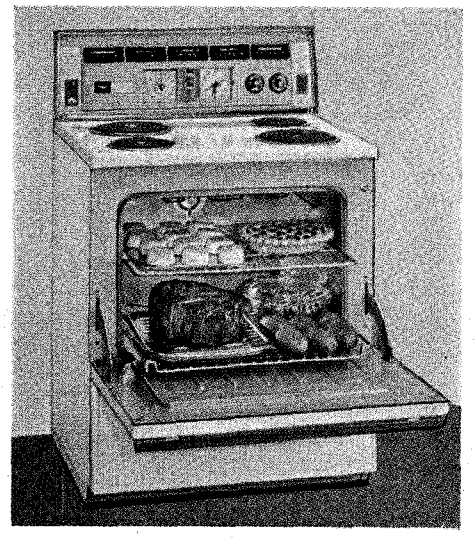

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Does it Help to Swap Visits With the Russians?

(Continued from Page 37)

the evening coach Tarasov confided to Stevens that he, too, had eaten the marmalade. "And if I die tomorrow," Tarasov laughed, "I hope you put a cross on my grave."

The incident was no surprise to Stevens. He served for several years in Russia as a career diplomat in the United States foreign service. He speaks the Russian language fluently. Under the cultural-exchange agreement, he has shepherded a number of Russian groups around the United States. He knows that our Russian guests are almost instinctively on guard in this country—after all, for years they have seen the United States depicted in the Soviet press as a sworn enemy. But he also has seen the basically amiable nature of the Russian tourists when they finally become convinced that they are not in the midst of a country of warmongers thirsting for their blood.

Although no one is yet prepared to erect a marmalade monument to the success of the cultural-exchange agreement, United States officials believe the agreement has a good chance of discrediting the phony stereotype of American life drawn by the Soviet masters for the Russian people. There is abundant evidence that truth is filtering through to the Russians, even though the visitors show restraint in expressing opinions and judgments which might cause them trouble back home.

All the Soviet delegations coming here have obviously been briefed by authorities in Moscow. They have been told what to expect, what to ignore, what to ask.

Thus, when questioning school officials, a group of Soviet educators in Stevens' custody invariably asked, "How many students per square meter?" Apparently they hoped to discover overcrowded conditions, and always winked when they didn't get a quick answer—as they seldom did. Few American educators are so space conscious that they are prepared, on a moment's notice, to convert square feet of room per student to students per square meter.

"How much do they steal here?" is another standard question asked by almost every Soviet delegation visiting a supermarket for the first time. Hearing that less than 1 per cent is shoplifted in the serve-yourself stores, the Russians look at one another and make gestures of disbelief.

The visitors find the American home the least believable feature of United States life—perhaps because their living quarters in Russia are so incredibly cramped. The idea of one family living all alone in one house seems to them sheer capitalist propaganda. When Alexander Korneyenkov, a Soviet steel delegate, was invited home to dinner by Roy Leventry, a United States Steel Company plant official, he looked at the American's suburban home in Morrisville, Pennsylvania, and wanted to know how many families lived there. Leventry replied that only his family occupied the four-bedroom colonial-style dwelling. Korneyenkov was skeptical, and twice again during the evening he asked the same question. When he was about to leave after dinner, he asked if he might inspect the house.

"He made a complete tour of the house, from the basement to the attic," Mr. Leventry recalls. "He thought he had found what he was looking for when he saw an extra gas stove and a refrigerator in the basement. We keep the stove there for emergencies, and the icebox for beer. He also figured a third family lived in the attic, which we've made into a spare bedroom."

The Leventry house also had four television sets, one in the living room, two in bedrooms and a small portable set in the attic; and the Russian guest later informed Stevens, who had acted as interpreter, that they had obviously been installed especially to impress him.

American household equipment draws the visitors' interest, but they are loath to admire such things openly. Visiting a home in Urbana, Illinois, a Soviet engineer asked his host if he might dismantle the dishwashing machine to see how it worked. When the host demurred, the Russian shrugged his shoulders. "Well, we have better ones anyway," he said.

The Russians' inbred doubts about American society take a definite beating when they observe the vast network of roads and highways and the prodigious number of automobiles. Reluctantly they accept the evidence of their eyes. But they cling to their doubts that workers and other ordinary citizens can own automobiles.

At the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, Colorado, the hockey team was entertained by the hotel manager, who had a Negro maid serving refreshments. As the guests were departing, the maid got into a late-model car and drove away. "Why should she have a car?" one of the players asked Stevens, who translated the question for the hotel manager. He explained that the maid had other jobs and used her own car for transportation. Many times afterward Stevens heard the players discussing the maid and her car with unabated amazement.

The shy curiosity and the open wonderment of the Russian visitors toward Americans is returned in almost equal measure by their American hosts. The prospect of a "real live Russian" in their midst evokes in many people the image of a mysterious creature from the other side of the moon. In Washington, D.C., a junior-high-school teacher came upon D. N. Taptykov, a delegate with a Soviet education group, who had become separated from other members of his party. To Taptykov's question about where the others were, the teacher replied, "I don't know, but please step into my class. These children will lose their minds if they don't see a real live Russian."

When the Russians are finally viewed, inspected and interrogated, their hosts often discover they are not greatly unlike other people. According to Ben Bertini of Lexington, Massachusetts, who has been with the hockey team as a trainer, "They are pretty quiet until you get to know them; then they like to nudge you around and laugh. Of course, I don't understand what Tarasov says to them, but he doesn't seem to be bawling out anyone. He is coaching every minute of the game and in the dressing room. They are well-disciplined and likable guys."

The exchange agreement, which as of July 1, 1959, had brought 1142 Russians to the United States and had sent 1345 Americans to Russia, is formally known as The Agreement Between the United States and the U.S.S.R. on Exchanges in the Cultural, Technical and Educational Field. It got off to a faltering start at the Geneva summit conference in 1955. President Eisenhower and Soviet boss Khrushchev agreed on virtually nothing else, but they both decided that some contact between the peoples of the two countries might serve a useful purpose. However, not until October 28, 1957, did ambassadors from both sides sit down to negotiate a formal pact. Acting for the Americans was William S. B. Lacy, a suave, red-mustached veteran of the foreign service, who looks like an English Guards officer, but who can use the language of a stevedore when the occasion demands. In the Russian corner was Georgi N. Zaroubin, the Soviet ambassador to Washington, a dour, burly man who died in Moscow ten months after the so-called "Lacy-Zaroubin Agreement" was signed.

Zaroubin's skepticism became apparent even before the formal negotiations opened. He went to see Lacy about a Tchaikovsky piano competition scheduled in Moscow for March or April of 1958. Handing Lacy a gold-embossed invitation to the event, he remarked challengingly, "I don't suppose you will allow any of your young musicians to compete in the Soviet Union, but I want you to have the invitation anyway."

"I looked him straight in the eye," Lacy recalls. "I said, 'You've come to the wrong man, Mr. Ambassador. Music is my passion. Tchaikovsky is my favorite composer. I first heard his name on my mother's knee. Why, of course we're going to compete.'"

Zaroubin seemed astonished. "Do you speak officially or privately?" he asked Lacy.

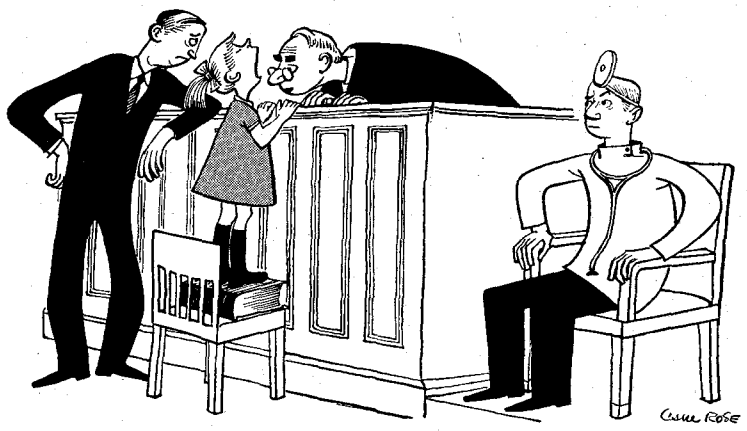
Without a shred of authority, Lacy replied, "Of course I speak officially."

Fortunately, John Foster Dulles, then the Secretary of State, approved the plan the next morning. Zaroubin had left two entry blanks with Lacy, and these were duplicated and circulated to music groups throughout the country. Most of the young American musicians gifted enough to compete in Moscow could not afford the cost of traveling to Russia. The situation was saved when the Institute of International Education set up a selection board and arranged with the Martha Baird Rockefeller Aid-to-Music Program to pay expenses of the candidates chosen. Among those was a Texas boy named Van Cliburn. The rest is history, of course—Cliburn went to Russia and won first prize in the piano competition. However, it wasn't just Cliburn's style of playing that endeared him to the Russians. No less an authority than Nikita Khrushchev—one of the world's baldest men—later remarked to a visiting American that "we love that boy, Van Cliburn, not only for his music but also for his hair." Van Cliburn clearly scored Round One for the United States.

Acceptance of the Tchaikovsky piano-contest invitation proved that the United States meant business on cultural exchanges. Thereafter, Zaroubin approached his talks with Lacy as though his country's fate and future were involved. A major block in the talks was Zaroubin's refusal to abandon a standard Russian conviction that Washington, like Moscow, can order its citizens to do whatever the Government wishes.

One day Zaroubin made a plaintive plea about exchanging delegations of workers. He knew that George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, opposed such an exchange. But he couldn't comprehend that Meany's opposition should influence the policy of the State Department.

"There is one thing which is not clear," he said to Lacy. "The heads of our states meet in Geneva. Our ministers have meetings. Our specialists meet. Everybody meets with the exception of the workers. I submit proposals to Moscow and when I say, 'Mr. Meany objects to such an exchange,' they laugh at me and say, 'How can it be that one person can decide such



You be the Judge

By ISABEL DRUMMOND

While on a summer vacation, Babs visited her Aunt Sue and came down with tonsillitis. At Aunt Sue's request, a local doctor examined Babs and removed her tonsils. When the child's father learned of this, he sued the doctor for operating without his permission.

"No doctor has a right to operate on a minor child without her parent's consent," the father's lawyer argued. "An aunt's say-so, under the circumstances, isn't enough as there was no real emergency."

"It was the doctor's professional opinion that the removal of Babs' tonsils was necessary, and he had a right to assume that her family wished him to proceed," counsel for the doctor replied.

If you were the judge, would you rule for the father or the doctor?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The father won. The court said the doctor should have obtained his consent both to examine the child's throat and to operate, as there was no emergency endangering the child's life.

Based upon a 1935 Michigan decision.

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a serious problem?'" Lacy never did succeed in explaining to the ambassador how a union leader in "the citadel of capitalist-imperialist reaction" could have such influence.

The Soviet negotiators also consistently refused to understand that American artists and entrepreneurs are as interested in being paid for their efforts as they are in cultural diplomacy.

The Russians learned this the hard way, as shown by hitherto unpublished transcripts of the tortuous talks between Hollywood representatives and Soviet film experts on exchange of motion pictures. The Russians showed themselves to be tough, unrelenting bargainers. Robert Dowling, president of the American National Theater and Academy, who has negotiated a number of financial agreements with the Russians, says they have often called him in jest an "*akula kapitalisma*," a capitalist shark. "But, boy, when it comes to trading," he observes, "the Communists can outdo any Yankee trader."

At one stage of the talks, Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, pointed out to the Soviet team of negotiators that American film companies had reduced by $90,000 the price tag on the group of United States films under consideration while the Russians had *raised* the price of their films by $10,000. He said he had succeeded in shaving the price of the Academy Award-winning film, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, from $100,000 to $75,000 and *Picnic* from $100,000 to $55,000. "We can do no more," Johnston announced with finality, expecting at least some small concession from the other side. The Russians simply looked pleased and doggedly persisted on a low flat price per film. In the end Johnston persuaded the Hollywood companies to accept $60,000 for each regular film and $67,000 for each wide-screen or color movie selected. The Americans agreed to pay the same rate for Soviet productions, and the deal was closed.

Turner Shelton, head of the motion-picture program for the United States Information Agency, ran into another difficulty. The Russians, who produce films extolling the virtues of the Soviet state and Communist society, seemed to be puzzled by the predominance of love themes in American movies. Shelton tried to persuade the chief Soviet delegate, A. N. Kuznetsov, that the "motivation for every film in the United States is entertainment, pure entertainment." Kuznetsov was unconvinced. "Every film teaches you something," he said flatly. "It is impossible to make propaganda only in favor of love." Shelton retorted that in Hollywood "if you have a message you send it by Western Union."

Exchange-agreement negotiations on movies alone consumed about five months. In the meantime, the basic exchange agreement was signed on January 27, 1958, and a small but steady trickle of Russians began coming to the United States for tours lasting from two to eight weeks. In the first year of operation, thirty-eight American technical, academic, cultural, sports and entertainment groups visited the Soviet Union; thirty-three similar Soviet delegations traveled to this country.

Much has been written about the United States tours of the Moiseyev and Bolshoi ballets and the performances in Russia by the Philadelphia Orchestra and certain outstanding American artists. Less publicized is the desire of each side to learn more about the industrial and technical progress of the other. Soviet visits to industrial plants are meticulously planned by the State Department to prevent any possible "leaks" of defense information, and American technicians are carefully steered through their rounds in Russia. The Soviet delegations to the United States usually are superbly trained in their professions. Walter R. Hibbard Jr., of the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical and Petroleum Engineers, says, "Their detailed familiarity with American technical literature is phenomenal."

The visiting Russian technicians concentrate on what they have come to see in particular fields, and are quite direct about it. They show no timidity in asking to see plants which they know in advance to be restricted; perhaps their theory is that it never hurts to ask. But they show little interest in historical "sights"—even those related to their profession or trade. For example, the steel delegation flatly declined to take time to visit the first successful iron mill built in the United States at Saugus, Massachusetts—it had nothing in way of techniques to offer them. Also, such groups care little for trips to educational institutions, such as Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The Russian specialists seem quite candid about the industrial techniques they inspect, and don't hesitate to make comparisons that favor the United States. The steel officials, for example, freely admitted that rolling and finishing in American steel mills are vastly superior to their own, but they thought blast operations to be more efficient in the Soviet Union.

Soviet educational delegates show an unusual interest in the home-economics and family-living courses taught in United States schools; several have commented that such courses are needed in Russian schools. Alexei Markushevich, deputy minister of education and mathematics professor at Moscow University, was so impressed by a San Antonio, Texas, school's so-called "three-rail" system, which separates children by ability into fast, average and slow groups, that he talked of its possible adoption by the Soviet school system.

Markushevich also displayed an unusual interest in modern art, which is frowned upon by the Soviet government. "I hate modern art," he would say with a twinkle, and rush off to the New York Museum of Modern Art, which he visited half a dozen times. But a modernistic collage—a paste-up of odds and ends to form an abstract composition—was too much for him. "This," he said, "should *really* be prohibited."

In their individual deportment the Soviet visitors have been almost uniformly agreeable, reciprocating the courtesies and kindnesses of their American hosts. They have even shown a fondness for the tough policemen who have guarded them in Chicago, a city teeming with people of Eastern European origin who have no love for any visitor from the Soviet Union. They have called the Chicago police "*djentelmeny*"—gentlemen—and rewarded them with pins, medals and other souvenirs of Russia.

Because they have a limited supply of dollars, the Russians seldom go "out on the town" at night in American cities, preferring to watch television in their hotel rooms. Their government pays for their transportation and hotel rooms and usually allows them ten dollars a day for

> An old-timer remembers when any man who owned an automobile had money.
>
> FRANK G. MCINNIS

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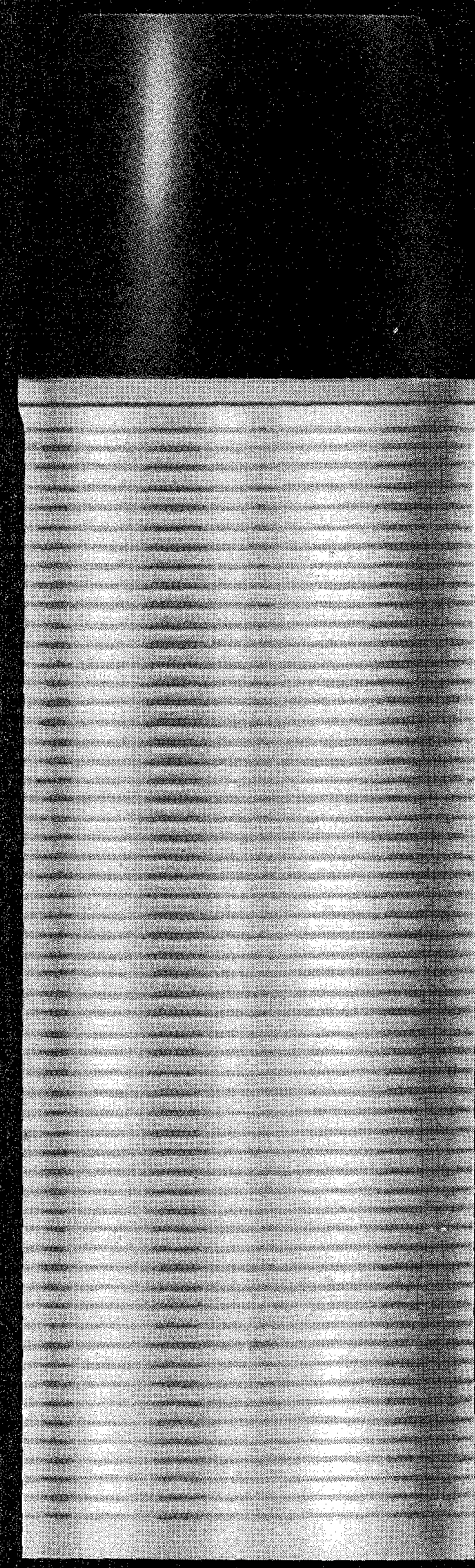

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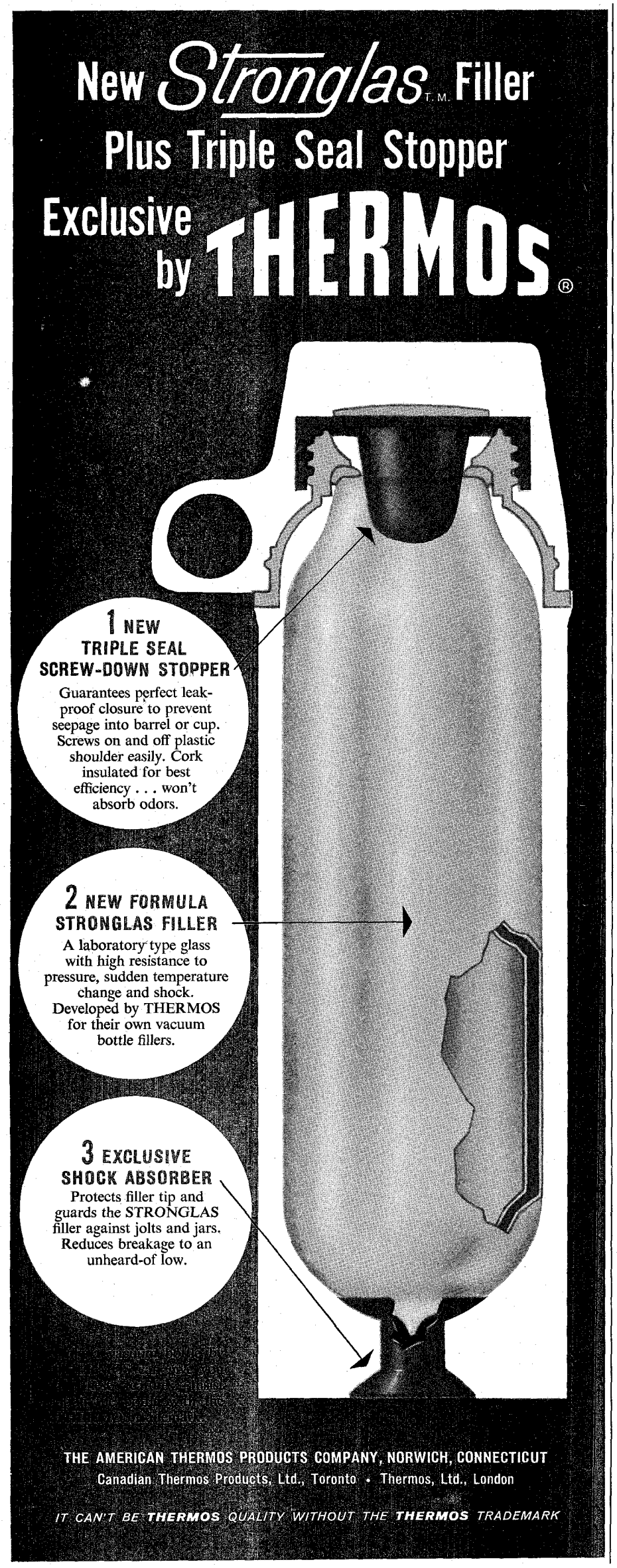
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meals and incidentals. Some have had additional funds, ranging from $25 to $100, for gifts to take back home. As they are often entertained at meals, they usually manage to save some of their food allowance for whatever they want to buy here. To save even more, they carry their own bags at railway stations and airports, and rarely ride in taxicabs. Their reluctance to tip has often forced their American escort officer to pay the gratuities himself in order to avoid a scene.

Apparently the Russians have been advised that the price tags in American stores are not final, for they invariably try to haggle when they want to buy something. At a Sears, Roebuck store in Pasadena, a member of an engineering delegation priced a hearing aid for his deaf sister at home in Russia. The price was $220. "Too much," he said. The salesman told him the cheapest he had in the store cost $159. Still "too much." Finally, the salesman asked how much he wanted to spend. "Fifty dollars," he was told. After rummaging about in a storeroom in the rear, the salesman returned with a secondhand hearing aid in good condition. The Russian took it, and probably now is bragging about the hard bargain he drove with the Americans.

In the main, the Russians buy clothing—inexpensive sweaters, blouses and hose—for the womenfolk at home. They seem indifferent to quality of food in the United States, so long as it is reasonably priced. They do not like "raw steaks," by which they mean any piece of meat not cooked to resemble a chunk of leather. American bread fails to satisfy them, and they miss the thick, heavy soups served in Russia. But they have a tremendous appetite for fresh fruit, fruit juices and fresh vegetables, which are in short supply back home. When they have a choice of places to eat, they favor cafeterias.

As for cities, the Russians have a predilection for Chicago. Stevens says a few of his charges have been permitted by their officials to visit American relatives. Most of them know somebody who has a relative in Chicago, so this might account for their opinion that it is a "*solidnyi gorod*," or solid, dignified city. San Francisco ranks next among their favorites. New York, curiously enough, ranks last. The reason, Stevens suspects, is that the Russians are ignored in New York, like most other strangers. Most of them are big shots back home and take unkindly to being pushed around in Manhattan subways and buses. On some Russians, however, the huge city exercises its reputed fascination. Two members of an engineering delegation who had deprecated New York when they arrived, paid a second visit to the city on their way back home. They spent a great deal of time snapping pictures at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, and Stevens overheard one confess to the other, "I hate to say it, but there is something wonderful about this city."

Russian interest in the American female runs to discreet expressions of admiration. Before being exposed to capitalist temptations, no doubt they are instructed by their superiors to be good boys. A number of the Soviet educators were taken to a girlie show in a Chicago night club. They sat watching the bumping and grinding as though they were listening to a lecture on higher mathematics. The hockey players, younger than most of the Russian delegates, were less circumspect, but only slightly so. Stevens had to press them to leave a display of erotica on a newsstand in San Francisco. They were especially fascinated by playing cards with pictures of nude girls on the back of each card. From time to time on their tour they could be seen thumbing eagerly through American men's magazines which feature abundant displays of seminudes. But the Russians never went so far as to buy such magazines for themselves, looking only at copies some other travelers had left behind.

The American cocktail party, with its great accent on ice, never ceases to amaze the Soviet junketers. A. F. Zakharov, a plant manager from Nizhni Tagil, announced to Stevens, "When I get home I shall give an American cocktail party. I shall get the contents of an entire state liquor store, pour it into a large bowl over a block of ice, keep filling my guests' glasses with it for two hours, then pile them in a bus and give them raw steak."

Both Stevens and the United States officials in charge of the exchange program suspect that the Soviet delegates are not entirely free agents. Most delegations, they are convinced, have at least one Communist Party functionary among them, whose job it is to watch his fellow delegates discreetly and "interpret" for them what they see about the American way of life. "But," says Stevens, "I have never had the feeling that any of the Russians were in physical fear of the consequences back home if they should commit an indiscretion. The reserve most of them exhibited seemed more an anxiety about their careers or promotions than with physical security."

There is good evidence that a favorable version of the United States and its people is passed on to other Russians when the visitors return home. According to Frederick Merrill, director of East-West contacts in the State Department, the visitors are impressed, despite their own propaganda, by "the friendliness of Americans, their personal standard of living, independence of thought, their freedom to travel, right to disagree with their government and right to choose their own employment." Igor Moiseyev, head of the ballet troupe which scored a critical and popular success on its American tour, applauded the cultural side of United States society in a Moscow lecture. Members of his troupe, it is known, have sat up all night speaking in glowing terms to their friends, relatives and neighbors about the warm reception they got here and the variety of consumer goods and luxuries available.

Obviously, nobody expects Nikita Khrushchev to rush home and renounce Communism. But even he may come to suspect, after looking at the foodstuffs in supermarkets, the dazzling array of goods on department-store counters and the throbbing industrial plants, that this capitalistic society is not yet quite ready to roll over and play dead.

Even in the mind of a Khrushchev there may be planted a tiny grain of doubt about the unchallengeable superiority of Communism over the western way of life. There is the certainty that the visits of lesser Soviet officials, scientists, engineers, entertainers and technicians, each with his own tale to tell of American abundance and freedom, will have a cumulative effect in the Soviet Union. And, to any present-day American traveler to Russia, the friendliness of the casually met Russian is amazing.

As one old Moscow hand confided to us during the Nixon trip, "I have had more contact with the Russians in any one week this year than in any whole year before. The fact is that the Russians always have liked us. Now they are allowed to say so." But, whether we like the Russian people and they like us, the fact still remains that from an American standpoint there can be no better antidote against Communist propaganda than a firsthand impression of life behind the Iron Curtain.

THE END

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Baseball's Best Show (Continued from Page 33)

a secret," he said. "I can't forget about it either."

Robinson was talking, of course, about the 1951 disaster which saw the Dodgers fritter away a thirteen-and-a-half-game lead they held in mid-August. They eventually lost out to the Giants in a play-off on a melodramatic last-pitch home run by Bobby Thomson.

But for the fiery Robinson, the Dodgers wouldn't even have hung on long enough to force a postseason play-off. Some experts who have been watching baseball for half a century say that he pulled the greatest clutch play they ever saw to save the pennant temporarily. This happened in the twelfth inning on the final Sunday in Philadelphia, where the Dodgers closed out their regular schedule. The scoreboard showed that the Giants already had won from the Braves, which meant that the Dodgers had to beat the Phillies to gain a first-place tie.

The crack of doom sounded when, with two out and the bases loaded, Philadelphia's Eddie Waitkus lashed a hard line drive past the mound. None of the 35,000 witnesses could understand how Robinson reached, much less caught, the ball. News pictures show him sprawling on the ground fully twenty feet behind second base. Robinson literally knocked himself out in making the play. As he landed in a headlong dive, his elbow jammed into the pit of his stomach with the paralyzing effect of a vicious body punch. But he revived and stayed in the game, ultimately winning it in the fourteenth with a home run off Robin Roberts.

Hank Greenberg, whose slugging helped bring four American League championships to Detroit, says that he felt the strain of every finish fight except his last one in 1945, when he clinched the title for the Tigers with a ninth-inning grand-slam home run on the closing day.

Greenberg relates, "I had been discharged by the Army in the middle of the season after sweating out more than four years of service, and my attitude was completely different from the other players'. They had lost the pennant on the last day the previous year. They were worried sick that they might kick it away again, but I was so glad to be back that baseball was just a picnic to me.

"The day I hit that big one, the Browns were leading, three to two, when we got runners on second and third with one out in the top of the ninth. Doc Cramer, the batter ahead of me, was walked intentionally to load the bases and set up a double-play situation. That was the first time in my life a man ever had been passed to get at me. I would've been numb with buck fever if they had done that to me before the war, but now I welcomed the challenge. I hit the ball right out of there. The next year I was back in the old civilian groove, feeling the heat when it was on."

Cleveland manager Joe Gordon, who played on five runaway Yankee winners and then went through a squeaker with the 1948 Indians, told this reporter early in August, "I may louse up our chances before we reach a make-or-break situation, but there's one mistake I won't pull if we get that far. I won't tell my players it's just another ball game. They'll put me down as an idiot if I do.

"It's impossible to take the last few weeks in stride when you know that one bad bounce or wrong guess can send the entire season down the drain. Contenders crack from mental fatigue, not physical weariness. Experience only makes you more jittery, because you realize how many unexpected things can murder you."

The trouble can come from unexpected sources too. Floyd Giebell, an obscure rookie who never won another big-league game, made the difference for Detroit over Cleveland in a season-ending series in 1940 by beating Bob Feller, the best pitcher of his era, 2–0. Second-division pitchers and home-run hitters have slammed the door on a dozen favored teams. In fact, more contenders have been tripped by also-rans than by their closest opponents.

"In the clutch, I'd just as soon meet the club we have to beat for the pennant as play a tailender," Al Lopez said not long ago, when his White Sox held a small lead in the American League. "The players on a contending club are as tight as your guys, but on a tailender, they're as loose as a goose. They get a kick out of making life miserable for the leaders. It salves their pride to prove they're professionals, not ribbon clerks, as Casey Stengel says.

"There's a certain type of player who goes out of his way to be nasty and show up a front-runner late in the season. Don't ask me to mention names, because I don't want to make things tougher than they're going to be for my guys. I know, though, that some second-division pitchers will dust off my hitters just for the hell of it, and some base runners will knock down my infielders deliberately. They know your guys can't afford to get hurt in fights or get thrown out of games. It's the one time they can push your club around, and they make the most of it."

How do contenders protect themselves in such a situation?

"I learned a good trick from Frankie Frisch when he was managing the Gashouse Gang twenty-five years ago," Lopez answered. "I was catching for the Dodgers and Braves in those years, on clubs that thought it was a moral victory if they finished fifth. Well, the Gashouse Gang had con men like Dizzy Dean, Leo Durocher and Rip Collins, who put on a great act before they played a weak club. They'd ask you about the wife and kids, sympathize with the rough year you were having and tell you how much they'd like to have you on their side. Then as soon as the game started they'd knock your brains out. They did it with a lot of class, though. They'd pick you up off the floor and help you brush off your uniform."

Old-timers claim that ballplayers of their day fought harder for pennants than the modern pantywaists. Nonsense. Current fans have seen twice as many last-ditch battles as any previous generation. Of the fifteen major-league races that have gone down to the final game, nine have come in the last fifteen years. During this period almost every major-league city has got in on the excitement one September or another.

Even the departed St. Louis Browns contributed to the fun by winning ten of their last eleven games in 1944 to capture their lone pennant. The Browns were a feeble imitation of a big-league outfit during most of their rocky existence, but that war year they were braver than Errol Flynn in a color movie. They closed out with a four-game sweep over the Yankees, to finish one game ahead of Detroit and six ahead of the Yanks.

Between 1946 and 1951 there was the greatest concentration of thrillers in baseball history. Each year except 1947 brought at least one hectic chase. In 1949 the outcome hinged on the last game in both leagues with the Yankees and the Dodgers pulling through in the end, the Braves and the Cincinnati Reds swept across the finish line one length apart. The St. Louis Cardinals wrecked the chances of Haney's Braves by beating them in two of their last three games.

In every recent neck-and-neck race, outclassed teams with nothing at stake have upset leaders on sheer hustle. Such demonstrations have erased the doubts about baseball that once existed as a result of the 1919 Chicago "Black Sox" scandal and a few other suspicious incidents forty or more years ago. Today teams merely playing out the string go out of their way to protect the reputation of the business.

"There's an unwritten code that managers of second-division clubs must shoot the works against every contender in the windup of a close race," Fred Haney explains. Haney has been on both sides of the fence, having managed last-place teams in St. Louis and Pittsburgh before he moved up with the quality folks in Milwaukee. "It's customary in September for clubs that aren't going anywhere to test rookies for the future, but not against opponents with a mathematical chance to win. The most important thing is that pitching staffs are manipulated to throw the best men against every contender."

Haney had a painful experience with what a losing team can do to a pennant-aspiring club in 1956, when the Dodgers,

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Barely Visible

My desk is always piled with
work.
I do not understand the jerk
Who keeps his nasty-neat and
bare.
How can he work with nothing
there?

Katherine Saunders

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The game that cost Milwaukee a tie with Brooklyn was a 2–1, twelve-inning affair. The Braves' ace, Warren Spahn, gave up only three hits in eleven innings, but Herman Wehmeier came up with the game of his life for the Cardinals, pitching scoreless ball after yielding a homer in the first.

"Bobby Del Greco took extra-base hits away from us in center field with three of the greatest catches I've ever seen in a single game," Haney recalls with a wince. "He took off after line drives like that guy who's shot out of a cannon in the circus."

The Indians were breathing heavily down the Yankees' necks in 1951 until they lost three straight to the Tigers, who were twenty games in the rear. The Yankees might have won eight consecutive pennants between 1936 and 1943 if it hadn't been for John Charles Babich, a journeyman pitcher with the cellar-dwelling Athletics in 1940. He licked the Yankees five times that season, including the game that eliminated them on the last Friday. Babich was no ball of fire against other teams, but he held the powerhouse Yankees to twelve runs in six starts.

Just as unsung ballplayers sometimes perform wonders, so established heroes may wind up as goats. Back in 1904 pitcher Jack Chesbro, of the old New York Highlanders, won forty-one games, which is still the American League record. He tried for No. 42 in a closing double-header against the first-place Boston Red Sox. Trailing by a game and a half, the Highlanders could pull out the pennant by taking both ends.

Chesbro pitched the first game. He would have had a shutout going into the ninth inning except for a costly error by second baseman Jim Williams. Instead, the score was 2–2. Then, with two out and a man on third, Chesbro uncorked a wild pitch, letting in the run that gave the Red Sox the title.

Big Ed Walsh, of the Chicago White Sox, the only other pitcher of this century to win forty games in a season, had a similar experience the year he turned the trick. That was in 1908, a season featured by the greatest two-league windup ever seen. Only a game separated the top three teams in the National League race, which was won by the Chicago Cubs, while in the American League, the third-place White Sox finished only a game and a half out. Walsh had kept the Sox in the race all season, but he was refused an increase in his $3500 salary for next year because of a wild pitch in the game that eliminated them.

The White Sox management was unmoved by the fact that Walsh's mound opponent that day, Addie Joss, of Cleveland, pitched a perfect game—one of only six in regular-season history. Walsh pitched almost as well, losing on the cheapest sort of run.

Joe Birmingham led off for Cleveland in the third inning by dropping a single into short center. Walsh then fired a pick-off throw, trapping Birmingham so far off first that he broke for second. Frank Isbell, a pitcher filling in at first base, had Birmingham dead to rights, but his throw hit the runner. Birmingham went to third. He stayed there while the next two batters fanned. Walsh was one strike away from the third out when a spitball skidded off Catcher Ossee Schreckengost's mitt and Birmingham scored.

The National League dogfight that season is much more widely remembered, for 1908 was the year of the famous Merkle "bonehead" play. The background was this. On September fourth the Pirates beat the Cubs at Pittsburgh in the tenth inning on a single struck with runners on first and third and two out. Warren Gill, the Pirate on first base, raced to the clubhouse as soon as the ball was hit, a common practice then. Johnny Evers, the Cubs' smart second baseman, yelled for the ball, tagged his base and claimed the run was nullified by a force-out. Umpire Hank O'Day said he had not seen the play, but admitted the Cubs' argument had merit. Harry C. Pulliam, president of the league, disallowed the Cubs' protest, but issued a special bulletin warning all teams of the technicality.

The identical situation came up at the Polo Grounds on September twenty-third. A Giant single with two out in the ninth and men on first and third broke up a game with the Cubs. When Fred Merkle, the runner on first, dashed to the clubhouse, Evers again called for the ball. O'Day again was the umpire, and this time he was on the alert for the play. He ruled out the winning run and declared the game a tie when fans on the field made resumption of play impossible.

The Giants still had a two-game lead and only a week to go, but Harry Coveleskie, a Philadelphia rookie pitcher fresh out of the Tri-State League, won three games from them in five days. The Giants were forced into a play-off with the Cubs, which they lost.

The most familiar of all tales about dramatic pennant victories is the saga of the Miracle Braves of 1914, who were in last place on the Fourth of July and then went on to win the title. As a matter of fact, the Braves still were last on July

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fifteenth, trailing by eleven and a half games. Once they got going, it took them only five weeks to make the big jump into the lead. They won going away, playing at a scorching .754 clip as they captured fifty-two of their last sixty-nine games.

That was a neat trick, to be sure, but some other teams have put on even better sustained drives. The 1951 Giants, trailing the Dodgers by thirteen and a half games in August, won thirty-seven of their last forty-four games in the regular race—an .841 pace. The 1930 Cardinals, ten lengths behind on August seventeenth, went on to post a thirty-nine-and-ten record, for a winning percentage of .796.

There was comic relief during that 1930 push when the Cardinals went into Ebbets Field in mid-September for three games with the Dodgers, who were one length ahead of them at the time. Flint Rhem, an eccentric pitcher who had great stuff, was selected to work the opener for St. Louis. On the eve of the game Rhem vanished. Fearing foul play or, worse yet, bad prohibition booze, the team asked the police to assist in the search for the missing pitcher, but no trace of him was found in his favorite watering places.

A few minutes before game time the next day Rhem showed up. He related that he had been standing in front of the team's hotel, minding his own business in the cool of the evening, when two strangers drove up in a cab. Before he knew what was up, violent hands were laid upon him. He thereupon was bound and gagged, driven to a secluded house in New Jersey and compelled at the point of a gun to drink vile concoctions containing alcohol. After a night of horror, he freed himself with superhuman effort and rushed to join his comrades in the crusade for the pennant.

Manager Gabby Street restrained himself from creasing Rhem's skull with a bat and told him to sit in a corner. Street reshuffled his pitching plans and sent Wild Bill Hallahan against Dazzy Vance in the series opener. Hallahan won it, 1–0, in ten innings. Jess Haines took the second game 5–3, and Burleigh Grimes completed the sweep, 4–3. From that point the Cardinals never were headed.

The most celebrated Cardinal team was the Gashouse Gang, which closed with a rush to cut down the Giants' six-game lead after Labor Day in 1934. However, for all their color and their contributions to the literature of baseball, that was the only pennant the Gang won. They wilted the next year in the face of the Cubs' September streak of twenty-one straight, and in 1936 they failed to hold a promising midseason lead. Bill Terry's Giants broke that race wide open with a twenty-four-and-three record in August.

Terry's crew also won pennants in 1933 and 1937, yet was branded a choke-up club on the basis of a single foldup in 1934. Another team indicted for one collapse was the 1951 Dodgers. However, the same key players not only brought six pennants to Ebbets Field but also put on some stirring finishes. In 1949 they nipped the Cardinals, who led them by a game and a half with four to go. The next year, running seven lengths behind the Phillies with eleven games to play, they just missed pulling into a tie on the final day when Richie Ashburn, who never has been noted for his arm, cut down the winning run at the plate in the ninth inning. In 1952, with the Giants threatening to overhaul them, the Dodgers rallied strongly to pull away.

Although the importance of team harmony in baseball is generally exaggerated, intramural dissension can cause a team to blow a pennant. The most flagrant example was the revolt of the Cleveland Indians in 1940 against the alleged slave-driving tactics of Manager Oscar Vitt. Wags remarked that the Indians spent more time running to Alva Bradley, the owner, with petitions for Vitt's dismissal than they did running the bases. The players were split into two camps by the hassle, and the Detroit Tigers barged through the rift to nose out the Indians by one game.

Fan influence on a team's performance usually is negligible, but the customers have figured prominently in at least three races. In 1956 the Braves were stunned at finding a loyal crowd of 25,000 waiting to greet them at the Milwaukee airport after their pennant bid had fallen short by one game. Fred Haney made an impromptu speech promising one and all that their devotion would be rewarded by a championship the next year.

"I know it sounds awfully corny," Haney says now, "but I meant it at the time, and so did the team. Maybe we would have won without any special boost in 'Fifty-seven, but the players were still talking about that reception in training camp the following spring. It helped us get away to a fast start that made things a lot easier for us."

Bucky Harris, famous as the "boy manager" of the Washington Senators thirty-five years ago, always has attributed Washington's first pennant to the rabid enthusiasm the fans communicated to the players. Every right-thinking American rooted for the Senators in 1924 in an outburst of sentiment for Walter Johnson, probably the greatest pitcher who ever lived. Johnson's entire career had been spent with a chronic also-ran, and the Big Train responded nobly when a pennant opportunity finally came, winning thirteen straight games down the stretch. No one was more thrilled by Washington's victory than Clark Griffith, the owner. The team's stock rose from nine dollars to eighty-five dollars a share.

There was a reverse example in 1922 when an excess of civic zeal boomeranged against the St. Louis Browns. Sparked by George Sisler's .420 average, they were only half a game behind the Yankees going into a three-game home series with them in mid-September. The Yankees that year had been setting a record for winning games despite hang-overs, and had been doing their sturdiest belting in clubhouse brawls. However, two incidents in St. Louis pulled them together in a common cause.

The first was when they saw small brown barrels on the downtown street corners. "What are those things for?" Babe Ruth asked his cab driver.

"For a collection to buy presents for the Brownies after they lick you guys and sew up the pennant," the man answered.

The Yankees went out and won the first game, 2–1, after being further aroused by another provocation. Whitey Witt, their center fielder, was struck on the head and knocked unconscious by a pop bottle. Ban Johnson, president of the league, offered a reward of $100 for the apprehension of the culprit. The money was given to a fan who reported, with a straight face, that the bottle had jumped up and hit Witt when he stepped on it.

The Browns won the second game, and were leading 2–1, in the ninth inning of the series finale when Witt went to bat with a bandage covering a two-inch gash in his forehead. He drove in the two runs that cooled off the Browns for the remainder of the season.

It doesn't pay to get your opponents too stirred up. Phil Rizzuto, who was on nine winners with the Yankees, vividly remembers an incident in 1949, when the Red Sox needed to win only one of two games from the Yanks on the last weekend of the season to wrap up the pennant.

"The Sox got off fast on Saturday and were leading us, four to nothing, when I went up to bat in the third inning," Rizzuto recalls. "Birdie Tebbetts, Boston's catcher, gave me the business. 'All of us can take it easy tomorrow,' he said. 'We'll be sobering up from a big champagne party and you'll have a chance against Frank Quinn, a bonus pitcher from Yale. Quit worrying. You'll get your hits tomorrow.'"

"When I went back to the bench and told our guys what Tebbetts had said, they began to steam. We kept plugging away and tied the score in the seventh inning, and then Johnny Lindell won it for us with a homer in the eighth. We clinched the pennant by winning again on Sunday.

"Joe McCarthy, our old manager, who was with Boston that year, would've had a fit if he'd known Tebbetts was needling us. 'Let sleeping dogs lie,' McCarthy always said. 'They may wake up and eat the seat out of your pants.'"

Those late-season games can loom very large. On the other hand, John McGraw used to say that a game won in April was worth two in September, because it meant one less you had to get and one more the opposition needed to overtake you.

Rocky Bridges, the Detroit infielder and dead-pan humorist, is another who has espoused the long view. Bridges was a utility man with the Dodgers when they blew their lead in 1951. At a banquet appearance after the season, he inevitably was asked which misfortune had been the turning point. "The opening game," he answered. "We lost it to the Phillies."

The audience in Long Beach, California, was properly puzzled. The Dodgers lost a total of sixty games that year. Why was the first so decisive?

"If we had won it, the Giants never would have caught us," Bridges said. "We would have breezed in by one full game."

THE END

NEXT WEEK

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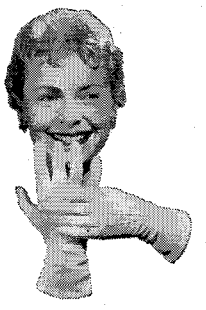

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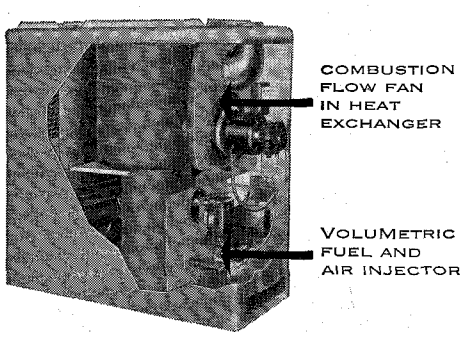

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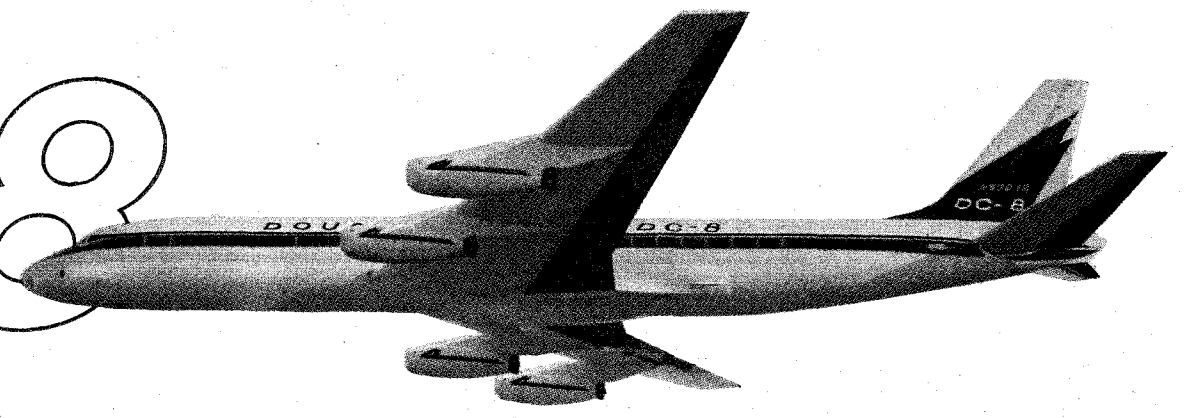

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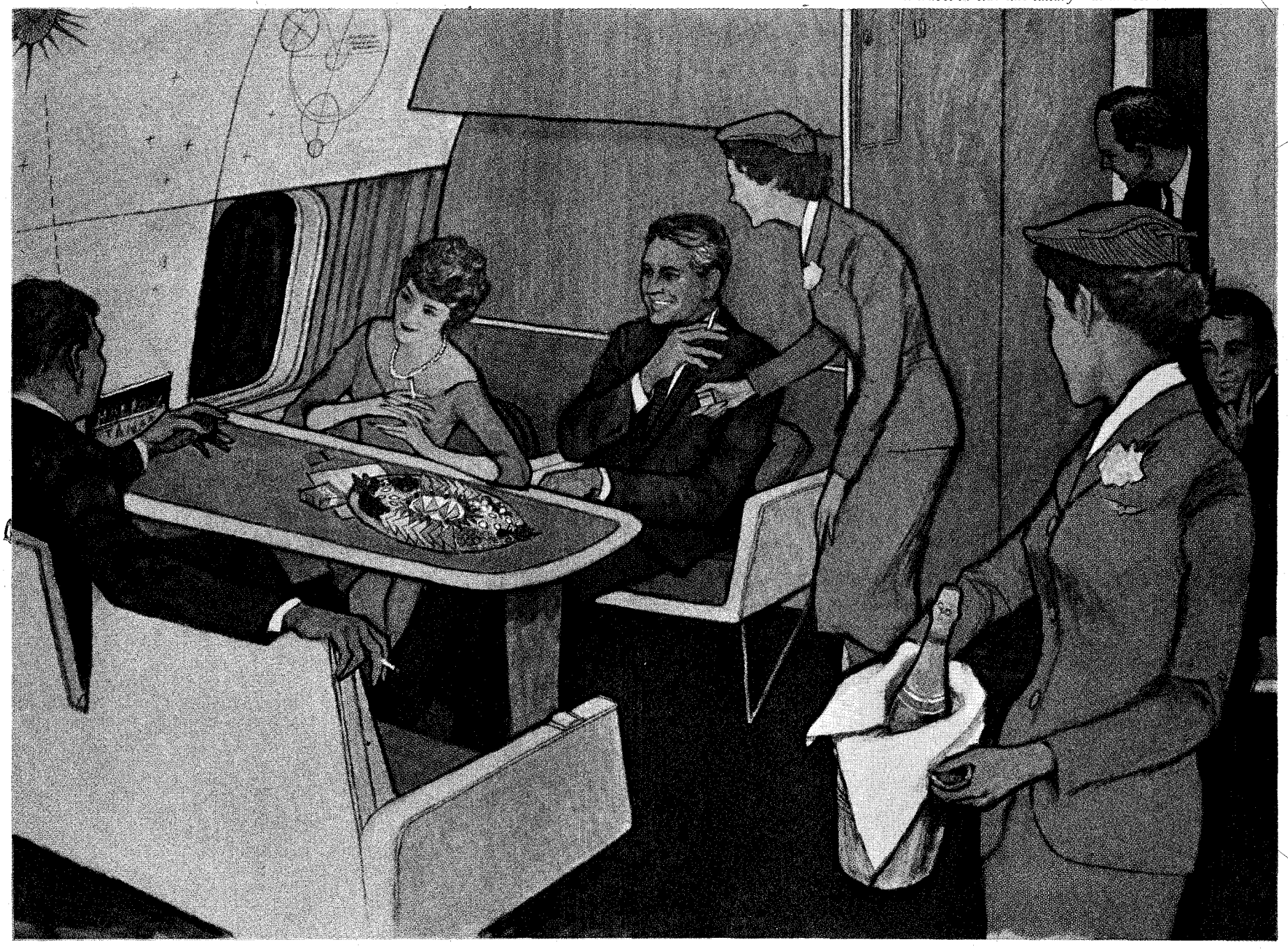

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Bomb-Squad Cop (Continued from Page 47)

failed, the handwriting led to an arrest in 1957. It matched the handwriting of a former Edison employee who had a grudge against the utility company because sometime in the 1930's it had disallowed a written claim he had made for an injury suffered, so he said, while at work. The Mad Bomber turned out to be a bachelor named George Metesky, who lived quietly with his two unsuspecting sisters in Waterbury, Connecticut. He is now in Matteawan State Hospital for the Criminally Insane at Beacon, New York.

The years of the Metesky era were years of sleeplessness and frustration for the Bomb Squad. But they also were challenging and exciting times, and Peter Dale, for one, wouldn't have traded them for a villa on the Riviera.

His wife, who has borne the brunt of rearing their seven children on a policeman's pay—Dale's current salary as a first-grade detective is $7541—might offer a mild dissent, but not very hopefully. In 1954, while the Mad Bomber scare was still on, part of her husband's right hand was accidentally blown off. A man who goes on taking chances after so sobering an experience, as Dale does, is plainly in thrall to a demanding occupation. For eleven years Dale has been eligible for retirement. He is fifty-five years old, and apparently nothing will separate him from his job short of another and even worse explosion, death from natural causes, or attainment of the compulsory retirement age of sixty-three.

Overeagerness to do someone a favor was the basic cause of Detective Dale's nearly fatal mishap. The someone this time was Uncle Sam. In a Manhattan raid the police and FBI agents had uncovered a cache of armament which was ticketed for a revolutionary group in Latin America. Among the weapons were some unfamiliar-looking hand grenades. The United States District Attorney asked Dale to set off a few before representatives of the FBI, the Secret Service and the post-office inspectors, all of whom have to cope with explosive devices.

Dale happily agreed, and a date was set. So was the place—Fort Tilden in the Rockaways, a onetime coast-artillery post now used by Army Ordnance as a demolition range. To assure perfection, Dale went to Fort Tilden a day in advance, to rehearse. The grenades' firing mechanism resembled that which was used by the Japanese; to explode this type, one inserted a firing pin, tapped it on a hard object such as a rock, and then threw it. But the confiscated grenades were pinless, the pins probably having been crated separately for safety in transit.

Dale didn't need firing pins; he knew that he could set a fuse burning by friction, using the hammer-and-punch method. But first he had to know how long a fuse took to burn. To do this he had to remove a fuse, which is a chancy business in itself. In a bunker equipped with a workbench he clamped a grenade in a vise. Next he erected a safety panel of bulletproof glass, which he had frugally liberated from the town car of the late gangster, Dutch Schultz, and mounted in an iron stand-up frame. Dale then reached around the glass panel with a tool in either hand and commenced the extraction. He had visibility through the glass, and his face, chest and shoulders were well protected. His hands and arms were vulnerable to a possible explosion, but in the bombman's world you can't have everything.

The fuse came out without any trouble. Dale removed the defused grenade from the vise and put it a safe distance away. He then clamped an end of the fuse in the vise and ignited the other end with his hammer and punch. The fuse burned out in six and one fifth seconds. An associate had stop-watched it.

At his courtesy performance next day, which was to be a throw job, Dale stood outside the bunker with his back to a barricade. He ignited the fuse of another grenade with his hammer and punch and, dropping the tools, picked up the grenade and tried to throw it. This grenade must have had a short fuse. It exploded as it was leaving his hand. The blast hurled Dale back against the barricade with such force that some bones in his left hand were shattered. His right hand looked like a total loss, fit only for amputation. The thumb dangled by strands of flesh. Two joints of the forefinger were missing. Worst of all, scarcely anything remained of the web of flesh between thumb and forefinger.

It took eleven plastic operations and skin grafts to fill in the web gap, restore the thumb, and give it some lateral movement. Dale can now grip his revolver strongly enough to shoot, pulling the trigger with his middle finger.

The revamping of bomb-handling procedures, which began after the double tragedy at the World's Fair, has never stopped. The most important change was one that brought the Emergency Service Division strongly into the picture. Any alarm about a bomb or suspicious package reaches the Bomb Squad and Emergency Division simultaneously, but Emergency always gets to the scene first; it has ten big trucks stationed around the five boroughs, while the Bomb Squad operates only out of its headquarters at 72 Poplar Street, in Brooklyn.

The first thing an Emergency crew does is to cordon off the area within a radius of 100 yards. One of the truck's crew, wearing body armor, then inspects the package at close range. The armor gives him the shuddery appearance of a headsman. A long garment of interlocking metal plates covered with green nylon protects his whole torso, front and rear. His head and neck are protected by a deep helmet of the same materials, with only narrow slits for him to peer through.

Most of the hundreds of alarms prove to be false, but no unnecessary chances are taken. The man in armor, treating the package with great care—certain bombs will detonate when jarred or tilted—puts it gently into a metal tank and covers it with lubricating oil. The oil will usually stop a clock mechanism, whose ticking is the heartbeat of this kind of bomb.

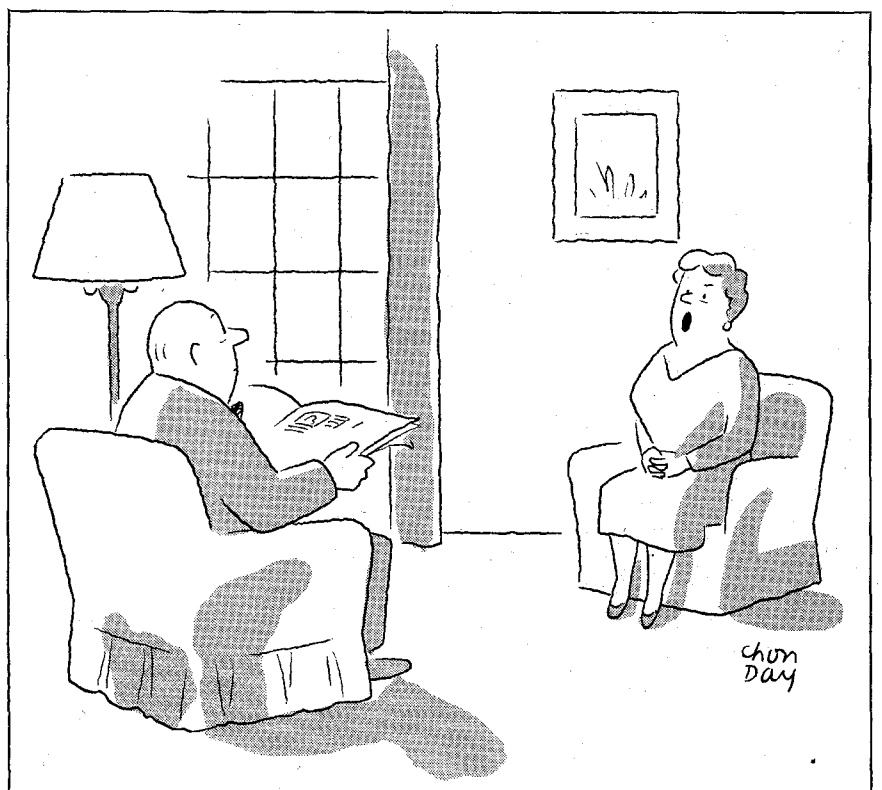
At this point a Bomb Squad detective, wearing the same kind of armor, takes over. He lowers into the oil bath a stethoscopic microphone. If he hears ticking, he backs away 150 feet and listens through an extension cord. When the ticking stops or in cases when there was no ticking to begin with, the detective carefully raises the package from the oil bath. He then scrutinizes the package's contents with a portable fluoroscope which is part of the squad's equipment.

If he is satisfied that the package contains no bomb, he takes it apart on the spot. If he has the slightest misgiving, a bomb-disposal truck is called, and the package is transferred to it for final disposal at Fort Tilden. The truck body looks like a chopped-down Nissen hut made of woven steel cable. Should the business day be still in progress, the disposal truck is parked in as remote an open area as can be found. It stays there until the homeward-bound rush hour is over; then the drive to Fort Tilden begins. There the cargo is detonated.

In hindsight it seems to have been inevitable that Dale would someday land on the police Bomb Squad. He virtually teethed on dynamite. His father and grandfather were licensed blasters, or powdermen, as they were sometimes called. His great-grandfather Dale, an immigrant from Ireland, was a powderman, too, according to a family tradition; but nobody really remembers. The sergeant's mother was also of Irish stock. Her father, Michael Ryan, came from Tipperary and he, too, was "in blasting."

The chief drawback of blasting as an occupation, aside from the danger of being blown to glory, was irregularity of employment. A powderman like the elder Dale, having put in three or four months on a construction project, might wait around the house for weeks and even months before another project opened up.

Solidly built and black-mustached, Dale was a man of obsessive opinions.



"I have just been counting my blessings—you weren't among them."

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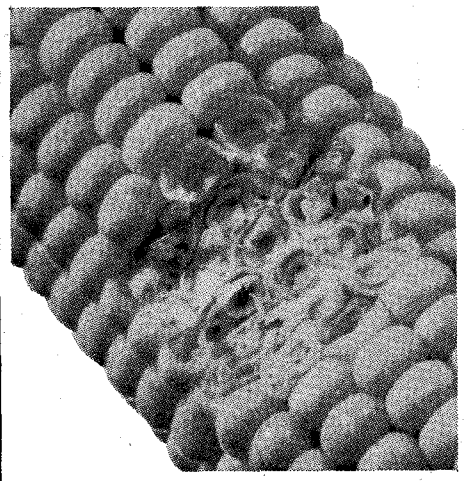

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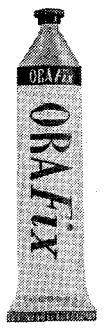

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He was, for example, passionately convinced that he was the best blaster of his generation. He had an abiding contempt for cigarettes, as did many people of his day; respectable men, in his view, smoked cigars or chewed tobacco. He felt strongly, too, about the motorization of funeral vehicles. Every time he saw a motorized cortege chug past he would remark with disgust, "They can't get you to the cemetery fast enough these days!"

His son, the one destined to become a bomb expert, was born in upper Manhattan in 1904 and was baptized in St. Cecilia's Church as Peter Joseph Dale, Jr. Nineteen months later a second son, Joseph, came along. There were no more babies after that.

The never quite sound finances of the family were imperiled by a chronic illness that the breadwinner developed—possibly a form of silicosis. Peter, Jr. had to quit school and go to work before winning his grade-school diploma. A self-confident boy of fourteen, he saw the adult world as a big, fat oyster that was about to open up for him. This was the fore part of 1918, when World War I was still going on in France and the shipyards were clamoring for workers. Raising his age to sixteen, Dale was taken on at a shipyard in Hoboken as a welder's helper. The war abroad ended in November and so did the job. For several years he worked as a ditchdigger, a deckhand on a tugboat and in similar roles. In the process he learned to like cigarettes. This touched off a long battle between father and son, with the former bellowing maledictions whenever the son lighted up.

One day, when young Dale was seventeen or eighteen, his father invited him to go with him to a site in Jersey where he was doing some blasting and to learn the rudiments of his trade. Peter Dale vividly recalls the pains of that day as follows: "I wasn't working at the time, but I says no, I don't want to work for you because you'd start hollering. It's bad enough I have to listen to you hollering around the house, I says. So he says well, come out and try me, and if you don't like working for me, then you quit. He knew my real reason was I couldn't smoke around him, but he had me trapped."

Young Dale started out as his father's drill runner. Sometimes he doubled as a powder monkey, the worker in charge of the dynamite magazine. One winter day when they were working on a tunnel project, the elder Dale told his son to go topside and get the dynamite for insertion into a set of newly drilled holes. It was delivered promptly and dropped into the borings. Then the powder monkey went back for the "load." This consisted of dynamite sticks fitted with detonating caps, one for each hole, and safety rules required that the monkey make a separate trip for the "load." Otherwise, if he tripped and set off the caps, the explosion would touch off all of the dynamite.

> Another fast-vanishing American is the motorist who ignores speed laws.
>
> SHANNON FIFE

"I wasn't fast enough for him," Dale recalls, "because soon he's pushing in the door, and his hat seemed to jump off his head. He hollers, 'How do you like this? I come up here to see what's keeping you, and you're sitting with your rump on a case of dynamite, setting caps in the load, with sparks liable to fly out of that stove with its door open, and you got a hot coffin nail in your big mouth!' I guess he was dazed a bit by the whole scene, because after popping off that way he says quietly, 'I want you to remember this, respect dynamite and it will respect you. All those caps need is a hot spark and up you go.' On a later job he caught me dropping a case of dynamite instead of letting it down easy, and he says to me, 'You can take a hundred cases of the stuff and throw ninety-nine into the corner and the hundredth case will go off from the concussion.' After that I was always careful."

In 1925, when the senior Peter Dale was in his late fifties, he came down again with his old illness. He said to his wife, "Maggie, if I don't come out of it this time, I want you to promise me one thing—take me to the cemetery in a decent and proper way, with horses. These days, with those gassy automobiles, they just can't get a man to the cemetery fast enough." A week or so later the promise was fulfilled. Horse-drawn rolling stock for funerals was almost in the class of antiques at the time, but an obliging undertaker located some, and the blaster went to St. Raymond's Cemetery in the style that he had desired.

In the months preceding his death the senior Peter Dale regretted having introduced his son to the blasting business and advised him to get out of it. "It's hard, dangerous work, and after a certain age you can't take it any more, and there's no retirement or pension rights." He recommended the Police Department, and after he died the son took the entrance examination and made the eligible list. After a long wait his call came, in 1928, and upon graduation from the Police Academy he was assigned to foot patrol.

Patrolman Dale was soon bored by foot patrol—in police parlance, being "on the walk." Besides, it gave him little chance for expressing his instinct for being helpful to people in trouble. In 1930, on his own application, he was transferred to a Bronx unit of the Emergency Service Division. The next ten years were perhaps the happiest of his life. Helping people is routine in Emergency. The division specializes in disasters large and small, from building collapses and mysterious explosions to suicide attempts and sudden strokes.

Dale threw himself into the often dangerous work with enthusiasm. He took so many chances that one of his superiors took to warning him, with clinical humor. "Dale," he would say, "one of these days I'm going to be scraping you off a wall with a putty knife." (The officer was Walter E. Klotzback, now a deputy chief inspector in charge of the Emergency Service Division. The day after Dale's misadventure at Fort Tilden, Klotzback tiptoed into his hospital room to pay his respects. The man in the bed, managing a grin despite intense pain, said brightly, "Hello, chief. Did you bring your putty knife along?")

The good Emergency Squad man works like a fury to save life and, like a good surgeon, does not brood over the cases he loses. But in after years certain tragic memories may come back to haunt him. Two of his old cases bother Dale at times. One was that of a man who fell on the sidewalk during a heart attack. Dale and his partners, using an inhalator, brought him back to consciousness. The man motioned to them to remove the mouthpiece. When they obeyed, he said, "I appreciate your labors in my behalf, and I thank you very kindly. But I would appreciate it even more if you permitted me to die, as this is what I prefer to do." The request ran counter to the squad's tradition of preserving life. They restored

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the mouthpiece and started the flow of oxygen again. The man died anyway.

The other case was that of a long-unemployed man who closed the kitchen window, sealed the door cracks with wadded paper and opened all the burners of the gas stove, killing himself and his two preschool-age daughters. In a note left to his wife, he had written, "Don't worry about the children. I heard their evening prayers."

The widely differing service records of policemen defy actuarial analysis. Many cops, and good ones, too, serve until retirement without firing a shot except in target practice. The life strands of others, for no detectable reason, get entangled repeatedly with those of evildoers in violent episodes. Oddly, the worst encounters usually occur when these men are off duty. Such a cop was Peter Dale as a young patrolman.

Consider one of the strange events of May 10, 1931, a Sunday. In the Bronx that day two unreconstructed felons highjacked a taxicab, robbed the driver of his take, deprived him of his pants and left him in a tenement hallway. The cab's engine had spluttered out, and neither thug could start it again. They gave the cabby back his pants long enough for him to bring the engine to life once more. Then they shoved him into the twilight of the hall a second time, again took his pants and drove away leaving him cowering there, too modest to run out yelling for the police. In recalling this crime not long ago, Dale remarked, "There are very few people who would run out on the street without their pants."

Ten or fifteen minutes later Patrolman Dale, wearing civilian clothes and en route to his station house for the eight A.M. shift—and therefore off duty—was sitting at the wheel of his own car on 143rd Street where it intersects Willis Avenue. He was waiting for the traffic light to change. As it did, the stolen taxicab containing the two thugs sped through the red light on Willis Avenue. At this point Dale knew nothing of the crime. However, he turned into Willis Avenue and gave pursuit, not so much because the cab was speeding and had run through the red light, but because the man at the wheel was wearing a fedora.

"The fedora hat on a fellow driving a cab leads you to believe there's something wrong," he says now.

On church-crossing duty at 145th Street, a uniformed cop named Mulderrick stepped out in the roadway, gesturing at the red light above him. The driver aimed the stolen cab at him, forcing him to scuttle back to the sidewalk, and sped on. Dale stopped his car, identified himself and told Mulderrick to jump on the running board. Then they were off on a zigzag chase that covered a sizable portion of the Bronx. As is usual in such chases, the cops had to withhold their fire most of the way to avoid hitting strollers and bystanders. No such qualms hampered the fugitives. One pegged away at will from the rear seat. Luckily all of his shots went wild. So did two shots of Mulderrick's.

After five or six miles the chase reached an abrupt climax as it neared the intersection of East Tremont Avenue and White Plains Road. Given a clear opening, Mulderrick let fly with the four shots left in his revolver. Dale, shooting left-handed, cagily fired only three times. He knew that Mulderrick, owing to his awkward position, would be unable to reload, and it would have been dangerously embarrassing if both police weapons were empty when the confrontation came. Dale is a great bullet counter.

As the issue panned out, Dale's thriftiness proved unnecessary. One of the police shots had put a hole in the taxicab's fuel tank, a second had smashed into the taximeter and a third, which proved decisive, tore into a rear tire. The cab careered across the intersection and came to a halt in the next block. The passage of Dale's car across the intersection was even less happy. The driver of another taxicab, befuddled by the warfare he had blundered into, got stalled in the middle of the crossing. Dale swerved around the stalled car, skidded out of control and rammed an electric power pole. Mulderrick was thrown clear. Two of Dale's ribs were broken by impact with the steering wheel. The fugitives were captured by the crew of a radio car which had come into the chase in its latter stages. Dale and Mulderrick were cited in general orders.

The exploit which won for Dale the departmental Medal of Honor, an award which too often is made posthumously, affords a more intensive study of a good cop's behavior when he is suddenly engulfed by a situation of great peril. The chase of the stolen taxicab lasted seven or eight minutes; the medal-winning affray was over within sixty seconds.

Late on the night of December 15, 1933, Patrolman Dale was nursing a beer in a saloon located at Manida Street and Randall Avenue, the Bronx. His presence there was perfectly proper. He was off duty and in civilian clothes, and he had come there to discuss a family matter with his brother Joe, who was the bartender. Only six other men were in the establishment, five customers and the proprietor, a Mr. Colletta.

Closing time was not far off when, at 11:25 o'clock, Peter Dale heard an automobile crunching to a stop in the ice-lined gutter. Always a polite young man—he was twenty-nine at the time—he went to the front entrance to open the door for what he assumed was a late customer. As the door swung open the man drew a revolver from his overcoat pocket and stuck it against Dale's midriff, forcing him back to the bar with his hands up.

At the same time two more strangers came in the side entrance with revolvers drawn and backed the other men against the bar. One of the gunmen said, "Keep them hands up high!" and, to one of his companions, "Search 'em." Then, changing his mind, he said, "No, back 'em down to the far end."

The leader's reversal of his own order was a break for Peter Dale; the gunmen plainly had no idea that he was a policeman. People often remarked that he didn't "look like a policeman." He was, and still is, of wiry build with 155 pounds packed tightly onto a six-foot frame.

The beleaguered men formed roughly two rows against the rear wall. Peter Dale was in the back row. He had seen to that. This position fitted into a plan which was forming in his mind. His thoughts, reduced to slow motion, went about as follows: "If the big boy hadn't changed his order, they'd have discovered right away that I am a cop and maybe shot me with my own gun; I've heard of cop haters doing that. Others would have got hurt, too; maybe killed. Maybe my brother Joe along with them. If only I could draw my pistol without endangering the others—but even if I could, it would be three to one against me, and I've never been better than a fair shot. But if I don't do something soon—me that's sworn to protect the public from bodily harm—I'll never be able to face my family or my fellow cops. That's illogical. Whether I shoot or don't shoot, my goose is cooked. I'd rather die fighting than be executed by these slobs. If The Good Man

(*Continued on Page 127*)

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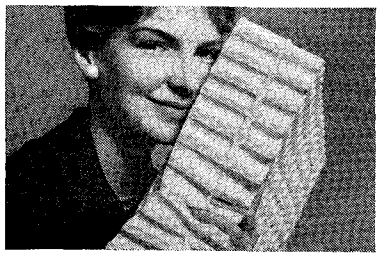

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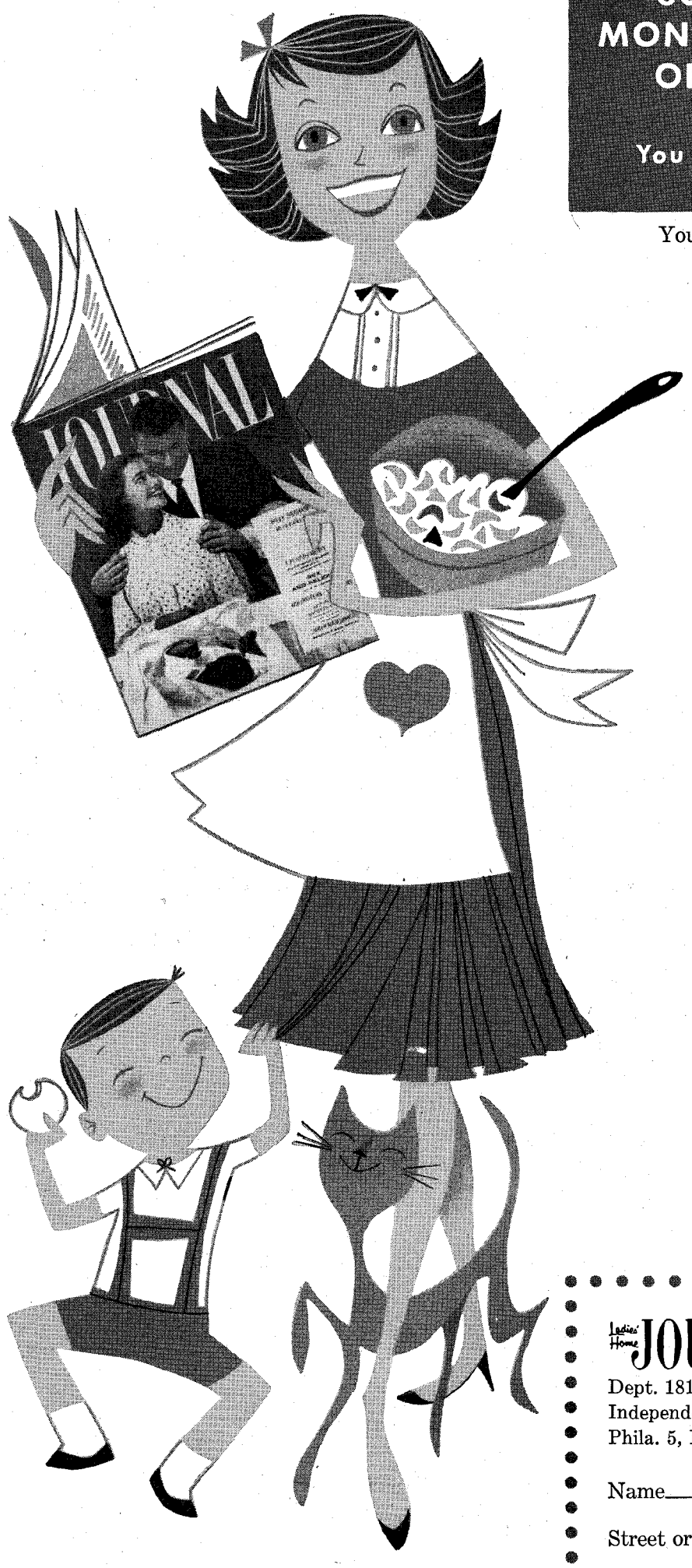

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(*Continued from Page 125*) Upstairs would give me one more break, just a little break ——"

Dale heard the leader say to one of his companions, "Here, give me your gun. I'll hold it while you frisk 'em." This was the break Dale had asked for. If he could kill the leader with one shot, two enemy guns would be eliminated, leaving only the third thug's pistol to contend with. This was a fair chance, and Dale decided to gamble, although he realized that if the leader was merely wounded he could still make trouble. For this reason Dale would have to pass up the easiest target, the leader's torso, and try for his head. The distance was about fifteen feet.

As the frisker bent over to remove the first wallet, Dale put his plan into action. His upraised right arm, partly concealed behind the upraised arm of the man next to him, began a slow descent. For some reason, probably because they were watching to see how the frisker was doing, the two other holdup men did not notice Dale's descending hand.

Dale's hand went all the way down to his hip holster and came up with his .38 caliber service revolver. He took careful aim and fired. His slug passed through the crown of the leader's hat and tore a hole in the glass of the front door. Nervous tension had spoiled his aim.

The cop's opening shot turned the barroom from a holdup scene into a battle for survival. The thug with the ruined hat opened fire with both pistols, and his armed companion joined in the fusillade. The men around Dale scrambled for cover behind the bar—the unarmed robber had already made an emergency exit. Dale scrambled in the other direction into a space set apart for table drinkers by a lattice partition garnished with artificial flowers. From the dubious protection of this romantic bower he fired three more times, and the two robbers backed hastily out the front door, emptying their weapons as they went. Dale ran to the sidewalk and fired a parting salute of two bullets as the robbers hurried to their car. He shoved three spare cartridges into the cylinder of his .38 and unloosed them as the car was moving away.

By noon of the following day all of the holdup men were in custody, two of them in bad shape. Ballistics tests showed that for a cop who didn't show up well on the pistol range Dale had performed remarkably in the heat of combat. Of his nine shots, three had gotten home. One had struck the leader in the abdomen; two others had hit his armed colleague in the arm and leg. Of eighteen shots fired by the opposition, two had found targets, but the wrong kind: One of the leader's slugs had hit his embattled partner in the groin, and one of the partner's had hit the leader in the wrist. The sixteen other enemy shots hit on all sides of the eight intended victims, but not one had taken effect. "It just seemed," Patrolman Dale said afterward, "like the angels were there pushing the bullets away."

One of the most terrifying jolts of Peter Dale's nineteen years on the Bomb Squad came shortly after he became a member. He and two squad mates responded to a telephone alarm about a suspicious package which had been discovered in a storage locker in Grand Central Terminal. By the time the trio arrived the concourse had been cordoned off by city and railroad police. The squad's one-man-at-a-time rule had been promulgated, but it was long before the day of body armor, the stethoscope and the fluoroscope.

It was Dale's turn to be the lonesome man. The atmosphere was taut as Dale strode over to the locker. He knelt and laid expert hands upon the package. He held his ear against it. He cut at several places with a glass knife; a metal knife might have short-circuited a battery-powered bomb. Meanwhile, his mind was reaching for a coherent pattern. Beads of sweat popped out on his forehead. His solar plexus knotted up.

Suddenly there was a brilliant flash. Dale jumped like a startled cat, convinced that he'd had it. Actually the flash had come from a newspaper photographer's flash bulb, which had been set off for a close-up shot. The suspicious package turned out to be strictly innocent.

Being a compulsive mechanic and bomb-happy, as Bomb Squad men usually are, Dale began making models of the many kinds of bombs he saw or heard of—one used a ten-cent mousetrap to make the connection with the detonating battery. Dale's simulated bombs, which he has put together at his own expense, are used to train new members of the squad. Among the more shuddery exhibits is a replica of a commonplace electric clothes iron, charged with gunpowder, which detonated when the cord was plugged into an outlet. From the use to which the original iron was put, the replica has been dubbed the Mother-in-Law Special.

The masterpiece of the collection is a kind of omnium-gatherum killer called the Bomber's Ideal. It was planned and put together by Dale, and it has no prototype. It makes up into a package of medium size. If lifted an inch from the floor, or tilted at any angle, or pushed in any direction, or probed into at almost any spot, the charge "explodes." If the package is allowed to sit unmolested, there is a clock mechanism inside which ultimately sets off the fireworks.

So far Dale himself has never figured out how to dismantle a Bomber's Ideal tidily, and he hopes that he and his squad mates will never be faced with its real-life equivalent. If one should turn up, the only thing to do, after evacuating the premises, would be to loop one end of a long rope around the package and have the other end yanked sharply by a Bomb Squad man in a protected position. This would make the premises most untidy.

The U-19's Last Kill (Continued from Page 50)

navy-blue pants, and Linc and Moreno blue denims, and we all had heavy, high-topped work shoes of unfinished leather, our pants stuffed into them and bloused over their tops. In appearance, anyway, we were a submarine crew—hard, dangerous and competent—and that's what we were in fact, too, I thought, feeling a little better now, the coffee inside me.

"All right, let's move," Moreno growled, setting his empty cup on the drainboard of the little sink. The sub was ready. There was nothing to do but start. Even the dive planes were already in position, and all of us but Moreno, who stayed in the tower, climbed down into her, and I went directly back to the engines. They were cold, of course, and it took me several minutes to start them. I cursed at them, but all the time in the back of my mind lay the hope that somehow they wouldn't start at all. Then presently they stuttered into life; I nursed them along, warming them, then shouted up to Moreno, "Engines ready!"

"All right," he called down, "let's go." And now, the old diesels growling rhythmically, we moved out of the dock to sea. A thousand yards out, curving onto a northeast course, Moreno ordered, "Blow main ballasts," and the air surged into the tanks, the deck pushing against my feet. Now we rode high in the water, as we would till dawn.

There wasn't much to do now. I had my engines to watch, making sure they didn't run too hot, but they seemed all right, and I walked forward to the switchboard just aft of the control room and checked my batteries; they showed a good, full charge. Lauffnauer had the trim tanks to handle, adjusting them as needed to compensate for fuel loss. Linc sat at his radio in the control room, his headset covering one ear only just now, slowly twisting a dial, monitoring whatever transmissions he could hear, which weren't many, he said. Vic sat at the rudder wheel, and Rosa stood by.

Moreno called down occasionally, whenever he saw running lights. But he saw very few, and never very close; we were well out to sea now. We moved on, a black speck crawling steadily across the vast face of the ocean in the beginning dawn; and for hour after hour through the morning we continued, at a steady eight and a half to nine knots, the coast just visible far to port. Twelve times we sighted ships—freighters, an ocean-going tug, a Navy transport, two destroyers, several Coast Guard cutters. But they were far off, and we knew that our little tower, half submerged now, was invisible to them.

Sometime around noon Rosa began laying out sandwiches from the hamper she'd brought and opening warm soft drinks on the drainboard of the little galley sink. I was sitting on the control-room deck, hands loosely clasped around my knees, staring absently at Vic sitting on the periscope seat idly rubbing at the brass housing with a thumb. Now I got to my feet and stepped over the control-room coaming into the aft compartment to check my batteries.

At least I told myself that's what I was doing, and I did; they were O.K. I turned and looked at Rosa, her back to me, for a moment; then I stepped over beside her, and she looked up at me questioningly. I put my hands on her waist, just over the swell of her hips, and turned her toward me. Then my arms moved around her, and I drew her to me. She neither resisted nor helped; her hips close to mine, she hung back from the waist, almost limply.

"We are coming closer now," she murmured very quietly. "Soon it will begin, and you are frightened." After a moment I nodded. I was frightened—not panically, but with a perfectly healthy fear, a realistic awareness of what was coming—and now Rosa nodded too. "And I may be the last woman you'll have a chance to touch," she said then. "All right; I am frightened, too, now. Go ahead, Hugh," she whispered, "hold me, kiss me," and she lifted her arms to my neck and drew herself tight to me. I kissed her then, and she kissed me hard, and we had a long, long moment in which everything else was blotted out and disappeared.

Then our arms relaxed, she drew back again, and we stood, eyes searching each other's face. I began to draw her toward me again, my breathing shallow and rapid, but Rosa stepped back, twisting out of my hands. "There must be no more trouble," she (*Continued on Page 129*)

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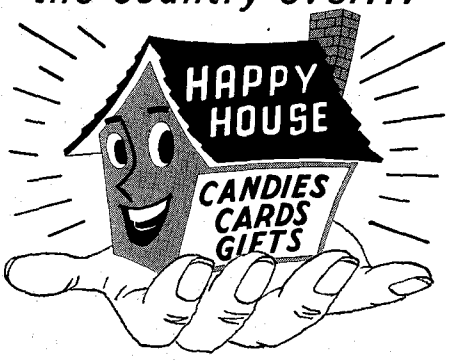

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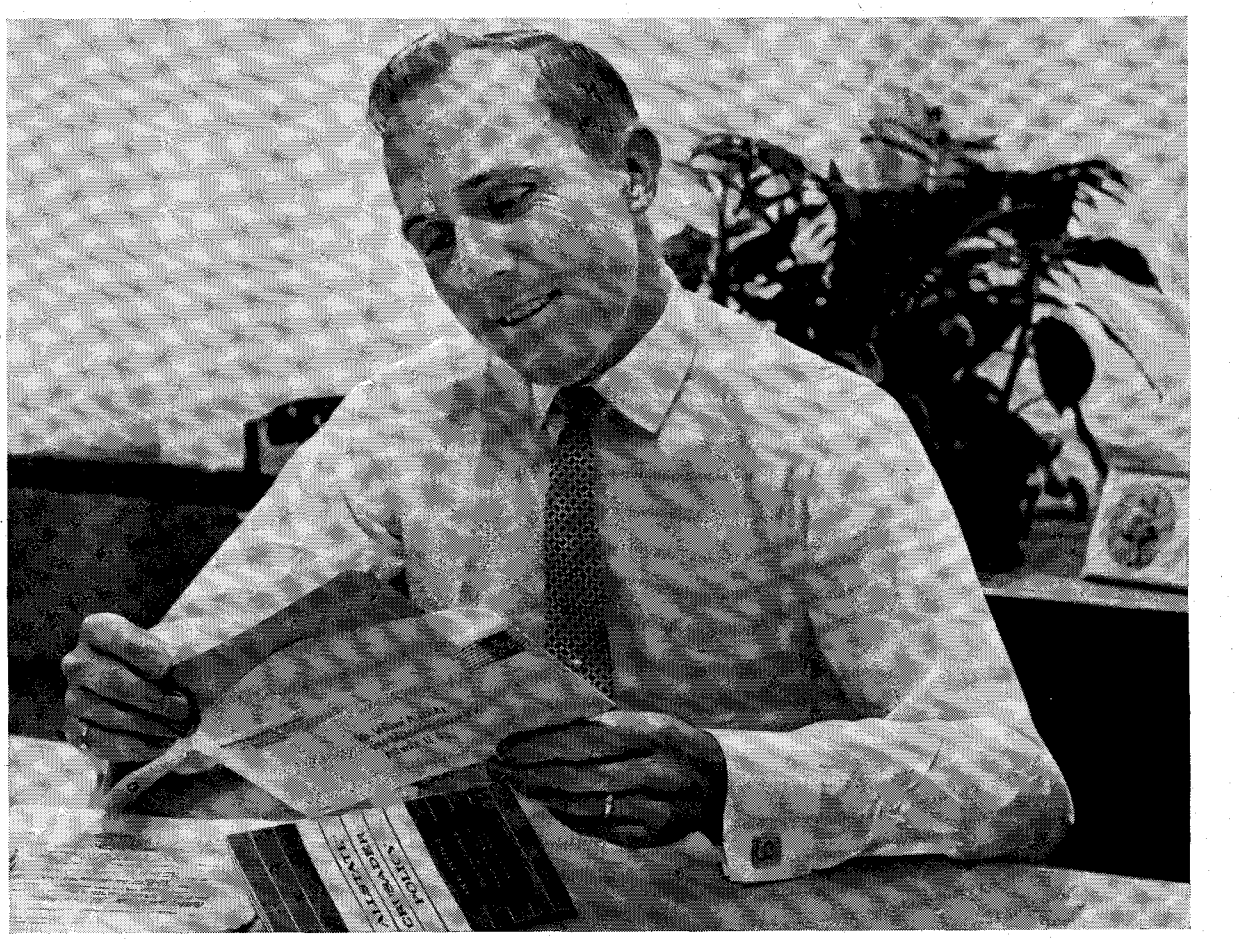

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(*Continued from Page 127*) said; "not today. Go back to your engines—and wipe your face." Then she turned to the little sink, uncapped a bottle, and I walked back toward my engines, pulling a handkerchief from my hip pocket; I felt fine, ready for whatever was going to happen.

It was much later, well after three o'clock, when Lauffnauer in the control tower with a sextant—he'd relieved Moreno for the last forty minutes—called down a sighting. Vic worked out our position, then called through the ship, "We're there; or close enough, anyway." Moreno had the rudder wheel now and called for quarter speed and, as I walked back toward the engines, he began heaving on the wheel, turning the bow into the swell.

No one pretended now that he wasn't nervous. Moreno, in the tower again, checked our drift regularly, occasionally calling for a change in position, singing out the commands; then we'd maneuver the sub, getting her back into position. Later, Vic was spelling Linc at the radio, and I decided to go topside. I climbed the ladder and stepped out into the little tower beside Lauffnauer, who had relieved Moreno on the bridge.

We were riding high now, the decks above water. The sky, I saw, was clear, and the sun was warm on my face. We lay riding the gentle swell, the choppiness and spray gone, and I climbed out onto the deck. Smiling, Lauffnauer said, "Let us just stay here, Hugh, all of us, out at sea forever; there is nothing on the land for any sensible man."

"Suits me," I said, nodding; I knew what he meant.

Vic appeared now, relieved at the radio by Linc, Moreno at the rudder wheel below, and he climbed out onto the deck and stood looking around the horizon, There was always someone up here now, and none of us spent much time on deck without turning to study the southwest horizon. I wandered to the stern and stood looking off toward the almost-invisible shore, and after a moment Vic joined me. I glanced up at him, and his eyes were happy. Quietly he said, "I promised you adventure, Hugh, and now we're going to have it; no one in the world has ever done what we're going to."

I nodded and said, "Yeah." I wasn't really agreeing; it wasn't worth it to me if I died or went to prison for what we were about to do, but I didn't argue it.

Maybe five minutes later Moreno relieved Lauffnauer in the tower, then called to me, and I turned. He was holding Linc's white British chief's cap in his hands, thumb rubbing the ornate gold-embroidered cap ornament. I came over, and he held it out to me. "Linc sent this up," he said. "Better start wearing it now." I put it on; I was to wear it because it wouldn't fit Vic or Frank. It was the only scrap of actual uniform we had, but in our sweaters and navy-blue pants, Vic, Frank and I looked like submarine personnel at sea anywhere.

Some twenty minutes later I was back at the engines, Vic was at the rudder wheel in the control room and Linc at his radio. Moreno was in the conning tower, Lauffnauer and Rosa on deck. Suddenly Linc's voice—raw with excitement—called through the ship. "I'm getting her!" he yelled. "Straight voice transmissions, loud and clear!"

Vic yelled—a wild and triumphant "Yahoo!" Then he shouted to Moreno. "Permission to leave the wheel, Ed! We can drift now!"

"Yeah, come on up!" Moreno shouted back, and I shut down the engines, then ran through the ship and clambered up the ladder.

They were clustered around the conning tower, staring to the southwest. Then Moreno, binoculars raised, shouted loud enough for Linc to hear below, "Smoke on the starboard bow!" We stood motionless, staring, for a minute or more. And then there it was, just the tiniest unevenness, a faint alteration in the ruler-straight line of the southwest horizon, and I became aware of the steady pound of my heart in my chest. Through several long seconds we stood staring, and once again Linc called up excitedly; my eyes were narrowed, straining to see, then I blinked, and as my eyes opened again the speck was perceptibly larger, and Moreno lowered his glasses. "That's it," he said quietly, and now we all moved our heads turning to search one another's faces, and I don't think there was one of us who didn't wish that somehow we were anywhere but here.

"Transmitting steadily," Linc called up again, his voice quiet now. "Routine stuff only," he continued. "No code and no scrambling." A moment later he said, "Receiving, too; also straight voice. I'm preparing to send, Ed," he called, then repeated it, "Preparing to send." Standing staring at that tiny, far-off ship, I knew Linc was twisting his dials slowly and carefully; he'd installed his radio so that it could transmit a weak signal only, detectable at no more than horizon distance. Now the distant smudge was the size of a thumbnail, and as we stood watching, it suddenly turned into a tiny ship, hull well up and moving fast; and I could feel that my face was flushed.

Within minutes as we watched, no more than three or four, the tiny ship had swelled in size; and then suddenly it was no longer tiny, no longer distant, and I stood watching it acquire definition and color. We were in good position, I could see now; the ship, steady on her course, was moving toward us at an angle that would bring her within perhaps six hundred yards of us in passing. The incredibly long, tall, black hull, the white superstructure, yellow cargo booms, and three enormous red stacks were vivid against the blue sky, and as I stood staring, the sun winked for an instant on the blur of gold at her prow that was, I knew, the string of great gilded letters which spelled QUEEN MARY. We were almost in sighting distance for her. Moreno, his binoculars raised again, stood motionless, staring at her; then he dropped them, and yelled, "Send!" his voice exultant.

"H.M.S. Submarine *Trident*," Linc began in the quiet monotone radio operators always seem to use, "calling *Queen Mary*. H.M.S. Submarine *Trident* calling *Queen Mary*." Speaking slowly and with careful clarity, Linc's English accent was now very pronounced. "Please reply with an extremely low-strength signal," he continued. "We are on a secret mission in these waters. Repeat: Please reply with extremely low-strength signal. We are a British submarine on secret mission here. We do not wish our presence revealed; this is important. We urge that you call your captain before replying. Repeat: Urge calling your captain before replying. H.M.S. Submarine *Trident* calling *Queen Mary*," he droned on, never pausing, never giving them a chance to reply until the entire contents and meaning of our message had been drilled into the mind of the operator receiving it. For if he were to flash a reply using the full strength of the liner's powerful transmitters, there'd be nothing we could do but dive immediately. Then we'd try to sneak home, the whole scheme abandoned.

Suddenly another voice, metallically reproduced by the loud-speaker just below, interrupted Linc's monotone, and the fear flashed through me. Deep and level, every syllable hard and awesome with authority, the voice echoed loud and

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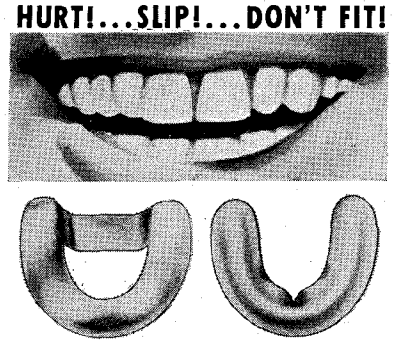

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strange in our submarine. "This is the captain of the *Mary*. This is the captain of the *Queen Mary*. Who are you? What is your name and rank, please?"

"This is Commander Everett O. Cunningham, sir, R.N.," Linc replied immediately and very courteously, "commanding British submarine *Trident*. We request help, sir. We are an experimental submarine, a new small type, on a test run in these waters under Admiralty orders. Our main engine is broken down, sir. We need a part which we believe your engineers can supply. I urgently request permission to board, sir."

"Board!" The metallic, static-laced voice was astounded. "You're asking me to stop my ship, commander?"

"Yes, sir; I must, sir. I cannot overemphasize the importance of my mission, captain." And now Linc's voice had a note of irascible Royal Navy command and authority. "We *must* have help, and we must have it secretly from a British ship; we have been waiting on your course for three days, submerging at sight of all other ships. We are on Admiralty orders." Linc's voice was crisp, very rapid now, and very British. "We will delay you no more than twenty minutes at most, I assure you. Request permission to board, sir! Or we will be obliged to abandon our mission, disclose our presence in American waters and beg help from whoever will give it."

There was a pause, then the captain's voice, quiet but ominous, replied, "Very well, commander, but you'd better know what you're doing. We will stop and render assistance if we can; but this will be reported to the Admiralty Office in Southampton as soon as we dock."

"Yes, sir," Linc was replying. "Of course, sir. And I'm very grateful. I request, if you will, sir, radio silence concerning our presence here. We do not wish to interfere with your normal transmissions, captain. But if you will request your operators to refrain from mentioning our presence and temporarily forbid scrambled ship-to-shore communications by passengers, who might——"

"I have already done so, commander," the voice in the speaker replied. "Do you have a small boat? Can you board?"

"Yes, sir; we have a raft. Our engineering officer, his chief and a crewman will set out immediately."

"See that they do," said the captain of the *Queen Mary*, taking no nonsense from the Royal Navy.

It takes time to stop a ship of more than eighty thousand tons propelling itself through the water at perhaps thirty-five knots. Her course was angling her ever closer to us, though, and we didn't wait for her to stop. Lauffnauer was knifing through the lines that bound one of the rafts to the gratings just forward of the tower, and I turned and clattered down the ladder for the paddles. When I came up again, the raft was inflated and floating just off the deck, Vic already in it and Lauffnauer on deck holding it. I handed them each a paddle, climbed in, then Lauffnauer jumped in, shoving us off, and we began paddling, Lauffnauer steering with his paddle.

Now the *Mary* was visibly slowing, losing way on a straight course, and we paddled to the northwest, toward a point at which we judged she would stop.

She had her boarding ladder down and waiting—a flight of stairs, actually, angling up her side—and we tied up to it finally. I glanced at Vic and Lauffnauer and knew they were afraid, as I was. Then Vic in the lead, Lauffnauer and I following, we began climbing up the side of that enormous ship.

It took several minutes, angling past the rows and rows of portholes, some open and some closed, but most of them filled with silent faces staring out at us as we rose, climbing and climbing, up those stairs. I've never felt so powerless and helpless, and I made myself grin—tough and viciously, jutting my bearded chin out—and forced the feeling out of my mind. Then I glanced at my watch—Vic stepped onto a deck, Lauffnauer and I following, and the fear was gone. Vic was right—this was adventure.

A half-dozen ship's officers, some in blues, some in whites, stood waiting, but they and the crowd of staring passengers and crew members just beyond them were only a vague background for the man, the captain—six feet tall, wide-shouldered, dressed in whites, his cap visor crusted with gold—who stood in their center. His face, lean and weathered, was grim; it would have been angry if he had permitted it; and he glanced impatiently, inquiringly, from Vic to Lauffnauer, after only a flick of his eyes at my white British chief's cap. "Well?" he said gruffly. Then Vic spoke first.

He saluted, palm outward, British style, the captain impatiently returned it, begrudging every second's delay, and Vic said briskly, "Lieutenant Follett, sir," in what seemed to me precisely the voice and intonation Linc had rehearsed him in. "And we're extremely grateful." He extended his hand, and the captain shook it once, impatiently.

"Are you an American?" he said, eyes narrowing, and my muscles tensed, ready to fight our way to the landing ladder if we had to.

But—I was astounded, and almost smiled—Vic grinned happily. "Yes, sir!" he said instantly, his voice and face apparently delighted. "I'm surprised you could still tell, sir; I've been in the Royal Navy just under four years now." I saw his eyes, and they were elated, and I knew it was no pretense; Vic was enjoying this. The captain grunted in reply, and Vic leaned toward him. Lowering his voice, he said, "If we could speak to you privately, sir?" From the corner of his eyes he glanced at the passengers crowding around us. "Our mission ——" He paused, waiting respectfully, and after a moment the captain swung to one of the officers, nodding at the ship's rail.

"Clear a space for us," he said, then walked ahead to the rail. Speaking over his shoulder as we followed, he said, "Now, be quick about it, lieutenant. I warn you; we move in twenty minutes, with you on board or off."

"Yes, sir," Vic said again and stepped to the rail to lean on it beside the captain. Lauffnauer stepped up to the other side of the captain, and I stood beside Vic. Vic spoke quietly. We were leaning on the rail staring at our sub, some four hundred yards out, her tiny length perpendicular to ours. "Captain, sir," Vic said, "it will save a good deal of time if we simply show you something rather than try to explain it. But I should warn you; it will astound you, I promise; astound everyone aboard this ship. And I wish very much that you would again instruct your radio room, emphasizing that under no conditions are they to mention our presence or what they are about to see."

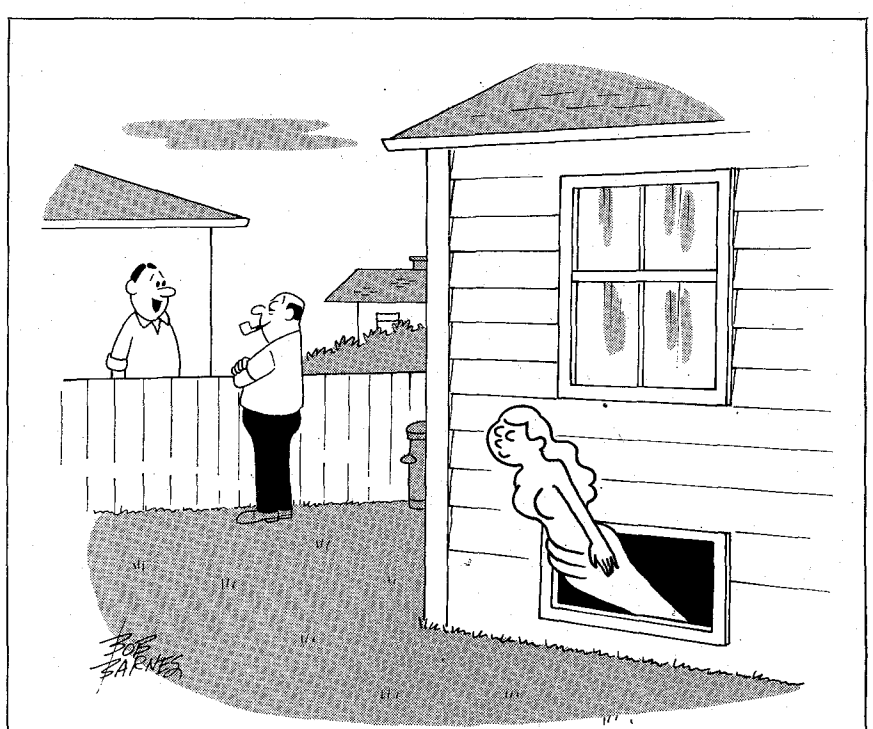
With a quick, irritated little shake of his head, the captain swung to one of the officers just behind him. "Instruct the radio room to continue absolute silence about this submarine's presence," he said, "until ordered otherwise." Then I made the irrevocable move that would turn every being aboard this vast ship into an enemy. Taking off my white cap, I moved it through the air several times in a slow arc, until I was certain that Moreno, watching through his glasses, must have seen me.

We were watching for it, and so we saw it first. But within seconds—I heard the gasps from the men around us—the captain and his officers saw it, too; a sudden white line of foam flashing straight out from the nose of the sub, growing, lengthening in a ruler-straight line toward the huge black side of the *Queen Mary*.

A torpedo moves astonishingly fast, far faster than most landsmen understand. There was no time for the captain of the *Mary* to react, beyond clutching the rail suddenly with both hands, before—his mouth open, his head moving as he helplessly followed that spurting white trail—it struck, far to the left, toward the prow, and we heard a great shuddering moan in the throats of the hundreds of people around us.

We saw the bright flash, the basketball-size puff of black smoke, and then heard the sound, no louder than and very much like the backfire of an automobile. Then I spoke instantly, leaning across Vic to bring my lips very close to the ear of the staring man beside him. "It's a dummy, captain," I

(*Continued on Page 132*)



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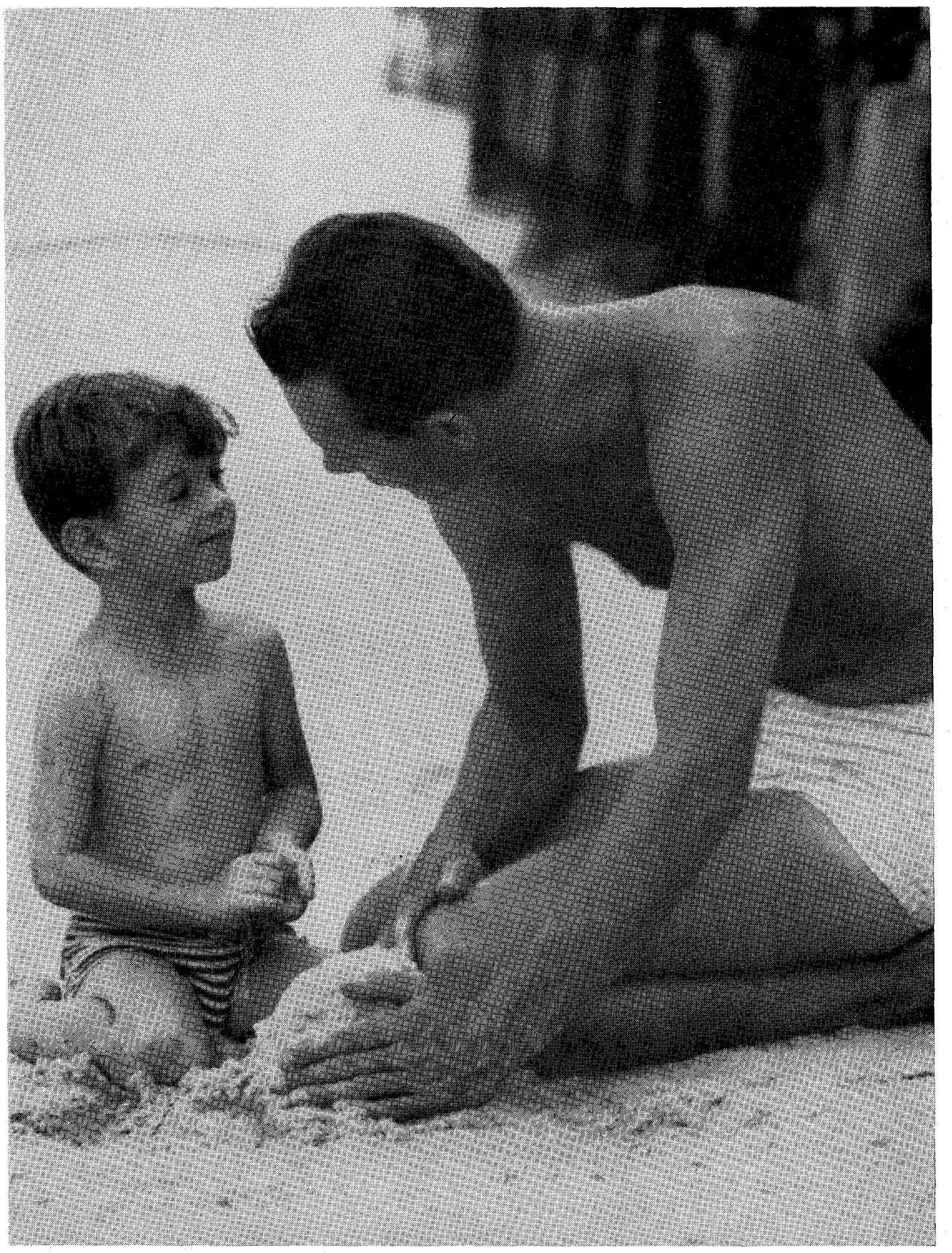

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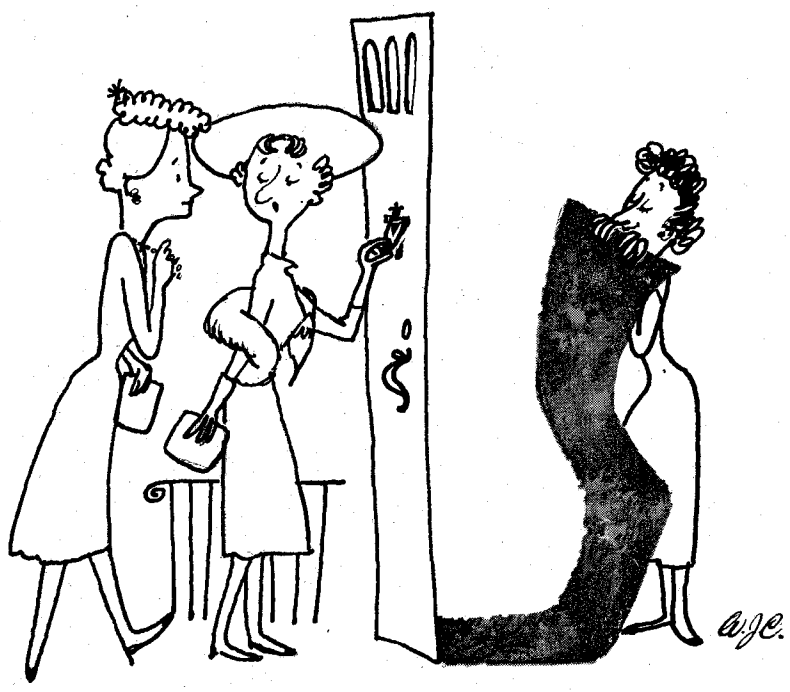

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(*Continued from Page 130*) said slowly and carefully as though speaking to a deaf man, but my voice was harsh and menacing, the politeness and pretense ended now. "It is a dummy torpedo with a small flash charge only. A dummy," I repeated once more, "and beyond a little scorched paint, no harm done to your ship at all."

His face was absolutely white with fury as he turned slowly toward me, and the men around us were crowding us, ready to grab us at a word or glance from the captain. "I'll have you broken," he said very quietly, but with utter rage, and he glanced at Vic and at Lauffnauer on his other side, to include them. "I'll have you broken and in a naval prison from the day you land." Suddenly he shouted. "Are you insane?" he roared. "What in hell's name do you think you're doing?" He swung to one of the men behind us, mouth opening to roar out an order, and now Lauffnauer reached out and grabbed his hand at the wrist.

For the first time aboard the *Mary*, then, precisely as planned, Frank Lauffnauer spoke, and it was his German accent as much as the words he spoke that told the captain instantly what we wanted him to know. "We are not a British submarine," he said, thrusting his face to within inches of the captain's. "We are not English; we are in no navy at all. And that was the *only dummy torpedo we carried.*" I felt my skin chilling as the blood withdrew from it, for this was the moment, the single terrible test of everything we planned. If this tall, white-uniformed man staring at Frank Lauffnauer's face rejected the lie Lauffnauer was offering him—if this enormous bluff failed—we'd be grabbed by a dozen hands within seconds and spend years to come in an English prison or be hanged.

"We carry twelve more torpedoes, captain," Frank Lauffnauer was saying with a terrible intensity, "all of them live—full war heads! Four of them are in the tubes at this moment, aimed at your ship, and they cannot conceivably miss at this distance!" We had only two tubes, not four; five more torpedoes, not twelve; and every one of them, I knew, a dummy like the first, and I wasn't breathing, staring at Lauffnauer's strained face and blazing eyes. "The second and third salvos," he was saying, the words tumbling out, "can be loaded and fired before you could possibly get under way. Captain!" The word was a cry, almost as though he were frantically begging the captain to heed. "One dozen torpedoes fired into the side of your ship! Spaced along the entire hull! And they are set for ten feet below your water line!"

He paused for a second, staring into the captain's face, and I was astounded. I couldn't have done this, I knew, but Lauffnauer was acting with a terrible perfection. I almost believed him myself—actually felt a stab of horror in my stomach at the picture he was creating.

Lowering his voice, the words husky and deep in his throat, Lauffnauer said quietly, "Will your ship sink then?" He shook his head slowly. "I do not know. Neither do you. Neither would the ship's own architects. It might. Twelve torpedoes into the side of your ship, below the water line—and, captain, the *Mary* might sink. Those torpedoes will be fired, captain. They *will be fired*," he repeated, and if I hadn't known it was impossible, I would have believed this man, believed both his words and the agony in his face as he added, "unless you do precisely and implicitly what we tell you to do."

And now we waited, everyone on the deck beside us motionless and still, and I knew what was going through this man's mind. I knew, at least, what Lauffnauer and Moreno had insisted, and now I hungered to believe it. *There is only one possible way he can react*, Moreno had said, and Lauffnauer had nodded. *Only one action he can possibly permit himself. More important than his life, more important than any other consideration in the world, is the safety of that ship.*

I became aware that the captain had spoken, and it took me an instant to get clear in my head what the words meant. "I don't believe you," he said quietly, and Frank, staring at him, did not reply. "I don't believe you," the captain repeated sharply. "Sink this ship, you filthy vermin, and you sink with her!"

And then Frank nodded, and once more I was astounded; it was the resigned, hopeless nod—to perfection!—of a condemned man. "Yes," he said quietly. "For if you refuse us, captain, why, then as far as they are concerned"—he nodded toward the tiny sub floating on the swell a quarter mile away—"we might as well be dead. We are of no further use and for them it is *better* that we die. Alive we are a menace to them, if we fail. But sunk with this ship, they can hope to escape. We drew lots for this job, captain." He nodded at Vic and me. "We are the three who lost."

For a moment the two men stared at each other. Then Frank, shoulders slumped, his voice dispirited and almost weary, said, "They will fire, captain; nothing will stop them. It is part of the plan, and they will fire. Look at me, captain! Look at my face and you will know that I am speaking the truth."

"You are a German?" the captain asked tonelessly.

"A former U-boat commander."

"What do you want?" he said without expression, and from the men around us I heard the sigh of held breaths exhaled.

"I've got six so far—how many have you?"

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Frank held up a hand, and I saw that it was trembling just a little; then it stopped. With his other hand he bent the little finger of the upheld hand down against the palm. "Radio transmission is to continue normally and as though you were still under way."

He bent down a second finger. "The stern of your ship is under continual observation; you will not attempt to move." A third finger went down. "You will lower a motor launch, with a single crew member, and have it waiting at the side for us, its engine idling." His index finger folded against his palm. "If a ship appears and changes course to approach, we are to be notified and permitted to leave immediately. Those are the conditions, captain, or—and this is beyond our control—the torpedoes will begin."

"All right. And what do you propose to do?"

Lauffnauer's hand opened again and moved, palm upward, in what amounted to a reassuring little shrug. "Nothing very much at all; nothing to alarm anyone. It is simply that there is a passenger aboard to whom we wish to speak; we intend no harm to anyone."

Now, after waiting a moment, watching the captain's face, Vic spoke, and again this was a part of our plan. Courteously, smiling pleasantly, Vic said, "Would you please have all first-class passengers requested, over your speaker system if you will, to assemble immediately in the main lounge. And I think, sir, that the officer who leaves this group to make that announcement"—he paused momentarily, letting the pause emphasize what he went on to say—"should be a man you are quite certain will understand the pointlessness of trying to warn the passengers or crew about us. Anything that risks harm to us should be avoided."

The captain turned to one of his officers as Vic finished. The captain looked at him for a moment, then nodded, and the man—reluctantly; he hated to do it—turned and left to carry out Vic's orders, and Lauffnauer went with him.

Vic added, "We will offer no rudeness, insult or violence to your passengers, captain."

Just over our heads, and at intervals all along the deck, we heard the sudden crackle of loud-speakers coming to life. Then a voice sounded from all of the speakers simultaneously—and throughout the entire first-class section of the ship, I knew. "All first-class passengers," the voice said quietly, "are requested to assemble immediately in the main lounge; an announcement will be made there. All first-class passengers are requested to assemble ——" The voice continued, but now it was almost lost in the murmur, then the excited babble, of the hundreds of passengers on the deck around us.

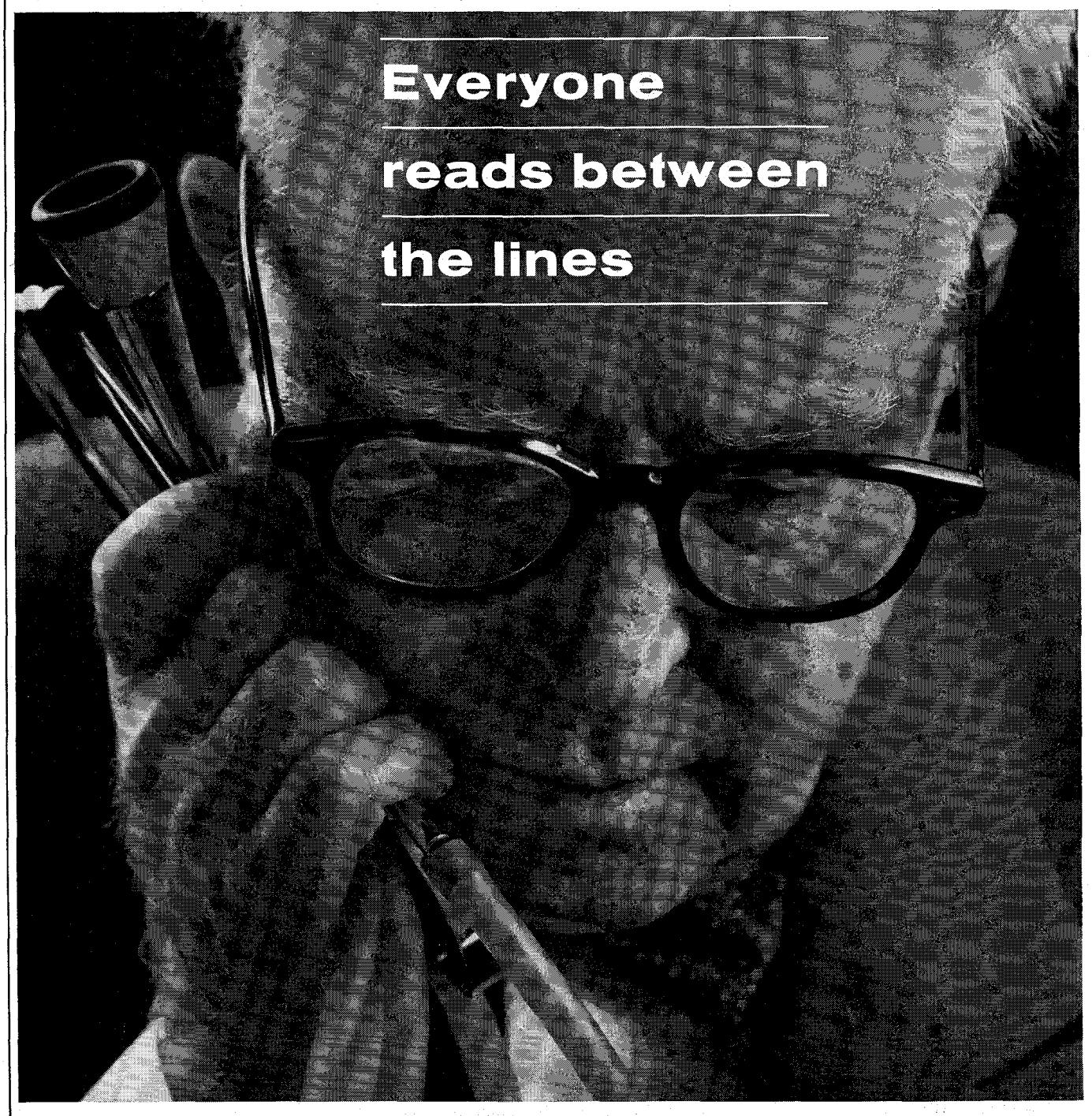
They flowed slowly and obediently into the ship, and a moment later Lauffnauer and the officer who had left with him came walking toward us and silently rejoined the group. Then presently the deck was empty of passengers; we could hear the voices of the last stragglers disappearing inside the ship. Vic stepped forward with absolute assurance, apparently, that he would be followed, and, without glancing back, said, "We'll all go to the lounge now; no one is to leave the group, please, captain." I brought up the rear to make sure no one tried leaving.

Leading the way, Vic walked into the ship; he knew it, at least this portion of it, as well as the little knot of grim-faced officers trailing him. Just inside, Frank left the group, and the rest of us wound our way in silence down the great main staircase. Frank was on his way to the radio room—Vic had shown him, using a printed diagram, where it was—and I knew by heart now what he'd say there. Over one of the ship's transmitters at low strength, he'd say, "Dog; D-O-G, dog." Which meant that everything was O.K. so far. He'd then say, "Bike; B-I-K-E, bike." Which meant we were about on the time schedule we'd anticipated. There were alternate words for other contingencies. We'd decided on code because it was the quickest way of conveying the information, shortening the time during which another ship might hear us.

Now the rest of us were on the next lower deck, and we stopped a dozen paces away from, and out of view of, the main lounge. A few passengers were still crossing the area we stood in or coming toward us from the various corridors leading into it, all hurrying toward the lounge, eying us curiously and frowningly as they passed. And now the corridors were silent, and Vic said, "All right, we'll go in now, please," and he turned, walked on, then pushed open the swinging doors that led into the lounge.

I will never forget the sight of that enormous room as our group stopped just inside the doors. Standing, sitting or moving slowly and with difficulty through the crowd were hundreds of people, and the murmuring roar of their talk, the hubbub of hundreds of voices was, for a moment, terrifying. The knowledge of our position—three men facing a floating, hostile city—washed over me suddenly, and I glanced at Vic and at Frank, who had just rejoined us, to see how they were taking it.

Frank's face was wooden, staring into that crowded room; there was no telling what thoughts were moving through his mind. But Vic's eyes were darting, flash-



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Peter Lyon fills in the city's background with a capsule history of **NEW YORK'S LIBERTINE PAST;** artist-writer Ludwig Bemelmans takes you into the heart of his own very **PERSONAL NEW YORK,** with a gallery of 7 full-color paintings; and Stephen Birmingham, a former New Yorker turned suburbanite, tells of the commuter in **AN EXILE'S LAMENT.**

There are portraits of two utterly different social worlds: a picture story by Slim Aarons, of **THE GLITTERING SOCIALITES,** and a realistic portrayal of **THE ROAMING BEATNIKS,** so familiar to author Jack Kerouac, with some way-out photographs by Burt Glinn.

You'll go on **A STROLL THROUGH THE ART GALLERIES** with Francis Steegmuller; visit the highly individual world of **THE NEW YORK THEATER** with critic Kenneth Tynan; browse through **LITERARY NEW YORK** with Alfred Kazin; meet one of the city's most exceptional products—the multi-talented **LEONARD BERNSTEIN,** with Frederic Morton.

Since New York is synonymous with good living, there is Silas Spitzer's well-informed **HANDBOOK OF NEW YORK DINING,** the colorful and unusual restaurants of the city; Kyle Crichton's report on **NEW YORK'S HIDDEN HOTELS,** with their exceptional services and flavor; and Nan Robertson's guide to **SHOPPING IN MANHATTAN's** hundreds of foreign bazaars. There's a portrait of **THE NEW YORK TIMES,** by William Manchester; an article on **COSTELLO'S** of Third Avenue, by Joe McCarthy; a tour of **MANHATTAN'S PENNY ARCADE,** by Noel Clad, with stops at many of the most interesting booths and numerous sidelights of this most complex of cities.

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ing with excitement, and his lips were actually curved in a faint smile. Staring at him, I knew he'd never been more alive; this was the biggest moment of his life.

I made myself step forward and began edging past groups and clusters of people. I reached the center of the huge, crowded room and stopped beside a small table of polished wood, putting a hand on it, ready to climb up on it. Then a sudden intuitive idea sprang up in my mind, and I turned instead to a large davenport a step or so away. A dark-haired man and a rather pretty woman sat there, a newspaper lying between them. Inclining my head toward the woman, I said quietly, "Would you mind if I borrowed that newspaper, please?" Staring, she shook her head mutely, then handed me the paper, and I took it, thanking her. Taking my time, I carefully spread the paper on the polished table top. A man who would protect the top of that table before he stepped on it, I knew, might still suggest menace, but not callousness or wanton brutality. He'd be listened to before anyone took action. And far across the room as I climbed onto the table and raised my hands, palms out and arms high, asking for silence, I saw Frank Lauffnauer grin in approval.

"Ladies. . . . Gentlemen," I said slowly, my voice deep and firm. "A good many of you already know that I am from the submarine now lying off the starboard side of the *Queen Mary*. There is no point in trying to make you think I'm welcome here; a lot of you saw, and I'm sure all of you now know, that our submarine fired a torpedo which struck this ship. It was a dummy torpedo!" I raised my voice, overriding a beginning, excited murmur. The murmur died abruptly, and I went on as before. "It carried a harmless flash charge only and was fired as a warning. Now, let me assure everyone in this room"—again my voice rose—"that no one is going to be hurt. No one is going to be molested, or even so much as spoken to rudely—*as long as you accept that warning*."

Very softly now, making them strain to hear, I resumed. "Any hotheads out there—and there are always a few—any wise guys, any heroes, any plain darn fools, listen to me now." Rapidly, matter-of-factly, I said, "The submarine beside this ship carries torpedoes, twelve of them. They are live, they carry full warheads, and there was only one dummy." Suddenly my voice rang through the room. "*Any trouble, any interference with us*"—I leaned toward them, my voice dropping again—"and those torpedoes will be fired into the side of this ship."

Again I turned slowly on the table to speak to them all. "Behave yourselves," I said conversationally, "do as you're told, and no torpedoes will be fired. We will be off this ship within fifteen minutes, you'll resume your voyage and have plenty to talk about at dinner tonight. Now, that's all, except for one thing." Again I leaned forward, grinning down at them as evilly as I knew how, bearded chin outthrust. "The stupid ones among you, the little handful of darn fools who never know the truth till it kills them, might want to test me out. Wondering if the submarine out there"—I jerked my thumb over my shoulder—"really does carry torpedoes. And whether the men aboard will really fire them. To the rest of you, I say—stop any fools you may hear talking trouble from getting the rest of you killed. *You* know you're hearing the truth"—I gestured with my chin across the room to my right—"because there stands the captain of this ship and his officers, and they are not contradicting me. They know I speak the truth, and they stand as they do to save your lives."

I gave them several long seconds to take in what I'd said, to understand and accept it. Then, the moment a subdued murmur of talk began, I cut it off instantly by bringing my palms together, hard and loud, snapping them back to silent attention. "All right," I said quickly, and—I knew I could afford it now and that it was a good idea, calming the frightened and saving face for the heroes—I spoke very courteously. "I have a request to make of you, please. It will be a great help to us if you will all occupy this side of the room." Raising my arm, I pointed to the port side of the ship. Then, continuing to hold my arm out, finger pointing commandingly, I resumed, rapidly now, getting them moving, giving them no time to do anything else. "Please hurry!" I said, raising my voice urgently. "We will appreciate it greatly! No one will be harmed in any way. We are looking for one person only, an escaped criminal."

Within no more than a minute the room in back of me—I glanced over my shoulder—was empty. Before me the room was now very crowded, people shifting about, finding places to sit or stand, then lifting their faces to stare up at me, waiting.

And now Frank and Vic stepped forward, walking toward me, and again I brought my hands together hard, palms cupped, the sound like a pistol shot. Instantly, before the babble of talk had fully died, I was saying, "All right! Walk forward past me, please! Let's do it quickly and get it over with!"

After a moment's hesitation, glancing at each other—"Step forward, please! *Now!*" I shouted—they began walking toward me, most of the men assuming forced, nonchalant smiles, as though to suggest they were coming forward only out of idle curiosity and of their own volition. Frank and Vic stood beside my table now, facing each other about a yard apart, motioning the group to file between them. Gesturing at others to join the line that was filing between Frank and Vic, I kept a steady watch on the two exits from the lounge on this side of the room, making certain no one tried to leave.

Six, seven, eight, nine minutes passed; perhaps two thirds of the hundreds of people in the great lounge had filed between Frank and Vic, and I felt that the mood of the crowd was changing. I sensed it in the way they moved, talked and glanced at us now—a beginning and growing belligerency in some of the men. Our control here was diminishing, trouble fermenting, and a sudden wild anxiety to be finished and off this ship surged through me. I was certain Kroll could not have immediately suspected that our boarding the ship had any connection with him. We were very obviously part of a navy submarine crew—even the captain had thought so until we told him otherwise—and I was sure Kroll had, too, and was here in this room now with all the others. By now he might be wishing he were not, wishing he had instantly guessed somehow who and what we were and had run to hide. But it was long since too late for that, and as he had not passed between Frank and Vic, he was among the thinned-out crowd of perhaps two hundred people still remaining in the room before me. It was time now to find him—quickly—and I turned to call to Frank and Vic. Then, as I did so—glancing down at the line of passengers moving toward them—I was looking into the eyes of Alice Muir staring up at me as she walked forward with the line.

I couldn't think, couldn't make myself understand, and it was an instant too late, a fractional second after my lips had opened and I'd involuntarily spoken, that I knew I should have simply glanced away and let her file on past us. Instead my reflexes took over, my mouth opened, and in stunned astonishment I heard myself saying, "Alice! What the devil are you doing here?" Then heads swung, people turning to stare, and as I jumped down from the table to stand staring at Alice Muir, I saw Vic turn instantly to stand watching the exits.

Her eyes large with wonder, Alice answered me. "I'm on my vacation," she said simply. "I told you I was taking it. Hugh, what's happening?"

Just behind me Frank Lauffnauer spoke softly, and I swung around to see him looking not at me but at Alice. "You know her?" he murmured.

"Yeah." I nodded abruptly; then the panic flared through me. "Frank, we've got to finish up and get off!" I said, whispering it harshly; the moving line of passengers had stopped, and they stood staring at us. "He's out there somewhere!" I gestured savagely at the great room before us. "Let's find him right now!"

Frank nodded slowly. "Yes, I think so," he said quietly, then turned to Vic. "Stay here," (*Continued on Page 137*)

"They had a disagreement about art."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 134*) he said. "We will find him." Then we walked forward into the scattered crowd before us.

At least half of the two-hundred-odd people—motionless, eying us as we moved among them—were women. And perhaps a third of the remaining men were obviously younger than fifty. We found Kroll in less than two minutes—at the back of the room standing behind a large marble pillar. As we spotted him, Frank nudged me. "Say nothing," he murmured. "I am sure it is him, but we will make certain; walk past him." After a glance, I looked away as though this were not our man.

Suddenly, startlingly, directly beside my ear, Frank's voice barked out, "*Komme hier! Geschwind!*" And the man's head started to turn, then instantly stopped. It was the barest beginning of movement, and now he stood looking past us as though he hadn't understood. But he couldn't control the actions of his heart and blood vessels; his face was flushing, and Frank grinned and walked toward him. "I think we have our man," he murmured, and then we were beside him. There was no mistaking it now. This was the face in the photographs; we had found Reinhold Kroll.

Frank searched him quickly, the passengers nearby watching in wonder. And Kroll's eyes were closed now, squeezed shut as though to shut out the reality of what was happening to him, and I almost felt sorry for him. He was unarmed; aboard the *Mary*, finally, and well out to sea, he'd been utterly safe, he'd thought; he'd never dreamed of this happening. "All right, *Herr* Kroll," Lauffnauer said softly. "Come along now."

But Kroll gripped the front of Frank's sweater in his fists, bending his knees to stare into Frank's eyes, and his face was agonized, beseeching. "*Sind sie ein Deutsch* —— You are a German?" he said frantically, the words spilling out. "You fought for Germany perhaps?" He stared at Frank with desperate hope.

Frank brought up an arm and knocked Kroll's hands down. "In two wars."

"Then you must not do this! *You must not! Nein, nein!* It is for Germany! I go back to Germany! To restore her honor! To lead her again to ——"

Frank slapped his face—a vicious blow to the jaw with the flat of his hand, swinging the man's head around. But immediately he swung it back to stare at Frank. "Germany has had enough of *Führers*," Frank said. "And so have I. Besides, you could not even begin to be one, not you. Come on now!" He grabbed the man's arm, swinging him around toward the exit a hundred feet away. "We are in a hurry!" And he began leading the man—wild-eyed now and stumbling, his mouth agape; I thought he might actually be going to cry—toward the doors. He resisted, dragging his feet on the thick carpeting, and I caught up his other arm, and, half leading him, half carrying him, we hurried him across the lounge, then out through the swinging doors.

The instant they swung closed behind us, Frank had a spring-blade knife out, its blade snapping open, then its point pricking into the back of Kroll's neck just under the base of the skull. "Now! Instantly!" Frank said viciously, and I think he might have killed the man if he hadn't obeyed. "To your cabin! *Schnell!*" And the man turned into a corridor.

At his cabin the man unlocked the door, opened it, and Frank shoved him inside. "Please!" The man turned to me now. "This is not right! It is unfair! This is not my money; for years I have kept it ——" He turned suddenly; Frank was at a small trunk, green-enameled, metal-bound in brass, which stood on end and opened, in a corner of the room. Frank was snatching out the suits and shirts that hung in it. And now—his face sagged and his eyes closed—Kroll knew, his last futile hope gone, that we knew the secret of the trunk.

It stood empty now, its inner surfaces of black-and-white checkered cloth exposed, and Frank's hand shot forward, the tip of the knife in his hand slicing in through the cloth. "*Lieber Gott, lieber Gott*," the man beside me was murmuring, his voice low and helpless.

Frank was cursing, and now he reached out, thrust his fingers into the cut cloth and ripped it down, exposing a sheet of aluminum in back of it. "It's metal, not cardboard," he said over his shoulder, then he set the tip of the knife blade against the aluminum and began pushing, using both hands and gradually increasing the pressure. The blade suddenly penetrated—it was thin-gauge aluminum—and Frank began twisting the knife, slowly enlarging the hole, careful not to twist too hard and snap the blade. Presently he paused and glanced up at me over his shoulder. Protruding slightly from the ragged metal hole was a little section of paper—white and imprinted with fine black lines. Stepping closer, I could see, in small letters on a tiny scroll, the name Franklin—we were looking at a little portion of a hundred-dollar bill, and we knew the entire inner surface of this trunk was packed solid with large-denomination bills, a half-inch deep all around.

"Where'd you get it?" I said to Kroll.

He answered, not moving, eyes staring upward. "In France. During the war. It does not matter."

"American money?"

He shook his head, face expressionless. "No, francs and English pounds—over two million dollars' worth. I bought with it American and Swiss currency on the black market."

Frank had thrust a forefinger into the jagged metal hole and was tugging and yanking frantically till he cut his finger,

"I think it's time we broke him of that habit."

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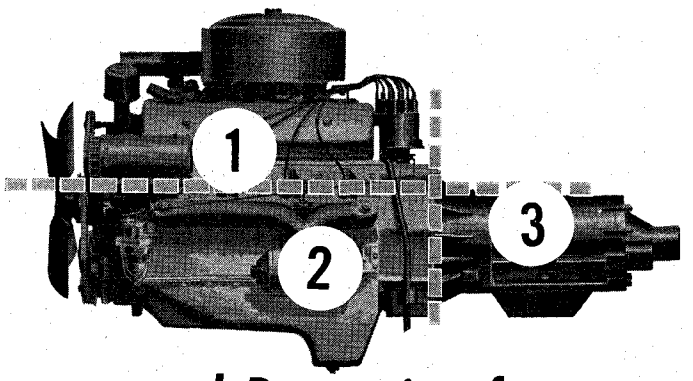

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the blood welling up and staining the bills that pressed against it, and I grabbed his wrist. "We can't pull it apart here!" I yelled; I was wild to be off the ship. "We'll take it along!" He nodded quickly. We pushed the trunk closed, snapped the hasps and each grabbed a handle. Then we walked to the door, Frank first. He opened it, and I turned to Kroll, who was staring at the ceiling, silently weeping.

I glanced at my watch. We'd been aboard the *Queen Mary* twenty-one minutes, and I yanked the handle from Frank's hand, heaved the trunk up on my back and began to run with it, down the corridor toward the lounge. As I ran toward it, Frank following, the trunk bobbing on my back, I became aware of a sound. I recognized it partially. It was a sound associated in my mind with a regular, frequent and normal shipboard activity of some sort. Running toward it, the sound increasing in volume, I was only curious about it. I knew the sound well enough, but couldn't quite recognize what it was at the moment. And as I jogged heavily out of the long corridor, the trunk bouncing on my shoulder muscles, I swung toward the lounge and Vic. Then I stopped; so suddenly that Frank Lauffnauer bumped into the trunk on my back, and he cursed in German. The sound was louder here, and now I suddenly recognized what it was, and I think Frank did too.

"Get Vic!" I yelled, and he simply nodded, already moving—running—toward the lounge doors ahead, and I swung toward the deck on the port side. I ran as fast as I could possibly move, and burst out onto the deck so fast I had to fend myself off from the rail with my free hand. The staccato clacking was loud and clear now, all around me, and for an instant I couldn't locate it. Then I was swinging around, my back to the rail, head thrown back to stare up at the source of the sound. It was several decks above me. Then I saw the searchlight-type lamp facing the sea to the west, and the seaman beside it rapidly and steadily manipulating the clattering Venetian-blindlike shutters.

How long he'd been sending I didn't know, and it no longer mattered. I swung around and, leaning over the rail, stared out to sea, eyes narrowed, scanning the horizon; then I saw it. It was the merest speck, a slight imperfection marring the line dividing sea from sky. As I stared, the speck lengthened, and, straining my eyes, forcing them, I could see—either actually or in my mind—the never-to-be-mistaken sight of a destroyer, heeling over in a fast, racing turn. I knew she was heading straight for us, and I was shoving at the rail, turning to run into the ship.

The wide area here before the lounge doors was still empty of people, and I ran straight across it toward the deck and the boarding ladder on the other side. Frank and Vic might already be on it, running down its steps toward the waiting launch. In any case, I had our trunk—I never thought of abandoning it to get down those stairs—and I pounded up onto the deck on which we'd boarded the ship. Swinging the trunk over the rail onto the ladder, I swarmed over the railing myself. The ladder was empty, and the tiny launch at its foot, its exhaust muttering. Frank and Vic were still aboard, and all I could do now was hurry down those hundreds of stairs.

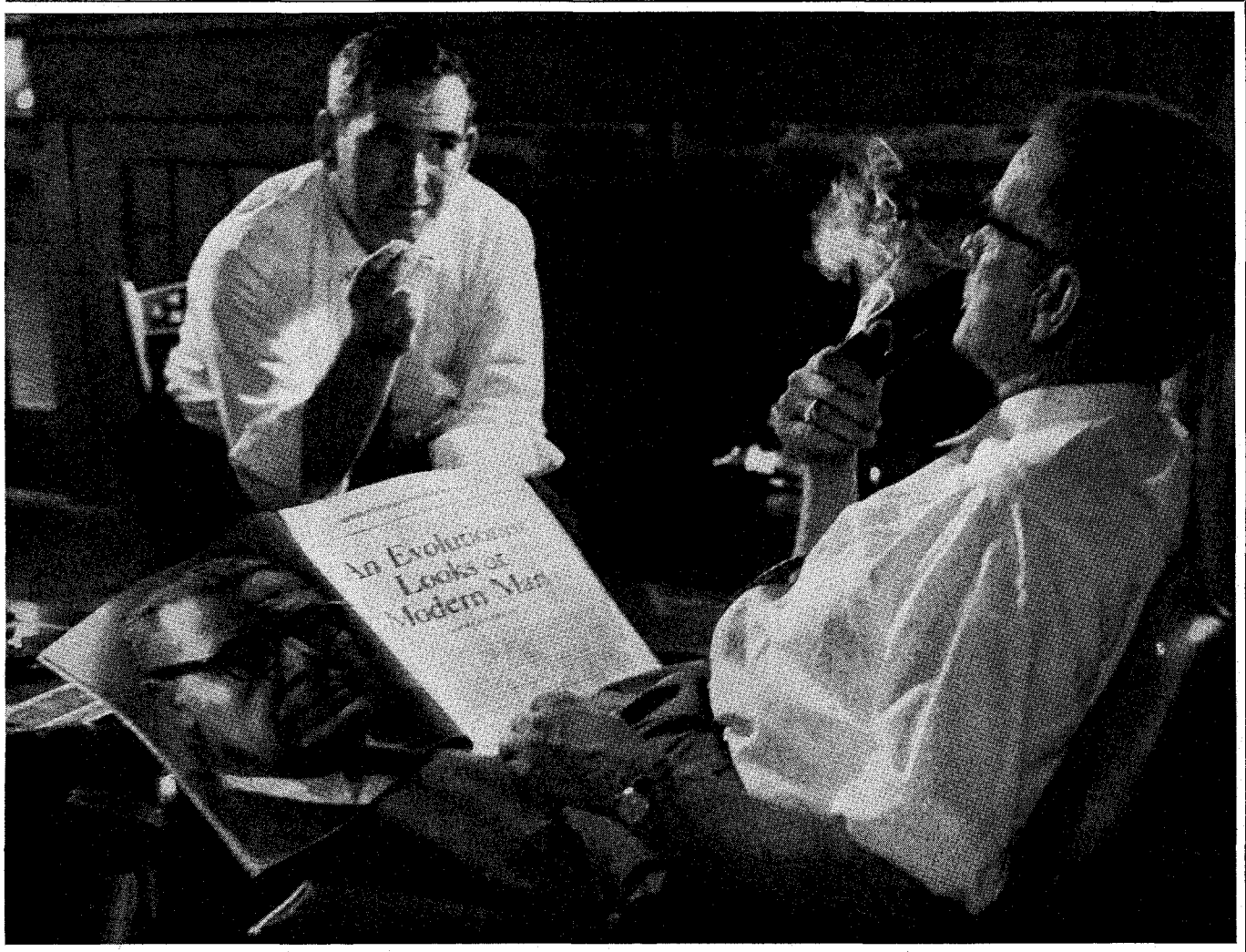
I tried running, but had to stop; the empty trunk bounced high off my shoulders at every running step down those stairs, the metal handle twisting in my fingers, and I very nearly lost it. I walked then, as quickly as I could, slowing each time the trunk began to bounce, and even in the panic nibbling at my nerves and the edges of my mind, I had time to understand what had happened.

The captain had done it. Standing in the lounge with his officers, he'd instructed them all; and when I'd sent one of them out to tell the rest of the ship what was happening and warn them from interfering, that officer had also passed the word from the captain. Ever since that moment someone had manned the signal lamp, glasses on the horizon, waiting for a ship that could be signaled in the one silent way our submarine—the whole bulk of the *Mary* between it and that ship—could not detect.

Where were Frank and Vic? The captain hadn't yet known, in the moment I'd discovered it, that a destroyer had been sighted and had answered the signal. If he had, he and his officers would have been out of that lounge to grab me as I ran past it a moment ago—holding us all till the destroyer flashed around the prow or stern of the *Mary*, ending all danger from the submarine. But they'd certainly know within seconds!

I was halfway down the side when I heard footsteps far above strike and then clatter down the stairs after me and heard Vic shout at me to hurry. They were gaining, pounding down after me; then I heard voices—one or two, then suddenly scores of them shouting excitedly and then a whole swelling babble. Almost lost in the sudden burst of sound I heard a woman's voice call "Hugh!" and I pictured Alice Muir among all those passengers, staring down after me, wondering desperately whether I was going to escape.

TO BE CONCLUDED



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Things They Wish They Hadn't Said

(Continued from Page 27)

of humor." The new ambassador, he declared, had "an equal sense of humor." It is uncertain whether Mrs. Luce, writer and playwright, was flattered to have her humor equated with that of Senator Morse. Anyway, with all this fine sense of humor around, Dirksen concluded humorously, "I am confident the whole continent will be safe for freedom."

Freedom promptly jumped the traces—excuse me, I must beware of these horse metaphors. Before the Senate could be checkreined back to its regular business, three of Mrs. Luce's earlier supporters—Senators Lausche, Yarborough and McGee—reared up to declare, heatedly and nonhumorously, that they would never have voted for her if they had known she would jest about Morse and the horse.

Also free from humor was the statement issued later that afternoon by Mrs. Luce's husband, Henry R. Luce, editor in chief of *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* magazines. Grave was tycoon Luce. He said, "[My wife's] mission has now been profoundly compromised . . . by a few angry men. . . ." Morse's "vitriolic" attacks on Mrs. Luce, suggested Mr. Luce, were really aimed chiefly at him and his magazines. If Mrs. Luce went as ambassador to Brazil, he continued, "she will not be able to defend herself from vendetta politics at home. . . . Therefore, I have asked my wife to offer her resignation. . . ."

Naturally President Eisenhower, at his press conference next morning, was asked whether Mrs. Luce should heed her husband's advice. The President chuckled at that one and went on to discuss the case with amiable detachment—a new ingredient in the situation. He praised Mrs. Luce's earlier work as ambassador to Italy—1953–57. After the storm in the Senate he had had a telephonic survey made in Brazil, "and the answer there is quite clear that she is welcome in the post." Her horse-Morse remark, "even if it was ill-advised, was human, and she did not mean it as a disparagement of the United States Senate. . . . I see no major impairment of her usefulness for the post. . . ."

Other reporters approached former President Truman, an old maestro in the foot-in-mouth field. He shied away. "No comment," he said. "Enough harm has been done our foreign policy without my butting in."

That afternoon—Wednesday—the furor flared again in the Senate. Senators Morse and Dirksen indulged in a wordy, inconclusive wrangle about whether Morse, in calling Mrs. Luce's physician, had tried to make the doctor violate his Hippocratic oath. Dirksen read the ancient oath into the *Record*. Morse, denying any "vendetta" against the Luce family, pointed out that when Mrs. Luce's nomination came before the Foreign Relations Committee on March third he—Morse—had been the first to move that her name be recommended to the Senate. He had begun to change his mind, he said, only after the anti-American riots in Bolivia, sparked [*Time*'s own word, March sixteenth] by an article in *Time* magazine.

Then Sen. Stephen Young of Ohio read into the *Record* twenty-six lines of a poem written in 1909 by Sir William Watson. Its title is *The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue*. It describes a woman who

Sneers at the just, condemns the brave,
And blackens goodness in its grave.
In truthful numbers be she sung,
The woman with the serpent's tongue.

And so on.

Morse said the poem was "very apropos." He did not note that the serpent's-tongue poem severely stung its own author. Reputedly directed against Margot Asquith, wife of Prime Minister Asquith, the verse is said to have destroyed Sir William's chances of becoming poet laureate of England. His old age was passed in poverty and neglect. Thus the quotation added one more horrid example to the foot-in-mouth parade.

Another thing that will last a lifetime, with proper care, is you.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

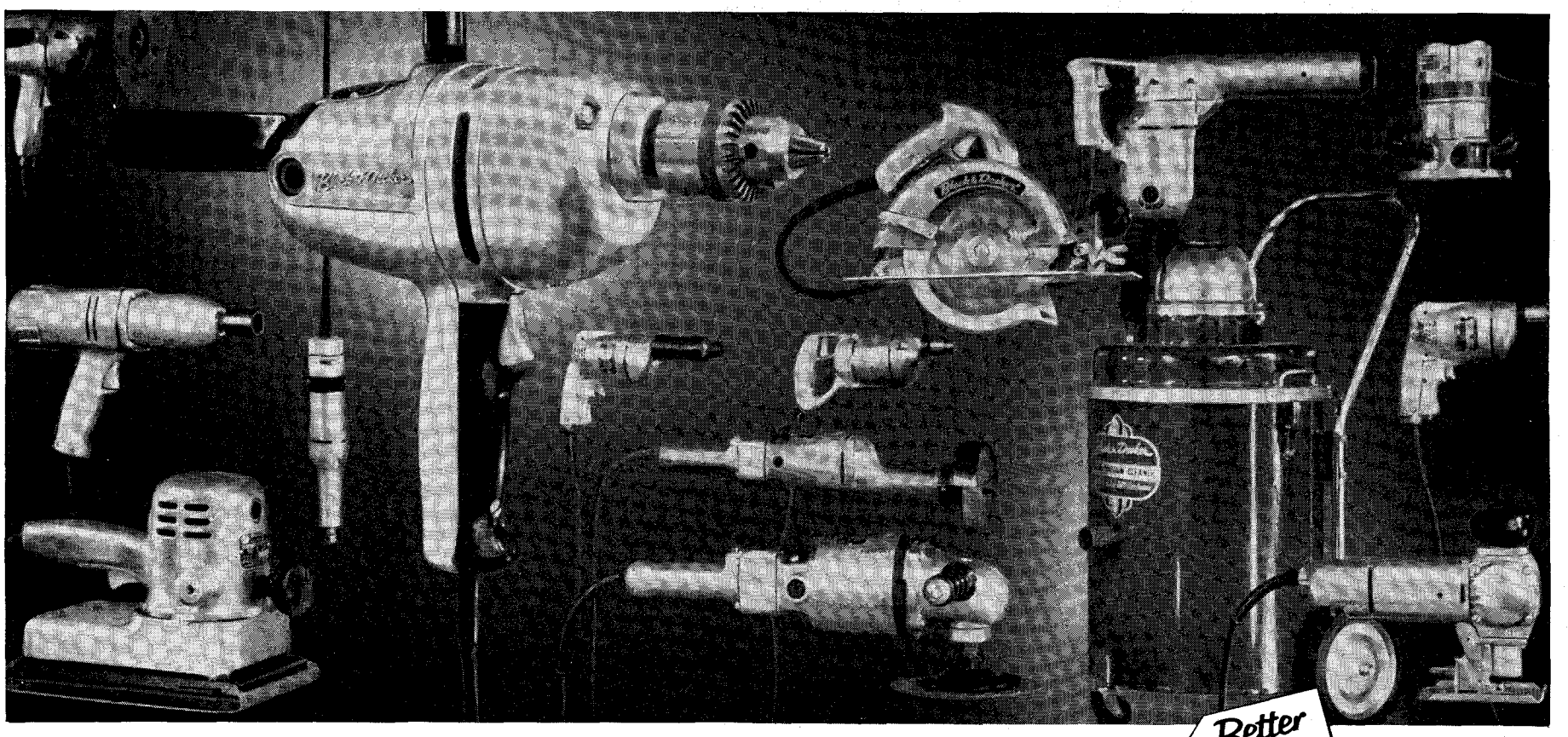
Two days later Mrs. Luce went to the White House to see the President, who "accepted with regret" her letter of resignation. In it she said that Senator Morse, as chairman of the subcommittee handling Latin-American relations, would subject her mission to "continuing harassment" and that "Brazilian-American policy would be the victim." Shortly afterward John M. Cabot, a career diplomat, was appointed and confirmed as ambassador to Brazil in her stead.

Some observers felt that Mrs. Luce was luckily out of the assignment to Brazil, as that country's financial straits will create painful problems for any American ambassador. At best, however, the events preceding her withdrawal were in sad contrast to 1953. Then the Senate confirmed Mrs. Luce without question, even from Morse, as ambassador to Italy—the first American woman ever so honored as our envoy to a major power.

Brilliant Ambassador Cabot—of the Boston Cabot-Lowells—may also be a victim of the unfortunate sequence of verbal blunders. Pessimists predict that he will soon be plagued, in hard-pressed Brazil, for huge credits which the United States cannot supply. Then, they say—reversing the famous Boston jingle—only God will speak to Cabot.

As I pondered this curious tragicomedy of errors, of feet caught trippingly on the tongue, far-off memories revived. My mind groped back . . . back . . . back—to the New York of 1931. I was in an office somewhere, yes, the office of *Vanity Fair* magazine. I was talking to one of its editors, a Mrs. Brokaw. She was surprisingly young for an editor, in her late twenties perhaps. She was elegant, *soignée* and evidently as smart in the head as in her attire. She thought I might like to write a light article about prominent people who get themselves into endless trouble by putting the foot in the mouth—making remarks which come back to haunt them. I said I would and—after some research— I did. It was printed in *Vanity Fair* under the title, THE FOOT-SWALLOWERS CLUB. The editor, as I say, was Mrs. Brokaw. Ah, now I remembered it—Mrs. Clare Boothe Brokaw.

Her marriage to George T. Brokaw, a millionaire clothing manufacturer, had ended in divorce in 1929. Within the next few years she branched out as a playwright under her maiden name of Clare Boothe. In her writings and plays, one of the most successful of which was *The Women*, she displayed a gift for the caustic phrase and the biting retort.



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Refreshing my recollection from the reference books, I see that Clare Boothe married Henry Luce in 1935; that she continued to write plays, some of which were made into movies; and that she entered politics as a sharp and effective Republican campaign speaker in 1940, backing Willkie against Roosevelt. In that year, as I have said, began the strange chain of interconnected verbal bobbles which culminated in the recent senatorial hippodrome and in Mrs. Luce's resignation. She did not start the chain, but she supplied some of the links and eventually became grievously entangled.

In presuming to point out the mistakes of others, let me confess that I yield to no one—as the senators say—as a foot-in-mouth performer. If I have largely escaped the usual penalties, it has been due to obscurity or luck. For example, in November of 1941 I helped Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, write an article glorying in the buildup of our great two-ocean Navy. Fortunately for me this gem, printed in *The American Magazine* for January, 1942, did not carry my name in the byline as collaborator. The presses rolled. The magazine, its cover splashed with WE CAN WIN ON BOTH OCEANS, hit the newsstands a few days after Pearl Harbor. The article flatly asserted that our battleships were "sturdy enough to stand up under torpedoes and 2000-pound bombs." Oof!

Now back to 1940—Willkie versus Roosevelt. As the campaign neared its angry end, Willkie began to charge that American boys were already headed for the troopships; that if F.D.R. were re-elected he would drag us into war before April of 1941. Some months after the election Willkie, testifying in favor of lend-lease, was asked about those grim warnings of his. He said, "In moments of oratory in campaigns we all expand a bit."

Headlines quickly transmuted this into "mere campaign oratory." As such, the phrase smudged the earlier bright image of Willkie as crusader and troubled the remaining years of his life. But in October of 1940 his charges that Roosevelt was taking us toward war were effective with large blocs of voters. Roosevelt's political advisers, alarmed, begged him to stress his peaceful intentions and, in his Boston speech on October thirtieth, he made his much-debated statement:

> And while I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again. Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars.

One adviser had suggested that F.D.R. add the words from the Democratic platform "except in case of attack." He rejected the qualification as unnecessary.

Years later Roosevelt's friend Robert Sherwood, who had helped write the Boston speech, described it as "a terrible one to prepare and also to remember." He described some of Roosevelt's other speeches of that October as "most equivocal" on the peace-war issue. But the words remembered, and used so often by Roosevelt opponents to taunt him, were "again and again and again."

Now we come to the campaign of 1944—Dewey versus Roosevelt. Mrs. Luce, by then a congresswoman from Connecticut, was again a star speaker on the Republican side. In Chicago, on October thirteenth, she made a speech which hit the headlines. In it she made sensational charges against President Roosevelt, the most quoted being, "He is the only American President who ever lied us into a war because he did not have the political courage to lead us into it."

This was pretty rough talk, even for campaign oratory. It disturbed many Republicans and enraged Roosevelt's supporters. But time passed, the war was won and the barbed sentence was gradually forgotten. Not until 1959 did it emerge from the past to plague its author.

From 1948 to 1952 leading Democrats were busy making some bloopers of their own. One of these was President Truman's ad lib in June of 1948, "I like old Joe [Stalin]. He's a decent fellow, but he's a prisoner of the Politburo." The following August fifth, in his press conference, Truman was asked by a reporter whether the spy hearings [at both ends of the Capitol] could be called a "red herring" to divert attention from Truman's anti-inflation program. "Yes," said Truman, "and you can quote me." He then repeated the reporter's words about the red herring, and he was stuck with them. One of the probes referred to was the Hiss investigation, then in a preliminary and unproved stage. Truman did not actually say, as later charged by opponents, that "the Hiss case is a red herring."

Nearly eighteen months later, after Hiss was convicted of perjury, Dean Acheson, Secretary of State, was asked to comment. He said in part, "I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss." He said he was guided in his attitude by Christ's teachings on the Mount of Olives, as reported in St. Matthew 25, beginning at the thirty-fourth verse.

The full text of Acheson's reply can be taken as a Christian and honorable refusal to strike at an old friend in his time of tragic trouble. But he failed to reckon with the space limitations of most newspapers. To the casual reader of the headlines it seemed that Acheson was aligning himself with a convicted perjurer as against the verdict of the courts.

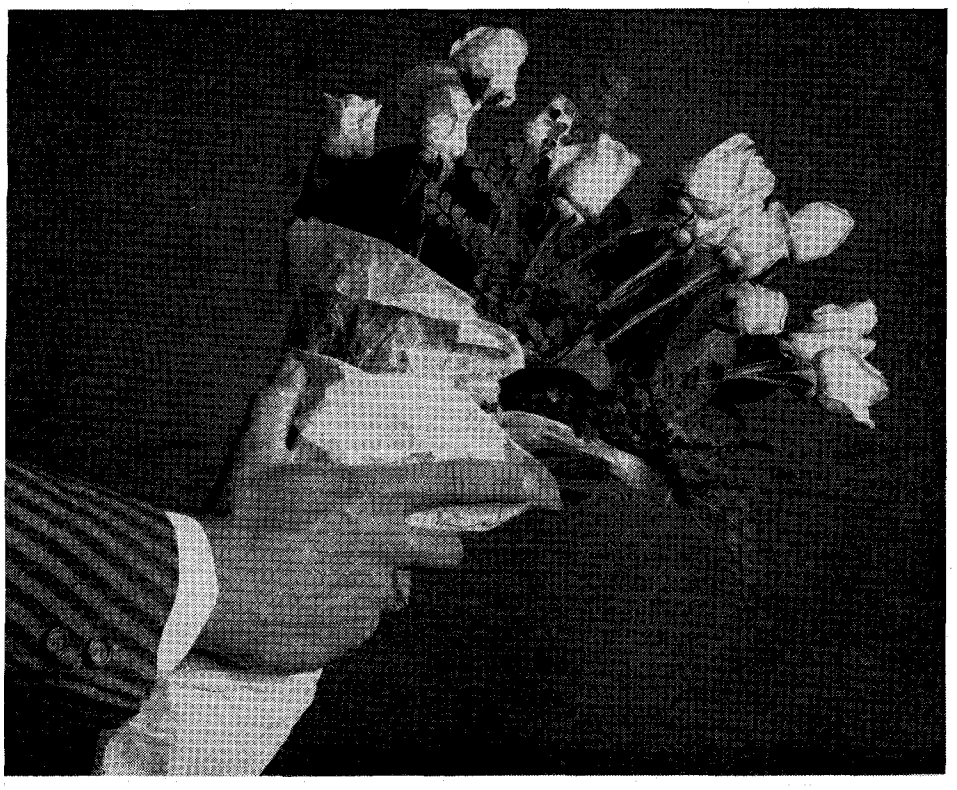
In the spring of 1950 Acheson laid up more trouble for himself by a speech in which he seemed to exclude South Korea from the United States' perimeter of defense. Later, in the heat of the Korean war, Acheson's critics charged that his speech had encouraged the North Korean attack. His defenders said he had clearly pointed out that South Korea was the ward not of America alone but of the United Nations; and that in fact the U.N.—including the United States—had come to South Korea's defense.

Statements which are unassailable in a legal brief may, in a public speech or interview, become foot-in-mouth blunders which live on for years. Acheson's remark about "letting the dust settle" in China can still stir jeers among Republicans and anger in the Democrats.

This brings us back to Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce. She had retired as a member of Congress at the end of 1946, but continued to be a formidable Republican campaign orator. As such, she found the above-mentioned Truman and Acheson bobbles much to her purpose. They fitted the Republican thesis, carried to an extreme by the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy, that the Democratic Party was "soft on Communism" and heavily infiltrated by Commies and fellow travelers.

In 1952 she was quoted in the press as referring to Acheson and "his crew of unreconstructed adolescents, the soft-headed intellectuals." They, she said, "are letting us pay for their adolescent enthusiasm for 'good old Joe' Stalin [a sideswipe at Truman's goof]. And their pride, which now verges on the satanic, has cost us much money and is costing the blood of our boys in Korea. . . . If a general loses a division, he is shot. When Acheson . . . lost one hundred million people a year to Communism, including the friendly five hundred million Chinese, he was promoted to Secretary of State."

Such excerpts are not always fair; surely Mrs. Luce did not mean to suggest



GOES HAND IN HAND WITH FAMILY CHANGE

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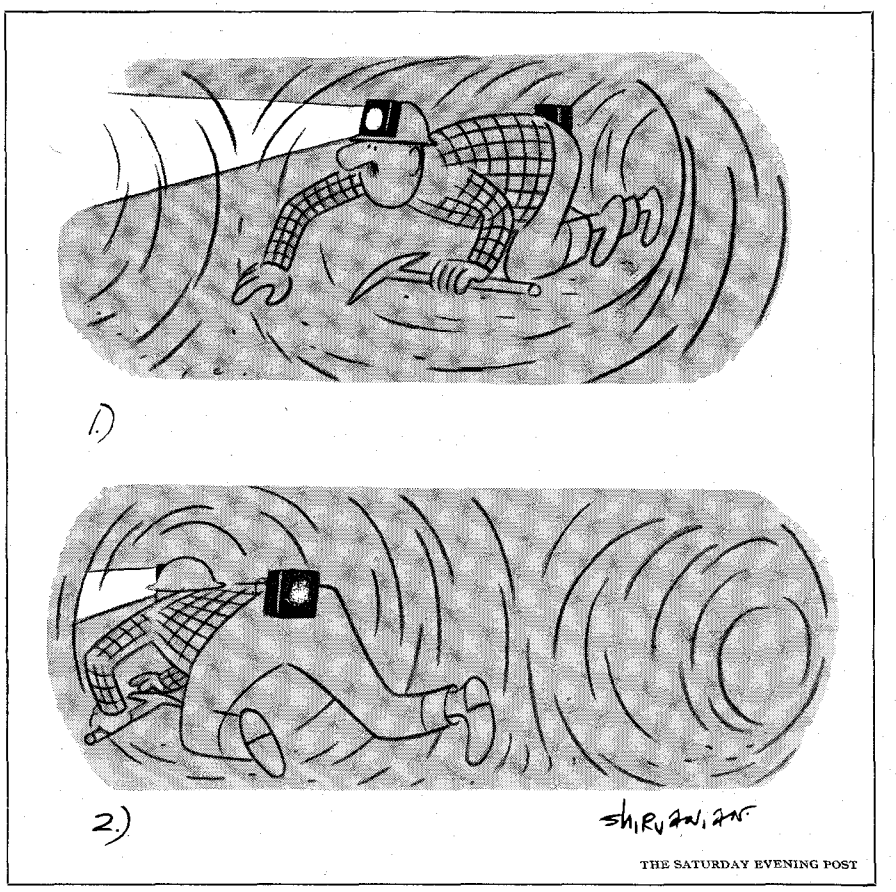
that Secretary Acheson ought to be shot. But the above quotes were later to be used against her. Also the following sentences from her nationally televised broadcast of September 30, 1952:

For twenty years mortal enemies of ours have been growing and thriving in the organism of the Democratic Party. There is only one way to dislodge them. We must shake them all out. Yes, the tree of government must be shaken hard. Then these rotten apples, these mortal enemies, will fall before all from the top branches.

The words which were to damage her later were "mortal enemies . . . top branches." Exhumed in 1959, they were taken by some Democrats to charge that President Truman and other top leaders of his administration were traitors.

Among the other clamors of the 1952 campaign Mrs. Luce's harsh words did not stir up much excitement. By the spring of 1953 the defeated Democrats, nursing other wounds, had apparently forgotten the wasp stings of September. Thus when President Eisenhower nominated the gifted and attractive Mrs. Luce as ambassador to Rome, she was confirmed by the Senate without audible dissent. Her mission to Italy, a country with strong Communist elements, was a delicate and difficult one. While there was some vigorous criticism of her actions as ambassador, the general opinion seemed to be that she did well. She resigned that post in 1956.

In late February of this year President Eisenhower nominated her as ambassador to Brazil. She seemed eager to take on the difficult new assignment, though it carried somewhat less prestige than the Rome embassy. She began to study Portuguese. In the Senate the portents were that she would be confirmed unanimously. The chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Fulbright, spoke favorably of her. Senator Morse moved to recommend her confirmation. Senator Mansfield seconded the motion.



Even as friendly words were spoken in the committee, however, violent anti-American riots had begun to boil up in Bolivia. The American flag was burned, American property smashed; American citizens took refuge under police guard in the suburbs of La Paz, the capital. By the time the riots were quelled on March fourth two persons had been killed, thirty-eight policemen injured, and property damage was estimated at $70,000.

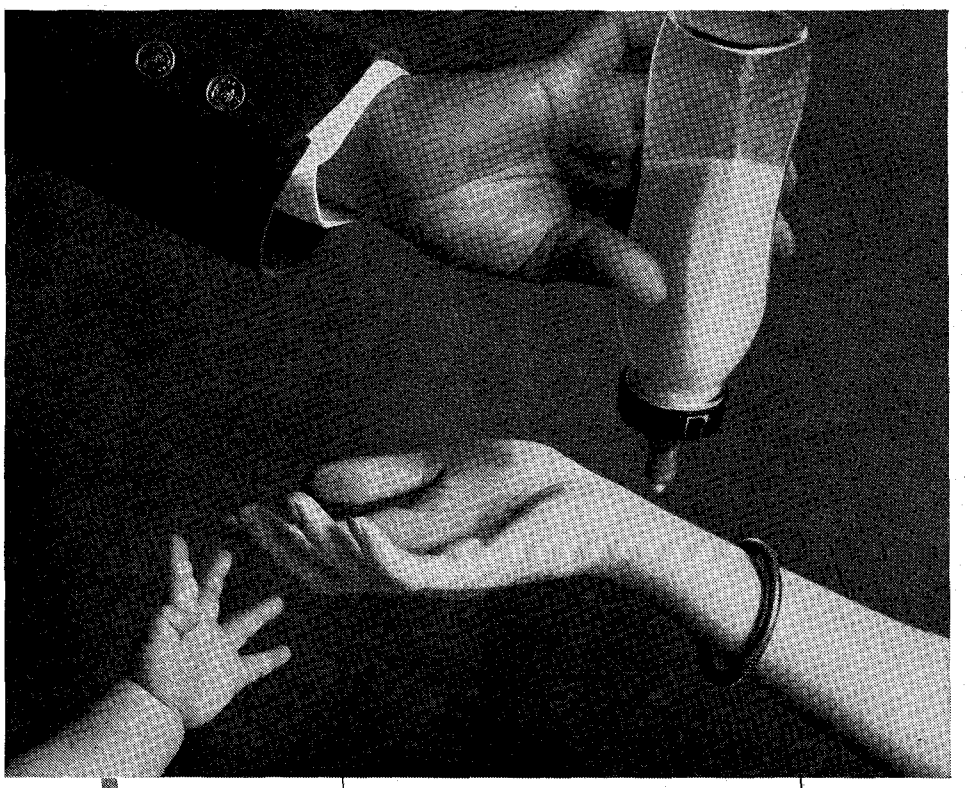
Why? Somebody had put his foot in his mouth. In the Latin-American edition of *Time* magazine for March second, an unnamed official of the United States embassy in Bolivia, discussing American aid to that troubled country, was quoted thus:

"We're wasting money. The only solution to Bolivia's problems," he went on to wisecrack, "is to abolish Bolivia. Let her neighbors divide up the country and the problems."

This crack, wise or not, was denounced by President Siles of Bolivia as "damaging to the national honor." Communistic and other anti-American elements used it to whip volatile Bolivian crowds into destructive rage.

Who goofed? Did an embassy official make such a remark? Our embassy told the Bolivian Government there was "no evidence" that the statement was ever made. If he made it, did he know he would be quoted? Was the *Time* reporter right, or fair, in so quoting him? And were the editors who handled the Latin-American copy, knowing the touchy situation in Bolivia, right in withholding the blue pencil? I don't know. Evidently somebody, as in the charge of the Light Brigade, blundered.

Mrs. Luce, as nominee to Brazil, a neighbor country sometimes suspected in the past of wanting to "divide up" Bolivia, quickly sensed the implications of the riot news. As she testified April fifteenth before the Senate committee, "Since, I regret to say, I don't always read [*Time* magazine] every week, I saw it in the newspapers first. . . . I promptly telephoned [Acting] Secretary Herter and assured him that if the [Bolivian] incident would in any way embarrass the department or the administration, my own great desire to continue with my misson to Brazil must be . . . put completely to one side. He thanked me very much and said he would look into the matter." Apparently it was decided by Herter and the President that no embarrassment would result.



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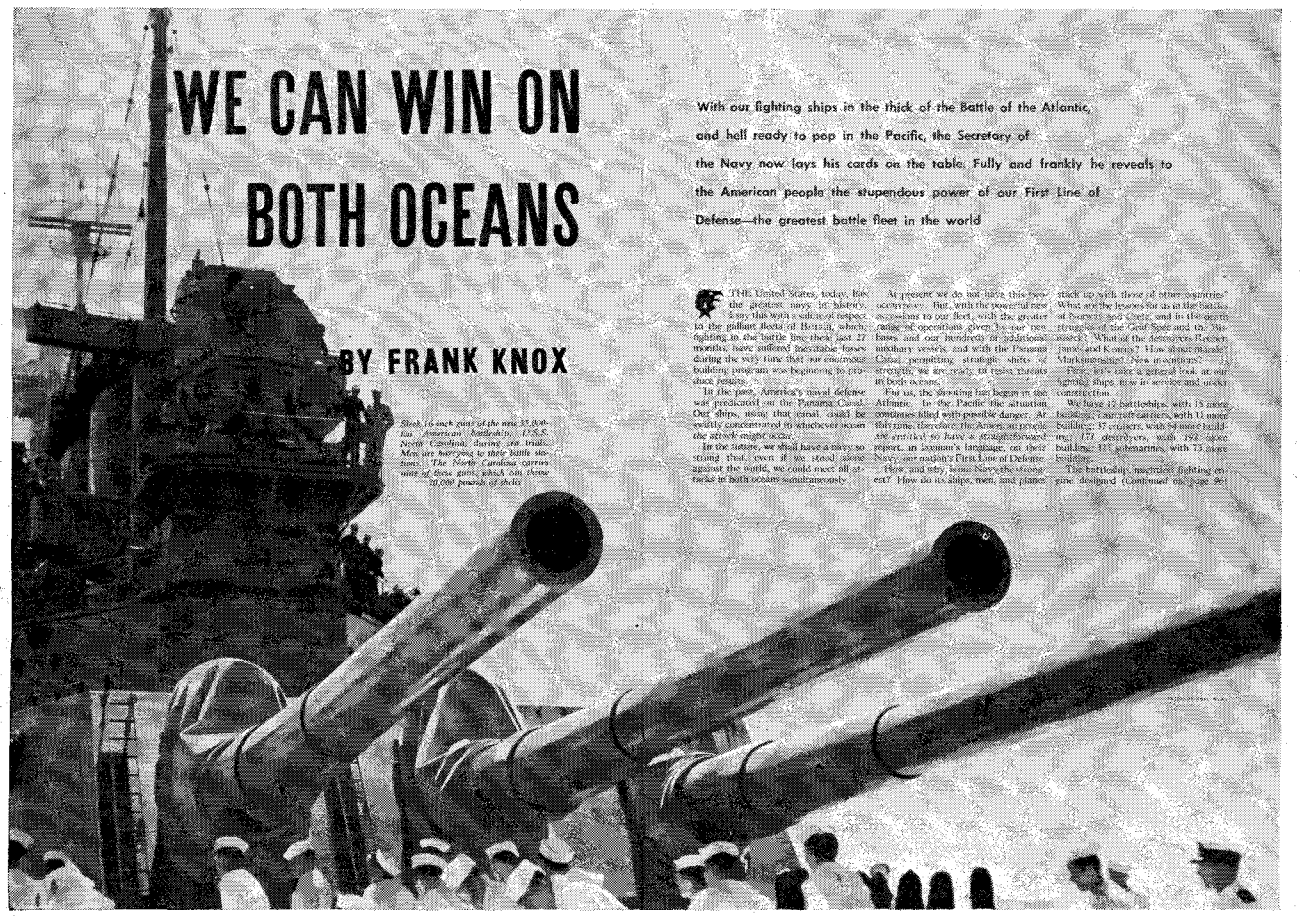

WE CAN WIN ON BOTH OCEANS

BY FRANK KNOX

With our fighting ships in the thick of the Battle of the Atlantic, and hell ready to pop in the Pacific, the Secretary of the Navy now lays his cards on the table. Fully and frankly he reveals to the American people the stupendous power of our First Line of Defense—the greatest battle fleet in the world

Sleek 16-inch guns of the new 35,000-ton American battleship, U.S.S. North Carolina, during sea trials. Men are hurrying to their battle stations. The North Carolina carries nine of these guns, which can throw 2,700 pounds of shells

THE United States, today, has the greatest navy in history. I say this with a sense of respect for the gallant fleets of Britain, which, fighting in the battle line these last 27 months, have suffered incalculable losses during the very time that our enormous building program was beginning to produce results.

In the past, America's naval defense was predicated on the Panama Canal. Our ships, using that canal, could be swiftly concentrated in whichever ocean the attack might occur.

In the future, we shall have a navy so strong that, even if we stood alone against the world, we could meet all attacks in both oceans simultaneously.

At present we do not have this two-ocean navy. But, with the powerful new additions to our fleet, with the greater range of operations given by our new bases and our hundreds of additional auxiliary vessels, and with the Panama Canal permitting strategic shifts of strength, we are ready, at today's events in both oceans.

For us, the shooting has begun in the Atlantic. In the Pacific the situation continues filled with possible danger. At this time, therefore, the Armed Forces are entitled to have a straightforward report, in layman's language, on their Navy, our nation's First Line of Defense—how and why it is what it is today. How did we adapt, men, and planes to attack by sea, by land, and by air? How do we stack up with those of other countries? What are the lessons for us in the tactics of Europe and Crete, and in the great struggles of the Coral Sea and the Atlantic? What of the defenses Pearl Harbor and Kongo? How about Hitler's Mark-mustaph? Now a continuing [illegible] says, is a general look at our fighting ships, new in service and under construction.

We have 17 battleships, with 15 more building; 15 carriers, with 14 more building; 37 cruisers, with 54 more building; 137 destroyers, with 194 more building; 115 submarines, with 73 more building.

The battleship, mightiest fighting engine designed

(Continued on page 86)

A SUPREMELY IRONIC BLOOPER:

The January, 1942, issue of *The American Magazine* carried this article, ghost-written by Beverly Smith Jr. The issue reached the newsstands on December 2, 1941. Five days later "the greatest battle fleet in the world" was crippled at Pearl Harbor.

But the Bolivian riots raised the first doubts in the Foreign Relations Committee. When it met on March tenth Senator Morse said, "I move that we reconsider the Luce nomination without prejudice. . . ." Thus confirmation was delayed. In the interval Morse and other Democrats probed back into Mrs. Luce's record. They were no longer exactly "without prejudice" as they unearthed her earlier wit and oratory at the expense of their party and its leaders. On April fifteenth Mrs. Luce, called to appear before the committee in open session, was asked about her past remarks, including those mentioned in this article.

At first she treated the queries lightly. The "mortal enemies . . . top branches" quote, she said, was "awfully good oratory." When asked whether she stood by her statement that Roosevelt "lied us into war," she said, "I stand by my statement." Later she admitted that some of her language had been "most intemperate," but said she hoped that time had "mellowed my language . . . my judgment."

At the hearing Senator Aiken of Vermont struck the best blow for Mrs. Luce when he said, "We have forgiven Germany and Japan completely, and they are our pals today . . . but we still hold Mrs. Luce responsible for something she said in the heat of emotion at that time. . . ." This plea, plus the argument that Mrs. Luce had mellowed, matured and become more diplomatic in recent years, apparently won over all members of the committee except Morse. On April twenty-third they voted 16–1 in her favor.

This brings our delayed chain reaction of bloopers down to last April twenty-seventh to twenty-ninth when, as we have seen, it culminated in the gaudy explosion of foolish fireworks in the Senate. The chain stretched from October of 1940 through April of 1959. Its links were forged by a chain gang drawn from both parties and sexes: F.D.R., Willkie, Mrs. Luce, Truman, Acheson, somebody-in-Latin-America, Morse, Dirksen and Mrs. Luce again. Nor must we forget the horse. If I seem to mix my metaphors, I plead provocation. Dirksen blamed his "old straw . . . old bag of bones" foozle on "mixed metaphors." And we remember how Sir William Watson suffered from his metaphor about the serpent's tongue.

When I set out to write this article I was inspired by laziness. Once having located the old *Vanity Fair* article in the Library of Congress, I hoped for the easy task of rewriting or plagiarizing my own stuff written twenty-eight years ago. I planned to use the Luce incident as a mere peg to hang the article on. But as I studied the proceedings I, too, became entanged in the chain. Bemused, I found myself checking files and references back to 1940—then back to the serpent's-tongue poem in 1909. Thus it was that I have been able to pilfer, so far, only the lead paragraph of my 1931 article.

Another difficulty was that the '31 article now seems dated. It included many goofs of the Prohibition Era, such as Gen. Smedley Butler's "I'll make Philadelphia as dry as the Sahara in ninety days." Also President Hoover's alleged "noble experiment." What he really said was that prohibition was an experiment "noble in motive"—a more sensible proposition. I also devoted some space to New York's Mayor Hylan, a now almost forgotten virtuoso. Incidentally, I learned that neither Mayor nor Mrs. Hylan ever commented, to the visiting queen of the Belgians, "Queen, you said a mouthful."

Speaking of mayors and royalty, I find that the 1931 article made no mention of the promise, by Chicago's Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson, to "punch King George in the snoot." This was not exactly a blooper because, though it drew international tut-tutting and ridicule, it also drew votes in the wards it was aimed at. The remark has taken on a new relevancy with the recent visit to Chicago by Queen Elizabeth II. Nothing was said there, I believe, about punching her in the snoot. Chicago now rivals Senator Morse in its devotion to chivalry.

Queen Marie Antoinette, incidentally, never said "let them eat cake." Blame for this phrase may have helped speed her to the guillotine, but it appeared in the works of Rousseau in the 1760's, when Marie was a young girl in Austria. A final word about royalty: All who have suffered from foot-in-mouth trouble can thank their stars that they are not like King Charles II of England, for whom the earl of Rochester suggested the following epitaph:

Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on:
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

Coming down to the present, Mr. Eisenhower has been singularly adept in avoiding verbal booby traps. His extemporaneous remarks may not parse precisely, but they are circumspect. He trod near the edge early in the 1952 campaign when, recalling his younger days in Abilene, Kansas, he said that a Democrat there was regarded in much the same light as the town drunk. His political advisers, knowing he needed the votes of many Democrats to win, quickly shushed him on this pleasantry.

His aides have not been so fortunate. Clarence B. Randall, former head of Inland Steel, was a special assistant to the President when the Russians launched their first Sputnik in October, 1957. His comment that the sputnik was a "silly bauble" later came to be regarded as a silly bobble. In 1956 another presidential assistant, Howard Pyle, was asked by reporters for comment on Detroit's unemployment situation. His quoted reply, "The right to suffer is one of the joys of a free economy," has been campaign ammunition for the Democrats ever since.

Among the modern foot-in-mouth virtuosos, former President Truman and former Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson continue to rank high. Dissimilar in many ways, they resembled each other in bobble technique. Both are consistent performers; during their time on the public stage each could be counted on for a goof every few months. Both have suffered from distorted, as well as accurate, reporting. In spite of all the corrections published, most people still believe Wilson said, "What is good for General Motors is good for the country." He didn't. What he said was, "What is good for the country is good for General Motors." Then casually he added, "And vice versa." The latter, of course, could be interpreted to mean "what is bad for the country is bad for General Motors." Both mitigated their errors by a good-humored willingness to admit their tendency toward verbal blunders.

Truman was quoted as saying, "When I goof, I really goof." One of Wilson's favorite cartoons depicted Truman, as president of the Foot-in-Mouth Club, welcoming Wilson as a distinguished new member. And the joke Wilson likes to tell on himself concerns a senator who asked a General Motors man, "With this automatic transmission, what do I do with the other foot?"

"Put it in your mouth," said the G.M. man, "the way my former boss always does."

Perhaps the most famous blooper in American history, which with three words shifted the succession of the presidency, was made by the Rev. Samuel Dickinson Burchard in the closing days of the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884. Burchard, leading a delegation of ministers to call upon Blaine in New York City, orated that the Democratic Party's antecedents were "rum, Romanism and rebellion." Thus at a stroke he alienated enough tipplers, Catholics and Southerners to swing New York state to Grover Cleveland—by a bare 1047 votes—and make him the first Democrat to be elected President since the Civil War.

Burchard's bobble was brilliant as an individual tour de force, but to me it lacks the fascination of the chain-reaction bloopers examined earlier herein.

If I have offended any of those who are mentioned in this article, I ask their indulgence. I refer them and myself, for comfort and for warning, to the King James version of the Bible, in the book of James, chapter three, verses three, five, seven and eight:

We put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us. . . .

The tongue is a little member. . . . Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

For every kind of beasts . . . and of serpents . . . hath been tamed of mankind:

But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

If the Rev. Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, chaplain of the Senate, had only read that text to all his flock on last April twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, complete with its forewarnings even unto horses and serpents, behold, what a difference it might have made! And what a lot of not-so-innocent fun we might have missed. THE END

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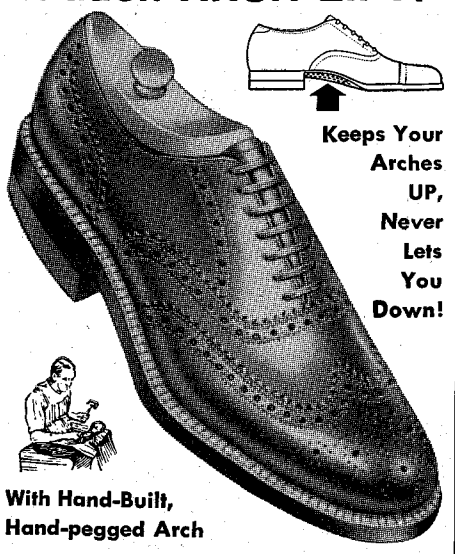

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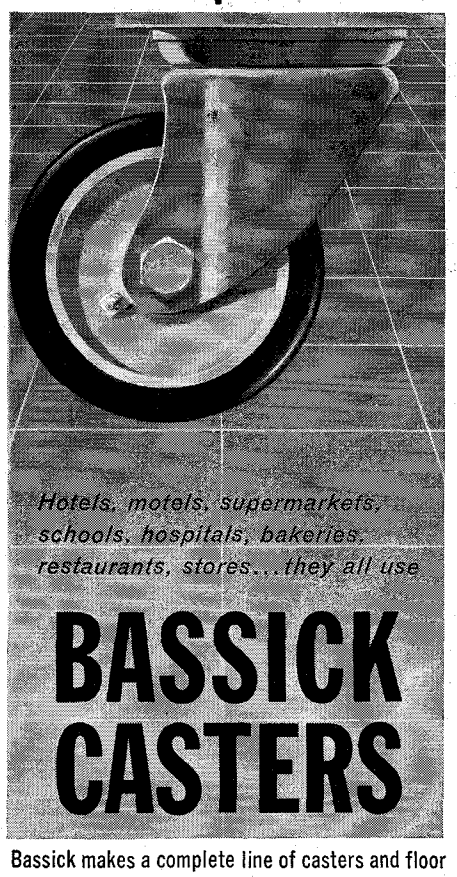

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The Facts About Me (Continued from Page 38)

sponsor, and the contract specified that the network could cancel the show on a week's notice and pull it off the air at the end of any four-week period. The records will show that there was no rush of sponsors during this tryout period, and perhaps the CBS men were congratulating themselves for having passed it up. There is no more exquisite punishment than the torture of the unknown. I went along from week to week waiting for the ax, but we got a reprieve four times and went on working feverishly to improve the show. After eighteen weeks on this sustaining basis the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company bought *Dragnet*, and for seven years we had only this one sponsor, a remarkable record in a medium with fickle associations.

I could not possibly foresee that we had lightning in a bottle, nor the violent impact the show would have on my personal life.

It was inevitable that *Dragnet* would graduate from radio to television, and the change-over, frankly, was like switching from slingshots to dynamite. My thesis for the show—and perhaps this was what kept us on top so long—was realism pitched in a low key. Some of our sets, for instance, were exact duplicates, down to the tiniest detail, of the rooms where real officers worked at police headquarters. I remember one sergeant, strolling around the sound stage one day like a pop-eyed tourist and saying, "Hey, that's my desk right there." Then, after a closer inspection, he blurted, "Those are my cigarette butts!" He was right, too, for we had gathered them up to use on the set.

Our characters, who used no make-up, photographed like ordinary people, not actors, and they talked like people. The stories were routine cases such as the police all over the nation handle every day, and the detective work, remote from the magical sleuthing of fictional private eyes, was the plodding, often dull kind of leg work it takes to solve real crimes. This zealous dedication to reality had some curious repercussions.

On our second show I rewrote the plot so that Officer Ben Romero, who had been Joe Friday's partner through all the radio episodes and the opening television program, dies of a heart attack. There were complaints from the viewers about that, but I said nothing about the heartache this story gave me. Not everybody reads the papers. The fact is that Barton Yarborough, a fine actor in the role of Romero and a dear friend, died of a heart attack just as we began filming the story, and I thought it only right that he should go the same way in our make-believe world.

Another time we created a tall, blond motorcycle officer, gave him the name Mike O'Brien and had him killed by a careless driver. The day after the program was released an elderly couple in a Midwestern city went into a state of shock, and you can imagine our anxiety when we discovered we were at fault. There actually was an Officer Mike O'Brien on a motor bike in Los Angeles, and well-meaning neighbors, apparently not realizing that *Dragnet* was fiction, told his parents they had seen him die. There were some frantic long-distance calls before we straightened that out and perhaps avoided a real tragedy.

Once in a while, though, we got a real chuckle from these adventures. We had a story once in which a salesman knocks on a door, and when the young woman opens it, he kills her with one shot. A family in Pomona was watching this episode and, just as the villain fired the fatal shot, there was a loud knock on their door. Leaving the television set, this housewife answered the knock and saw a stranger standing there.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I'm a salesman," he said.

The woman panicked and slammed the door. She ran to the phone and screamed to the police that a salesman was trying to kill her. The gendarmes arrived, and there was considerable commotion before the innocent salesman got apologies from the now red-faced housewife. I don't know if he made a sale or not, but I'll bet he never knocked on that door again.

My scrapbooks and files reflect what began to happen after we had been on television only a few weeks, and as I riffle through them I am truly awed by the power of this medium.

Joe Friday's laconic words: "All I want is the facts, ma'am," became a national catch phrase, and I've heard of many instances in which real policemen found it a friendly password in their investigations. The comedians and gag writers also used endless variations of it. One such twist, a Bennett Cerf kind of pun atrocity, involved a party being given for a policeman by his mother. When she asked whether he wanted both relatives and friends as guests, he said, "No. All I want is the folks, mom."

The familiar dum-de-dum-dum theme music, written by the late Walter Schumann, eventually had me putting square pegs in round holes. College bands from coast to coast played it at football games every time the referee marched off penalty yardage, and in my home town the University of California and the University of Southern California publicly quarreled about which band used it first. It was woven into radio commercials, and I heard dance bands swing it. The melody soon made the top ten, and I admit we whooped with joy when the Lucky Strike Hit Parade show, whose producers had looked the other way for weeks because it was identified with rival Chesterfields, graciously surrendered and played the tune.

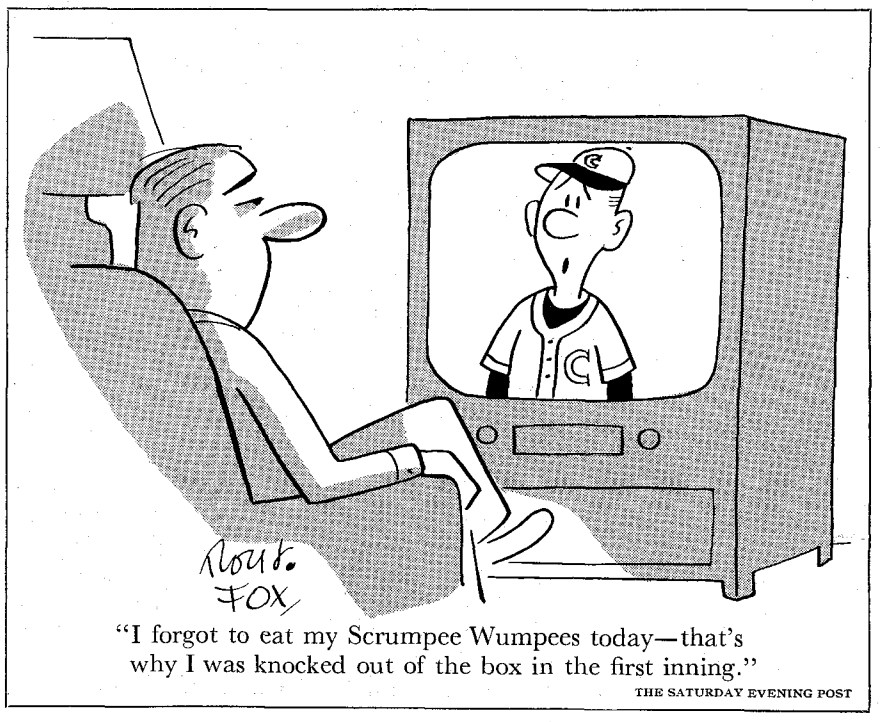
My clipping files show that lawyers were using some of Joe Friday's monologues in their closing arguments, high schools and colleges borrowed our scripts for classes in sociology, criminology and the law, and more than one university student wrote a thesis on *Dragnet*. Friday's impassioned denunciation of a policeman who went sour in our program, *The Crooked Cop*, is now part of the course in many a police-training school. Toy manufacturers put out a Joe Friday gun, a miniature squad car, a fingerprint kit and a *Dragnet* game, and there was a line of books covering some of the more exciting *Dragnet* cases. One stamp collector even went to the trouble of getting postmarks for me from towns I never knew existed: Jack, Alabama; Webb, West Virginia; Joe, North Carolina, and Friday, Texas.

For a long time our fan mail was so staggering that we could barely handle it.

Some movie stars I know have secretaries do the autographing when someone asks for a signed picture, but I never thought this was quite fair and I have signed all pictures myself. At the studio we always get a kick out of our fan letters, whether they are critical or not, but when the viewers began asking me to send them my old shirts, ties, pants, cuff links and so on, I had to back down. I would have been down to my shorts in no time.

Some of these people, though, represented legitimate groups who wanted souvenirs to auction off at charity events, and for them we made small gold replicas of my Badge 714. My original badge, if anyone should ask, will be encased in a solid block of Lucite and displayed when a new addition is built for the Police Academy in Los Angeles. I'm proud of this honor and I'm proud of the fact that we were able to use some of the *Dragnet* profits to make a substantial contribution to the new building which we hope will contain the finest police-training classrooms in the world. We have also lent—and still do—16-mm. *Dragnet* films to schools, clubs or other organizations dealing with a special problem, such as narcotics, traffic safety or juvenile gangs.

I particularly recall a letter from an eastern high-school principal who asked if I could write something he could read to his students to ease growing racial tension in his classrooms. I wrote back about a murder case in which two Negro officers were sent to a mansion in an exclusive Beverly Hills district. Their delicate assignment was to tell a wealthy society matron that her husband was dead, and you can imagine how uneasy they were. They were admitted by a butler and ushered into the living room to meet a puzzled and somewhat indignant dowager. The officers doffed their caps and one said, "Ma'am, I wonder if we might kneel down and pray"—and thus she knew they (*Continued on Page 146*)



"I forgot to eat my Scrumpee Wumpees today—that's why I was knocked out of the box in the first inning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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21 inch — *21" overall diagonal 262 square inches*

23 inch — *23" overall diagonal 282 square inches*

1960 Admiral Wide Angle 23" TV* New Stereophonic Phono New FM·AM Radio

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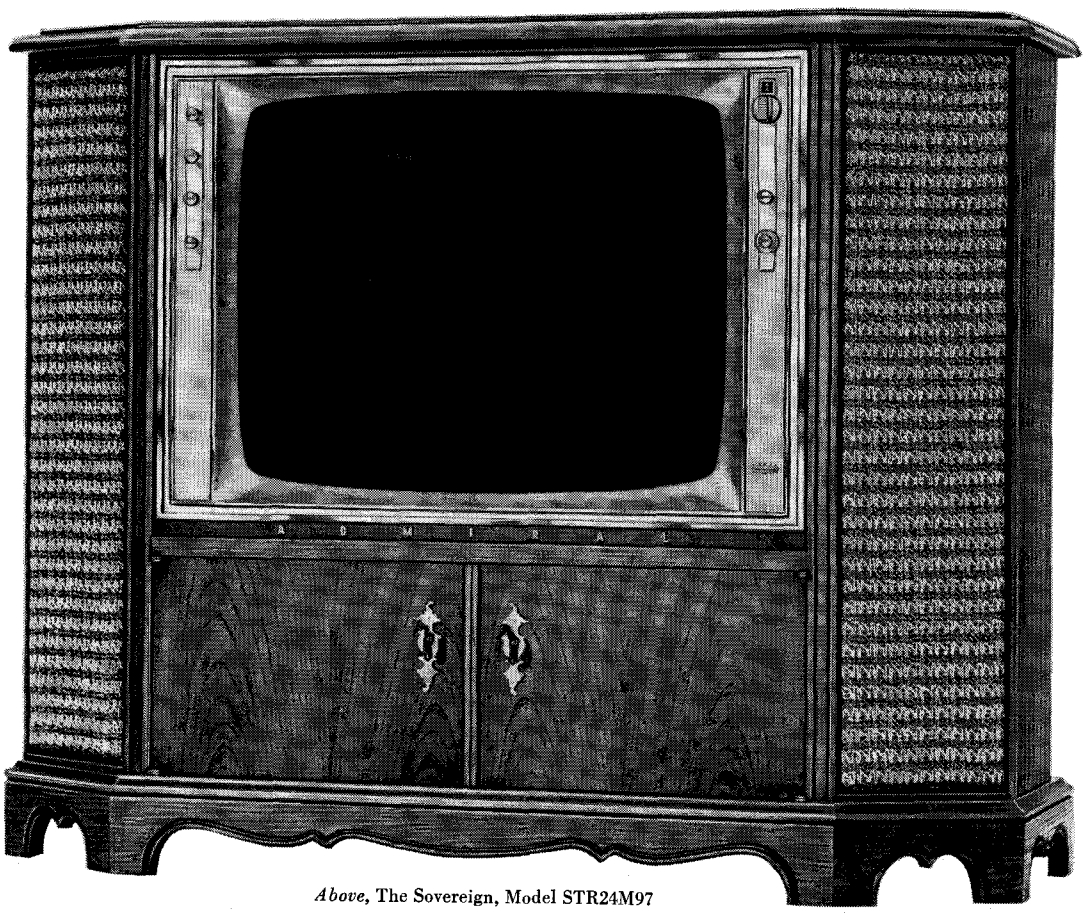
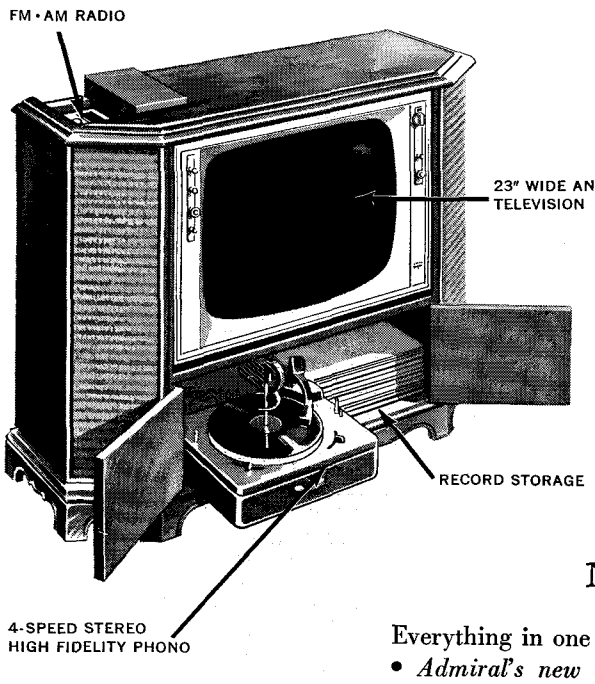


Above, The Sovereign, Model STR24M97



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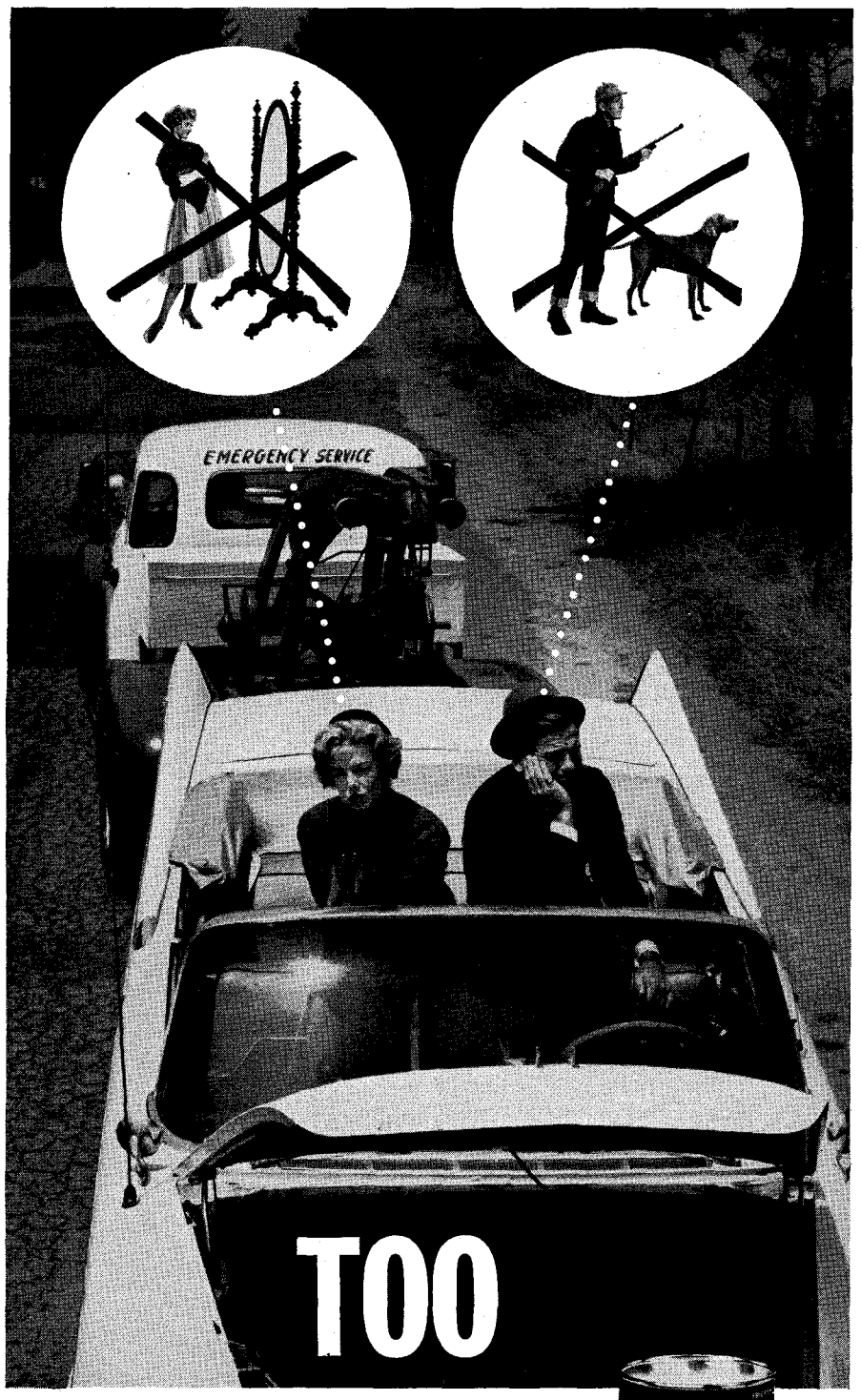
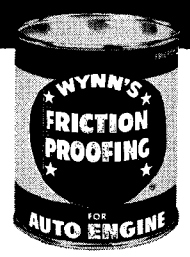


TOO BAD!



There goes her new fall outfit and there goes his hunting trip, because they've got trouble—the kind of engine trouble that *really costs*. And too bad for it all *could have been avoided* if they had used Wynn's Friction Proofing.

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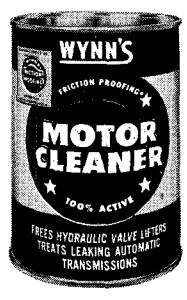

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(*Continued from Page 144*) had grim news. And when they told her she knelt beside them and joined them in prayer. The school principal posted this true story on his bulletin board; later he wrote that my letter helped ease the tension.

All our fan mail was not inspirational, unfortunately. Also, if I can say this without being labeled a grouch or having someone hand me a crying towel, there are inevitable penalties for any critical or financial success. As one friend said recently, "Jack, the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." How right he is.

The first miseries kept me awake nights the moment *Dragnet* was solidly established as a hit. I was sued by an associate whom I dropped because he lost interest in his job, and not long afterward I was hit with a second suit by a former business agent. Since that time certain other people in Hollywood have made unfounded claims about how they helped originate *Dragnet* or contributed something for which they didn't get adequate credit or pay. Faced with these bitter doses I often felt like a naked child, suddenly thrust into a crowded street and overcome with a terrible loneliness.

I should have remembered what my friend Nate Blumberg of Universal Pictures, once said, "Jack, you're living in Macy's window, but don't waste worry on the critics or the lawsuits or the boys with their hands in your pocket. One thing they can't take away from you is your talent. And you must have some or they wouldn't be sniping at you."

How do you fight these things? Or should you fight at all?

Perhaps my decision was wrong. I never cared for street brawling or trying to win battles with printer's ink. My instinct was to keep my mouth shut and take it. I settled the suits rather than go through endless litigation and I let the snipers talk. They have to live with themselves, and one day they will have to judge themselves. In my heart I am certain I am right. I have never knowingly cheated anyone or taken an idea without giving credit and I always paid for what I got. I worked eighteen hours a day for years to make the show flawless. I put my life into *Dragnet*, and I knew that when things went wrong I'd have to take the blame. I have never had any "yes" men on my staff, and I was alone in making decisions. Perhaps this is why some have called me a lone wolf.

These behind-the-scenes problems, however, seem quite bearable alongside my fumblings with the press.

Dragnet was probably the only top-rated show in Hollywood that had no press agent, and I never held an open press conference. I always thought that entertainers who had press conferences risked having their heads knocked off, and I preferred seeing writers one at a time in the office. But I forgot all the reporters roaming the outfield.

Going over some of the clippings the other day—and there are thousands—I found a little item which said: "Jack Webb socked a drunk on the Sunset Strip the other night for calling him a cop." I never struck a man in my whole life, but I was strongly tempted to belt the columnist who wrote it. Drunk or sober.

Another silly item said I had gone to the Stork Club in New York and had been ejected because I had no necktie. These titbits are always delivered with a flourish, as though the writer's spies had just come up with all the secrets in the Kremlin. If I were reading this about some other performer my reaction would be: "So what?" But I obviously don't understand people's appetite for these gossipy hors d' oeuvres, because somebody keeps on serving them every day. As it happens I didn't go to the Stork Club without a tie, and I wasn't thrown out. And I still say—who cares?

I was at a private party some years ago, and one of the guests was Jack O'Brian, syndicated television columnist for the *New York Journal-American*. When *Dragnet* made its debut Jack began throwing bouquets, and thereafter his column was studded with ever-loving sonnets. I was grateful for this public affection, and naturally considered him a friend. Anyway, at this party I was sitting beside Dorothy Towne when O'Brian joined us. Dorothy and I had been dating for some time, and we had talked about marriage. At the time Julie had obtained an interlocutory decree, and under the circumstances we thought it would be in bad taste to talk about our engagement.

After some aimless chitchat O'Brian suddenly said, "Jack, are you going to marry this girl?"

This was one of those loaded questions, like the classic, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" and I felt as though I had been nailed to the wall. Dorothy looked at me, then at O'Brian.

"Yes," I said. "When my divorce becomes final."

O'Brian broke the story under his byline, and the phones at the office began ringing like burglar alarms.

In my inexperience I always thought columnists would get an O.K. before publishing personal stories like this, and I felt that O'Brian betrayed a confidence—not only because he put me on the spot in front of Dorothy but because he didn't tell me what he was going to do. I released a statement denying the story *in toto*. I guess I should have known better, but perhaps my action is understandable. I was surprised and angry.

The one consolation about hidden taxes is that there just can't be any more hiding places left.

HAL CHADWICK

That was the end of the romance with O'Brian. Months later, in the summer of 1954, I phoned him to say I was sorry about the denial. I explained I felt I had to deny his report because, at the time, my divorce from Julie London was not final and my lawyers were in the process of negotiating a property settlement with her. Julie's demands would go up if her lawyers knew I wanted to remarry.

But the call did no good. O'Brian's paper, the *New York Journal-American*, made a lot of fuss about the incident and suggested I had been less than fair with O'Brian in issuing the denial. O'Brian himself brought up the matter again in his column when I married Dorothy Towne the following January.

O'Brian does not seem willing to forget. I can't help feeling that the rough treatment my television shows and movies frequently get in his column stems—in part at least—from my denial of his published report. But I have never tried to retaliate or complain to anyone.

The problem here is one faced by almost everyone in show business. I always felt that my private life began the moment I went off the screen or the stage. I believed that an actor, at home or out on the street, has the same right of privacy as any other man. But evidently I am wrong. For some strange reason, unknown to me, I did not have the right to deny this O'Brian story without having the roof fall in.

(*Continued on Page 148*)

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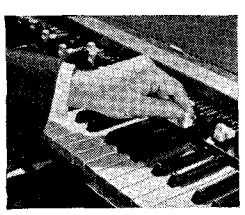

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(*Continued from Page 146*) The columnists will argue that, by the very nature of their business, actors must expect public interest in their personal affairs. "You are vulnerable," they will say. Perhaps they are right. We go into people's living rooms night after night, and it may not be unreasonable for them to want the same privilege.

However, these isolated incidents do not truly reflect the consideration that the majority of the working press has shown me. I only know that I have often had the wistful thought—especially since I never had any consuming hunger for fame—that some other actor were playing Joe Friday. At the beginning I desperately wanted Lloyd Nolan for the part—and this will be news to him if he reads this—so I could devote all my time to the production end. But the sponsor wanted me, and I didn't argue.

Anyway, since it appears that our private lives belong to the public and since it is becoming more and more fashionable to tell all, this may be the place to do a small X-ray job on myself.

I am thirty-nine years old when I relax on weekends, but considerably older the first five days of the week. I am six feet tall and weigh 165 pounds. This relatively low weight always surprises me because I eat like a mob of termites, especially if I do the cooking myself. We have forty cookbooks, but when I throw something together the recipes come out of my head, a risk that has come to be unwillingly accepted by our friends. Some of them are mystified because I don't gain much, but I know the answer. I once put a pedometer on my belt for a week, and this gadget showed that I was walking between fifteen and twenty-five miles a day around the studio.

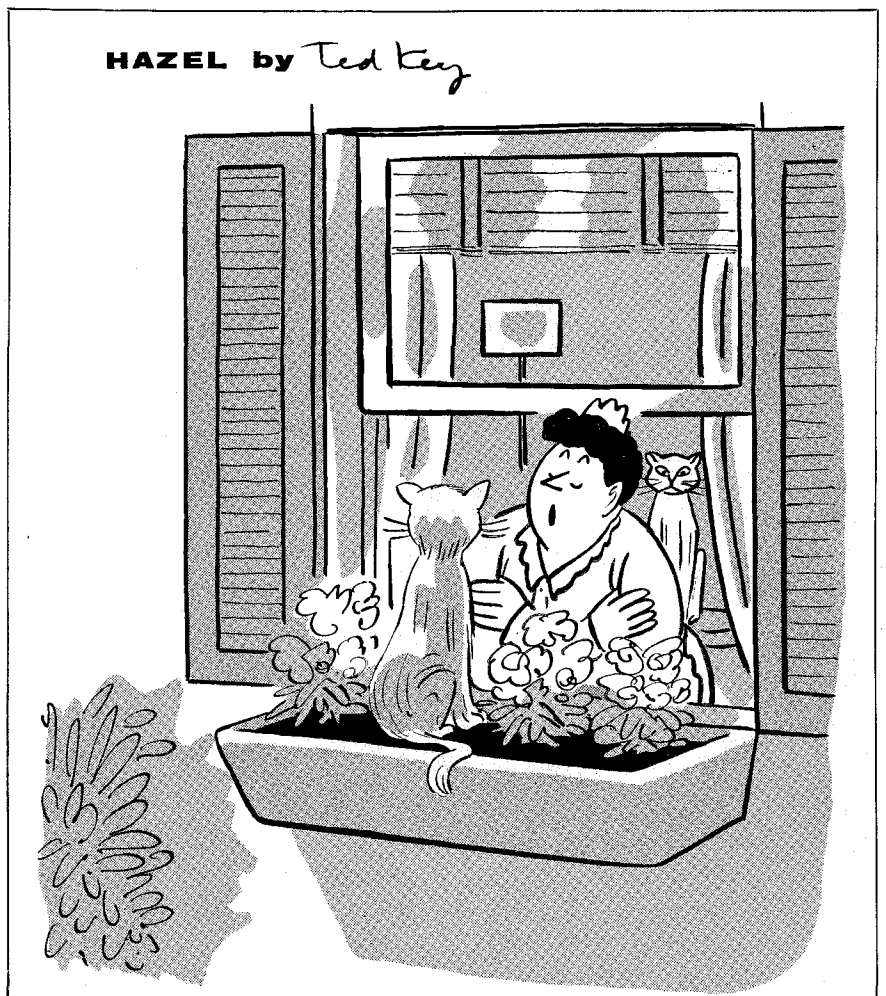
I smoke about two packs a day. Cigarettes, that is, and I'm sure you all know the brand. I don't play golf or tennis. I don't own a boat and I don't like to hunt or fish. But I do collect jazz records—I have about 6000—and they would have been very useful during the research for my television series, *Pete Kelly's Blues*, except that they were all stored away in a warehouse. Some people think I am an expert on music, but the only instrument I can play is a small comb with tissue paper around it, and the neighbors are not overwhelmed with the sound.

My life is insured for $1,000,000, but in case fate or some drunk driver doesn't know this I wear a good-luck St. Francis medal—a gift from my mother—around my neck. I never take a drink during the day when we are working. But at sundown, which for me may be anywhere between six and nine o'clock, I have two or three highballs at the little bar in my apartment. Even then I am wary, because when I was broke during my early radio days I had a thoughtful landlord who, knowing I couldn't afford liquor, introduced me to a homemade drink he called slivovitz. It was made from cherries and pure alcohol, tasted like a red-hot rivet and unscrewed the top of my head.

I've often wished I had the recipe because there have been times when a shot or two of slivovitz would have given me the courage to unload some of the gnawing thoughts I have about my business.

Maybe I ought to mention them anyway. The Emmy awards, for instance. Even though I won three of these statuettes I have felt that these prizes don't mean anything because there are too many of them, and the selections are not equitable. The annual awards show is a sorry performance that makes me ashamed. Television has the world's greatest audience, but the Emmy show looks like amateur night at the local high school, and on that irritating point alone I have long since parted company with the Academy of TV Arts and Sciences. At the moment, however, the Academy is making a complete revision of the award system, so perhaps next year it will be a more effective presentation.

Another disturbing thought that keeps pecking away at the back of my mind is that television, a truly remarkable medium, has its roots mired down in mediocrity and has not fulfilled either its promise or its obligation to the people. It depresses me when a network, facing stiff competition in a given time slot, merely throws another Western into the breach. Unfortunately I have no crystal ball, nor do I want to suggest a solution and risk having the critics hint that perhaps my own shows—*Dragnet*, *D.A.'s Man* and *Pete Kelly's Blues*—were not exactly cultural triumphs.



"Not that we don't like you personally . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Needless to say, television has been good to me, and I would not want to be doing any other kind of creative work.

At this moment I am in my office in the Mark VII Limited building in Studio City—a fine structure that was furnished and equipped with company profits—and today I love everybody. I was driving back from Beverly Hills this morning, and on Sunset Boulevard I suddenly heard a siren. A motorcycle cop flagged me to the curb. I confess my pulse was jumping because any law violation is bad business for Sgt. Joe Friday.

"You're Jack Webb?" the officer said.

"Yes," I said glumly.

"I always wanted to meet you," he said. "Just want to thank you for the only show I ever saw that gives the ordinary policeman a decent break."

"Oh," I said. "That's nice to hear."

"Keep it up," he said, climbing back on his bike. "And by the way, I see your stop lights are burned out. Maybe you better get them fixed. So long."

I had the impulse to invite him to the office, so he could repeat what he said and cheer up all of my hard-working associates, but I'm sure he had better things to do.

There are many bright pages in the ledger, of course, and occasionally, when my morale is low, I run over them again. Since our television debut in 1952 we have made the almost unbelievable total of 278 *Dragnet* films. At this writing they are still running in many communities as *Dragnet* or *Badge 714*, and the statisticians predict you may still be seeing some of these films five years from now. The sound tracks have been translated into twenty-three languages for overseas showings, and the network researchers tell me that Joe Friday, along with Sherlock Holmes, is one of the best-known detectives in the world. At least, every year police officials from many foreign lands and other states come to Los Angeles to see how Chief Parker's department works, and they always ask for Friday. I meet them whenever I can, and many have shown their appreciation by sending me gold badges with the number 714. My friend Ben Alexander had them framed in a glass case, and they hang on my office wall.

A few years ago we sold our interest in *Dragnet* in a package deal to Sherry Television Incorporated for $5,000,000, and this company is now distributing the films. We have made three full-length motion pictures for distribution by Warner Brothers—*Dragnet*, *Pete Kelly's Blues* and *The D.I.*—and the studio heads, who advanced almost $2,500,000, are very happy indeed because these films have already grossed more than $12,000,000. I have just finished shooting a fourth picture, a newspaper story called *—30—*, and currently I am lying awake nights considering half a dozen new television ideas.

I am not too proud of the fact that my first two marriages, to Julie London and Dorothy Towne, did not work out. But I can say that I now have the kind of marriage that men dream about.

Two years ago, when I was producing *The D.I.*, the story of the Marine Corps drill instructors, I signed Jackie Loughery, the former Miss United States, for the love interest. As time went on, I thought that she was wasting her talent when she could be busy taking care of me, and I told her so in a sort of bumbling way. We were married—let's see, I'll have to look this up because, as Jackie says, I am always forgetting the date—on June 24, 1958.

The ceremony was held in the library of our apartment—the cookbooks and Doctor Spock's guide are within easy reach—and there wasn't a reporter within a mile. Well, not exactly. Writer Jim Bishop was there with our friends Sylvia and George Posty, and Herm and Kay Saunders; but it was Jim's day off. He did file a column, but I have been grateful for the fact that he did not write an essay called "The Day That Jack Webb Got a New Pair of Handcuffs."

Jackie will know I'm only kidding, of course. She has long since given up her acting career, and the enormous trophy she won as Miss United States is packed away in the prop room at the studio. I like to think that we have a deep, understanding companionship, and we have fun doing things together. When I get home at night, usually around six o'clock, we talk about her day, not mine, and sometimes it's quite a day. Jackie loves animals, and about three times a week—as a not-so-dainty hint about what she wants—she will say, "I met a dog today." I suspect that someday—when we live in a house instead of an apartment—she will meet a dog, and I'll find it sitting at the dinner table.

In her own delicate way Jackie has a firm little hand, and she is getting away with it. She slips me vitamin pills for breakfast and she bought me a set of paints and brushes. I love to sketch and paint, and now, after years of believing I had no time for such pleasures, she has me puttering away again and liking it.

I guess the way of a maid with a man is about as subtle as a pile driver. I have always considered myself as a sort of wallflower when it comes to parties, for instance, and for one reason or another I have avoided most of the gay doings in Hollywood. The other day we were invited to a Western-costume charity party, and before I went to the office I said, "Honey, tell them I can't come. It's not the party so much, but I simply won't wear those Western duds."

"All right, darling," she said with resignation.

When I came home that evening there was a frontier costume neatly laid out on the bed—black pants, black shirt, boots, string tie and so on. Do you think I put on those crazy clothes for that party? You bet I did. I even wore them to Frank Sinatra's house after the party ended at three A.M. I stayed up until six A.M. and went home knowing Jackie and I would be doing it again.

Yes, they may be right when they call me a tough s.o.b. Jackie has me wearing neckties that have hung in my closet for years, and she third-degreed me into admitting that I know how to dance the *Charleston*. She has me whipping up hot-cake batter on Sunday mornings and wearing bright yellow sweaters, instead of the gray ones I used to like. We bought a weekend place in Palm Springs because Jackie said it had an extra room big enough for a couple of children, and we are hoping it will be occupied one day. I have long since decided you can't fight City Hall—or a girl who ends each day saying, "God bless you, Jack."

I'm sure He already has.

This is the last of three articles by Mr. Webb and Mr. Jennings. —THE EDITORS

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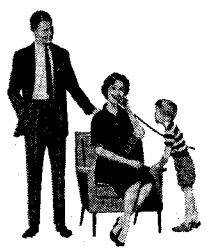

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Distance fades fast when the telephone rings. Suddenly faraway folks are right back in the room with you again. It's a good feeling, a close feeling. Why not call now?

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Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢
Des Moines to Chicago	75¢
New York to Pittsburgh	80¢
Washington, D.C. to Boston	85¢
Miami to Atlanta	$1.10

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

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stereo
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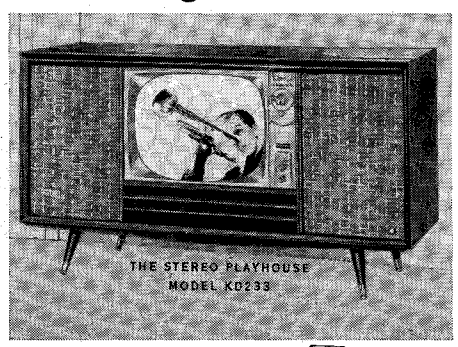

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2. HI-FI TV WITH 3-D
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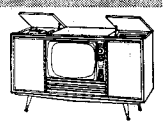

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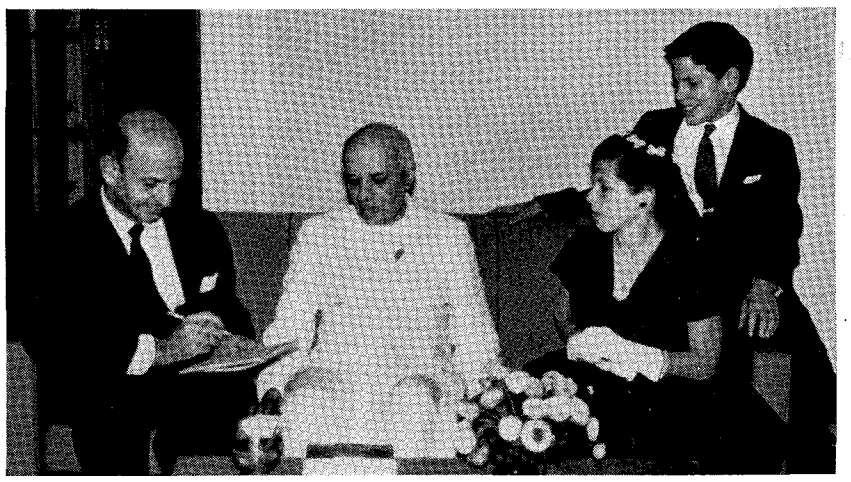
Keeping Posted

The Peregrinating Silvermans

By airplane, train, car, bus, jeep and elephant, **Milton and Margaret Silverman,** and their son Rick, fourteen, traveled all over India interviewing key people in cities and villages about the nation's ominous population crisis (page 25). "We could also have traveled by camel, but my firm belief is that a camel should go his way and I should go mine," says Milton Silverman. He describes the Indian weather as routine: blizzards in the Himalayan passes, 108 degrees Fahrenheit down in Madras. Most of the people were wonderfully helpful; even busy Prime Minister Nehru took time out to talk with the Silvermans, as you see in the picture.



The Silvermans call on Prime Minister Nehru.

While casing other *Post* assignments, the Silvermans wrote parts of the India story in Greece, Switzerland and Italy and finished it on the French Riviera. Throughout these wanderings Mrs. S. was helping Rick with a correspondence course he was taking in English, and Milt was having an awful time trying to help him in algebra. The father laments, "Population statistics I can comprehend, but since I was young something terrifying has happened to algebra."

Life Among the Finneys

Jack Finney, who is serializing on page 50, has published three other novels—including *The Body Snatchers*—and all were made into movies, which is a pretty good batting average in the cinema department. His current story will be issued as a book by Simon and Schuster September 24, titled *Assault on a Queen.* This successful free lancer in both long and short fiction seems to have settled down in Mill Valley, California, after having grown up in Illinois and been an advertising man in New York. "I have a beautiful wife named Marguerite whom I captured nine years ago at considerable expense in the wilds of Canada. Today the pine cones have long since been combed from her hair, and she wears shoes, outdoors anyway. Her daughter has the same first name and facial characteristics as her mother. Son Kenneth, five, is striving to figure out why his dad locks himself in a room every day to work, and then can often be heard snoring.

Jack Finney and his family face the camera.

Author Finney's story about a World War I submarine called for consultation with a number of veteran undersea officers, one of them being Cmdr. John B. Cooke, USN (Ret.), of San Francisco, who spent his entire career in the submarine service, a period that spanned both World Wars.

Tales of the Authors

Late bulletin: **Edward Weintal and Peter Lisagor,** who on page 36 discuss the swapping of visitors with Russia, have just wound up a Soviet tour covering some 10,000 miles between them. When Lisagor, of the Chicago *Daily News*, swung north into Siberia with Mr. Nixon's party, Weintal, of *Newsweek*, turned southward into the Black Sea region, to Stalingrad, Rostov and Odessa. Both encountered tremendous interest in the United States. Russian-speaking Weintal cables, "The hundred or so Russians I interviewed all agreed on one thing—they're eager to visit America."

Dean Jennings (page 38) has a startling report to make about **Jack Webb** of TV's *Dragnet* program. As viewers know, when Webb enacts Sgt. Joe Friday, he is an ultraserious, grim-visaged chap—it seems to hurt him a bit even to smile. Jennings declares that when the actor is at home, joshing with his wife Jackie about something, he laughs right out loud.

Ten days before last Christmas **Robert F. Young,** who has a wife and teen-age daughter, lost his job—"which seemed rather calamitous at the time." However, he now feels better about it. Finding himself in an economic situation he had to write himself out of, he wrote his first *Post* story—page 32. No stranger to a typewriter, this citizen of Silver Creek, New York, has sold about fifty science-fiction stories to other magazines and he's landed some of them in anthologies.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Hunting the Invisible Killers"

The story of the search for mankind's great foe: submicroscopic viruses.

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